April 21, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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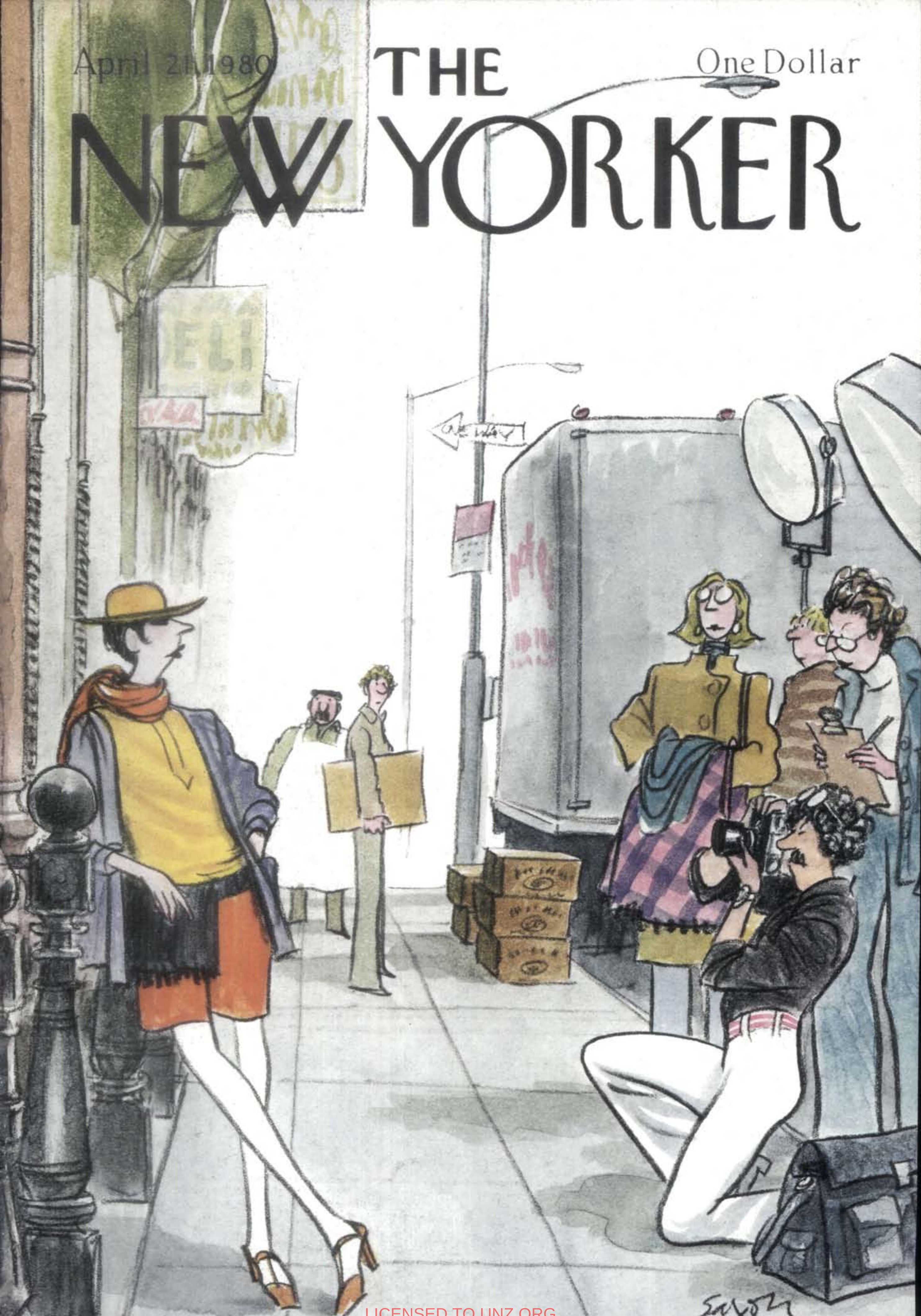
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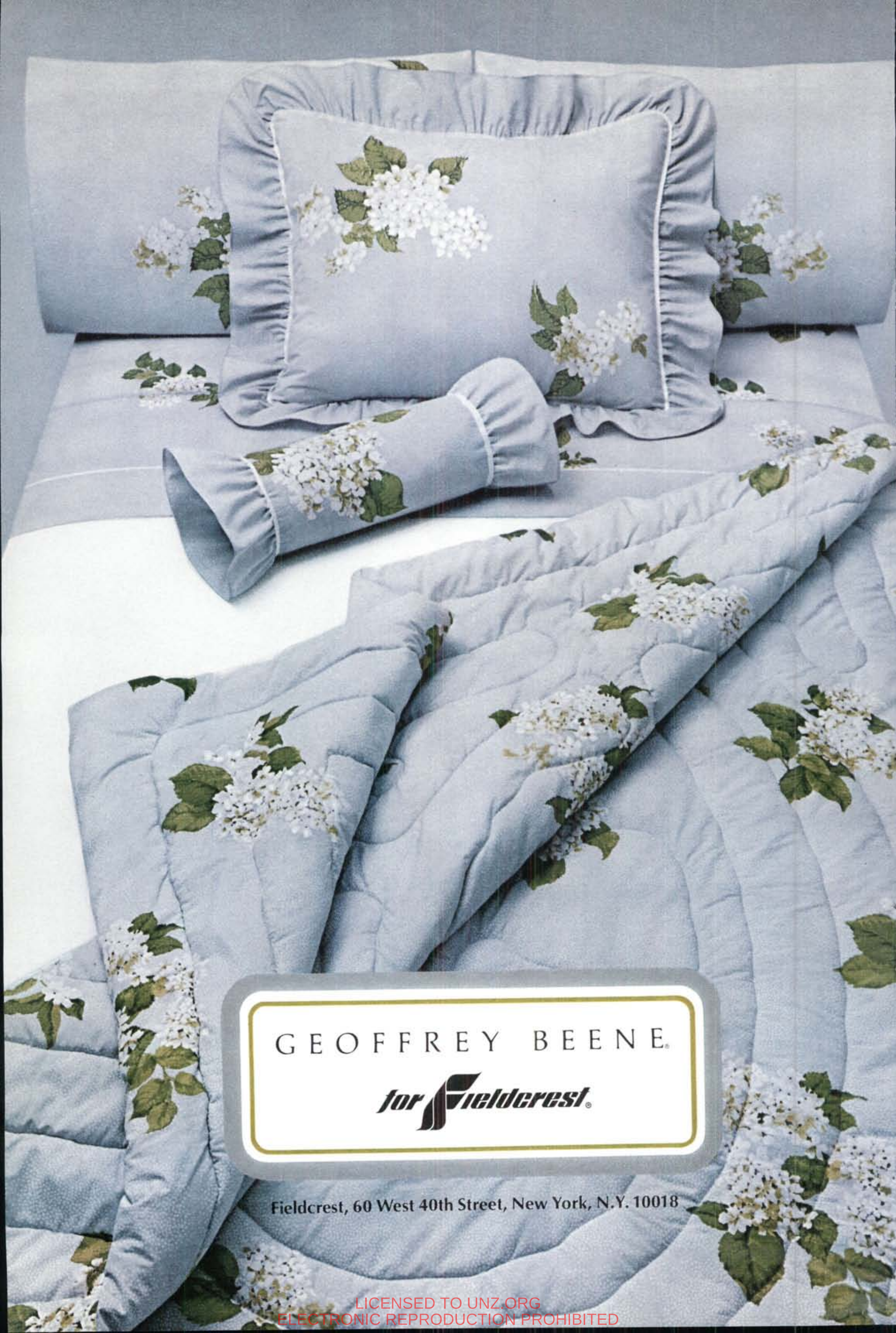

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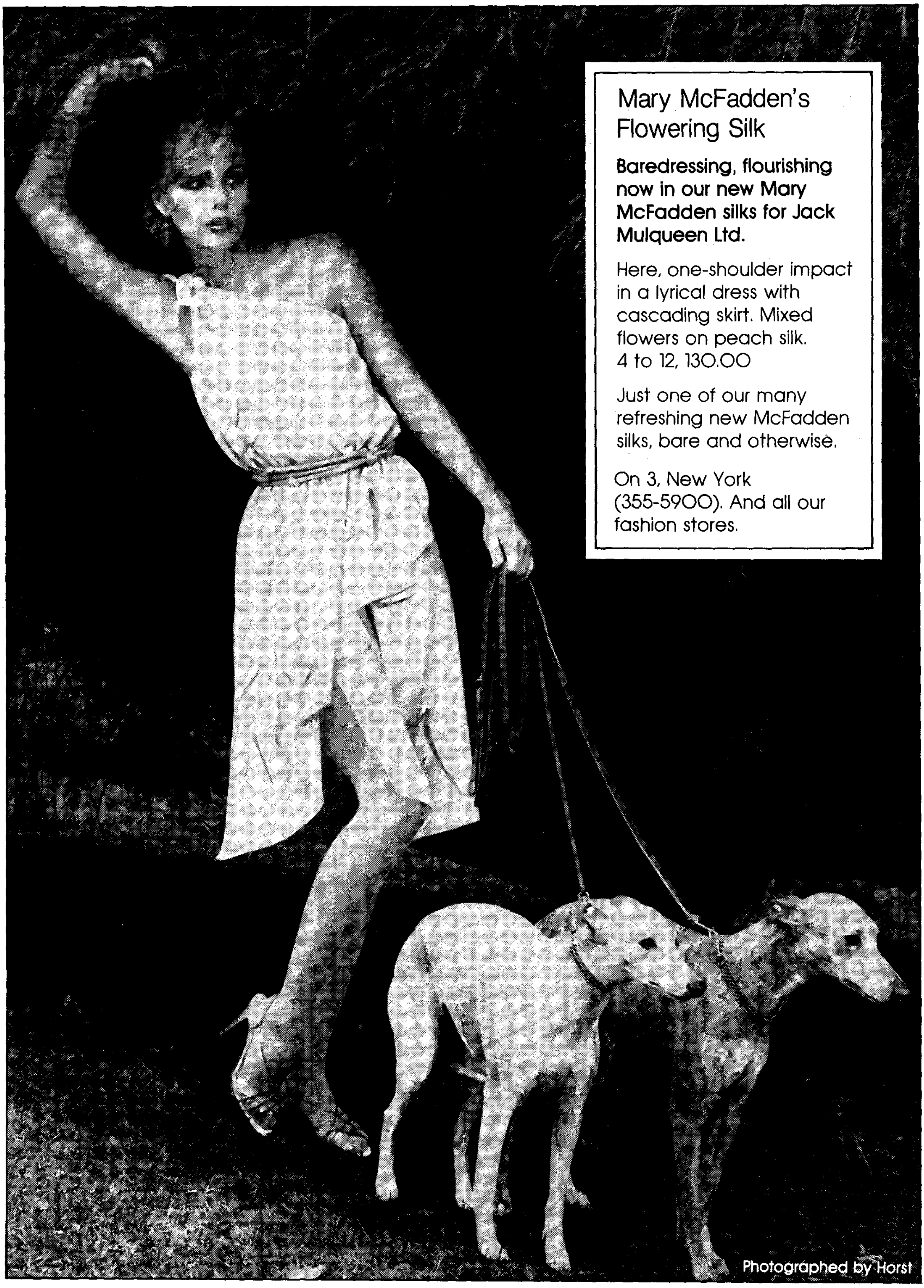

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The American première of Gorky's turn-of-the-century comedy, **BARBARIANS**, in a new translation by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. Sheila Allen, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. Wednesday, April 16 (opening); Thursday, April 17; and Friday, April 25, at 8; and Saturday, April 26, at 2 and 8. . . . **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/10/80.) Friday, April 18, at 8; Saturday, April 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 20, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 22-24, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubenstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (3/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Milan Stitt, **BACK IN THE RACE**, is the fifth entry in this season's series. Preview Wednesday, April 16. Opens officially on Thursday, April 17, at 7, and will run through Sunday, May 11. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dialogue for Lovers—Estelle Parsons and Fritz Weaver in an entertainment distilled by Eve Merriam from Shakespeare's sonnets. Completing the cast are Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and a Renaissance instrumental ensemble. Opens Wednesday, April 23, and will run through Saturday, May 3. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy **MERTON OF THE MOVIES** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Goodbye Fidel—A play by Howard Sackler, with Jane Alexander, Christopher Cazenove, Pamela Brook, Gale Sondergaard, and Lee Richardson. Edwin Sherin directed. Previews through Tuesday, April 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 23. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, April 24, at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (3/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and Guests of the Nation—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

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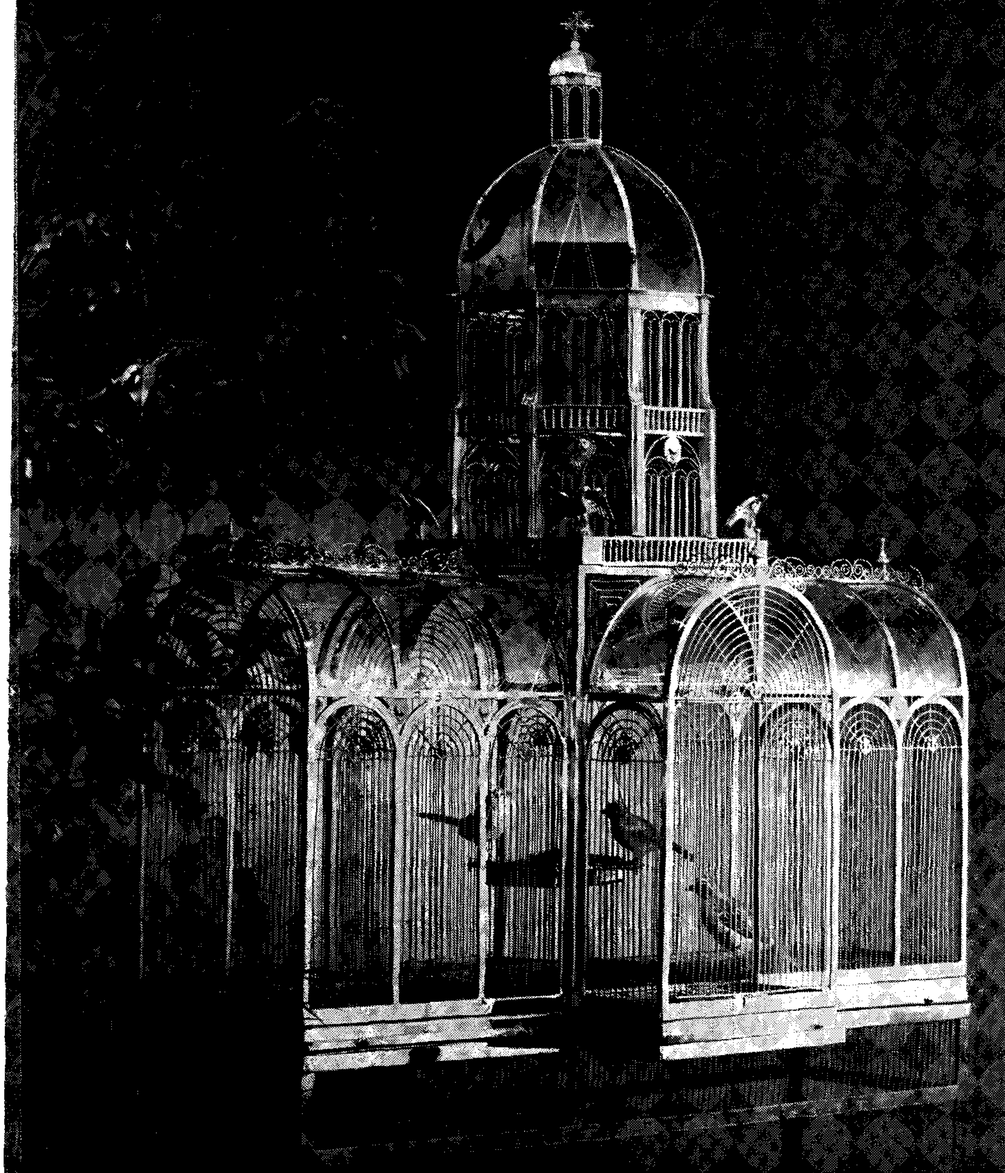

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 20: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE FORTUNE TELLER**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 23: A two-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Man in 605—A play by Alan Gross. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. Opens Wednesday, April 16. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—Laurence Luckinbill and Barbara Feldon in a two-character play by Jack Zeman. Directed by Theodore Mann. Previews through Wednesday, April 23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumstick Road—Recollections of family life in Rhode Island not so long ago. Spalding Gray, who heads the cast, helped write the text. (3/14/80) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Second Avenue Rag—A deplorable little work by a writer named Allan Knee. The setting is the lower East Side, a long time ago. *Oi.* (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Song Night in the City—A musical entertainment conceived by John Braswell. Opens Wednesday, April 16, at 6:45. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

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Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

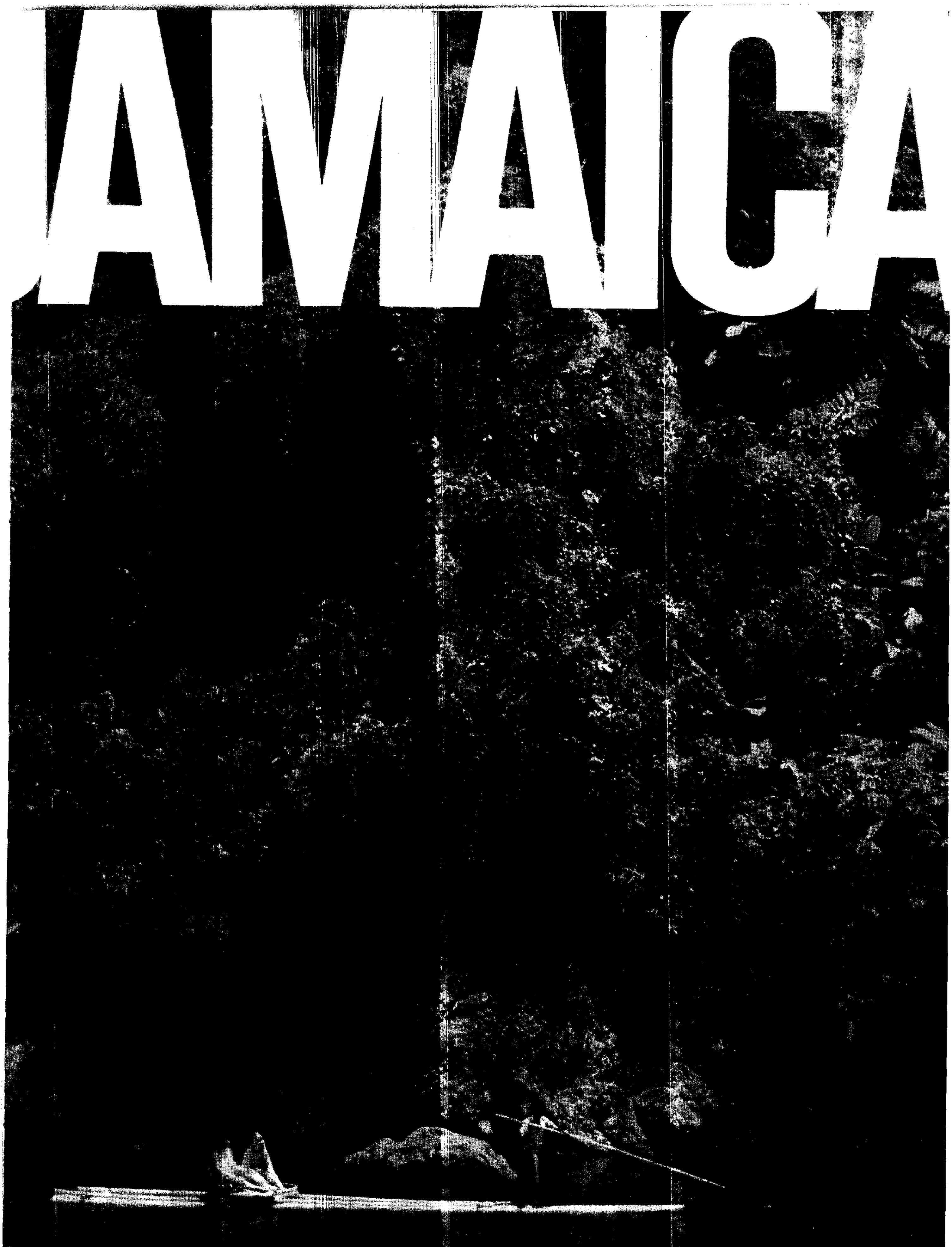
Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—A musical collaboration by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Previews through Saturday, April 19. Opens officially Sunday matinée, April 20. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore gives an impressive performance in a play that has been rewritten to turn a hero into a heroine, with unlucky results. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,304 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday through Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON GOLDEN POND**: Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STRIDER**: The recollections of a pie-bald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W.



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46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Saturday, April 19, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 20, will be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Columbia University Varsity Show—Michael Numark's and Bruce Pomohac's revival of the musical "Fly With Me," which Richard Rodgers wrote during his student days at Columbia for the 1920 Varsity Show. Other collaborators were Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II (lyrics), and Phillip Leavitt and Milton Kroopf (book). (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. 280-3668. Tuesday through Friday, April 22-25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 27, at 2.)

Benefit Show—Among the participants will be Tony Roberts, Stockard Channing, Sandy Duncan, Ken Page, Delores Hall, and Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara. The beneficiary is The First All Children's Theatre. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, April 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-6400.)

DANCE

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday evening, April 16; Friday evening, April 18; and Saturday evening, April 26: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 17, and Wednesday evening, April 23: "Images," "Insects and Heroes," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19; Sunday matinée, April 20; and Thursday evening, April 24: "Diggity," "Big Bertha," "Profiles" (New York première), and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 22, and Friday evening, April 25: "Dust," "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)," and "Airs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 4.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, May 3—Tuesday, April 22, at 7: "Frescoes" (New York première), "Errand Into the Maze," "Ecuatorial" (with Rudolf Nureyev), and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Ecuatorial," "Episodes," and "The Owl and the Pussycat" (with Liza Minnelli, narrator). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Frescoes," "Errand Into the Maze," "Diversion of Angels," and "The Owl and the Pussycat." . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8: "Frescoes," "Night Journey," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2: "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Episodes," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8: "Clytemnestra" (with Rudolf Nureyev). (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **ATLANTA CONTEMPORARY DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 2. . . . **RACHEL LAMPERT AND DANCERS:** Thursday, April 17, and Sunday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday, April 19, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—In a program of modern dance. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, April 23, at 7:30. Free tickets will be available at the museum on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the performance.)

Harry—Senta Driver and her company, with guest artist Peter Anastos, in a program of contemporary dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, at 8.)

Ballet Interviews—Edward Villella being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, April 21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. The lineup: Wednesday, April 16, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY**; Thursday, April 17, folkies **MIMI FARIÑA** and Buskin and Batteau; Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, the **DEXTER GORDON** quartet, and the **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** quartet; Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, singer Helen Schneider and a satirical singing trio, Weeden, Finkle & Fay; Wednesday, April 23, the Shirts; Thursday, April 24, the Savoy Brown blues band; and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, local folkie **WILLIE NILE**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** and his bassist work through Saturday, April 19. On Sunday, April 20, Brazilian-jazz singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** will be here with her quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—It's **BOBBY SHORT** season again in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Short is assisted by his usual bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his new drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs in the city hang overhead in this rock-and-roll Bowery outpost. The bands: Dots, Locals, and Beaks Wednesday, April 16; Rousers and Somebody Thursday, April 17; Colors, Thin Ice, and Go Friday, April 18; Rudies, Splits, and Troupe di Coup Saturday, April 19. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, a Lake Charles, La., blueswoman—although she's been living in L. A. for quite some time—sings, chatters, and plays piano to the accompaniment of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, who go on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 20, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be in charge of a quintet that will feature trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**. They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. **ZOOT SIMS**, who plays dancing tenor-sax solos, heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 19. On Tuesday, April 22, **RON CARTER**, the bassist's bassist, will move in with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: **TOOTS THIELEMANS**, a jazz harmonica player, guitarist, and composer ("Bluesette" and the "Sesame Street" theme are his best-known works), leads a trio through Sunday, April 20. On Tuesday, April 22, singer **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will take over with his trio. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **JAY LEONHART**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they

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start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several months old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers lively stride-piano music provided by **DICK WELLSTOOD** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. Wednesday, April 16, Cure and Mission of Burma; Thursday, April 17, Cure and Individuals; Friday, April 18, Mi-Sex and Our Daughter's Wedding; Saturday, April 19, Mi-Sex and Humans; and Tuesday, April 22, Zev, Joanna Wendt, and Non. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room: on Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, guitarist John Scofield's trio will alternate with trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN**; on Sunday, April 20, Guanabara, a young and able Brazilian-jazz septet, will be present; and on Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, bebop vocalist **JOE CARROLL** will lead his quartet. Saxophonist Turk Mauro is in charge of the music Wednesday nights. Sunday is big-band night here. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, who is the main event here, performs with the house quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. The schedule currently includes two dynamic duos: pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES**, through Saturday, April 19, and pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL**, beginning Tuesday, April 22. On Sunday and Monday, April 20-21, Howard Resnick will play solo piano. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The bands include Mink DeVille Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17; New Riders of the Purple Sage Sunday and Monday, April 20-21; and fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH'S** group Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22-23. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**SLAM STEWART** supplies comedy and hamminess with his fuzzy, buzzing vocals and bass bowing, while his partner, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, provides musical relief—Pizzarelli's delicate chord solos are a delight. Through Saturday, April 19. On Monday, April 21, **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**, a baritone crooner who had them swooning in the aisles at the Apollo Theatre some twenty-five years back, will arrive with his crew. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Terrorists, the Senders, Militia, Bill Snow and Guesswork, and Chris Glen Wednesday, April 16; John King & the Cats and Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats Thursday, April 17; Troggs and Rattlers Friday and Saturday, April 18-19; Rave, Splits, and Startoon Sunday, April 20; Mindless Members, Nightcaps, and 4/4 Monday, April 21; and Vengeance, April Dancer, and Shrug Tuesday, April 22. Music after ten-thirty.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, columnist, singer, and Arthur's son, is singing here through Saturday, April 19. On Tuesday, April 22, **BONNIE KOLOC**, a folk, blues, and ballad singer from Chicago, will arrive with her backing trio. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue does not sell cowboy boots, Giorgio Armani clothes, or tandoori chicken, and it does not rent roller skates. It is not even new. It is this ten-year-old jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. club, which is presenting trumpeter **JON FADDIS'S** jazz-and-R. & B. quartet through Thursday, April 17. Tuesday through Thursday, April 22-24, has been reserved for guitarist **JOHN TROPEA** and his combo; and on Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, **SAM & DAVE**, the energetic and high-pitched singers of pink-polyester-tuxedo soul music, will be on hand. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

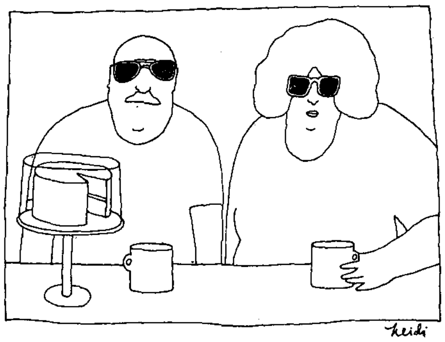
One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his post-hard-bop sextet perform on Friday and Saturday, April 18-19; and Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, folkie Jim Dawson will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** septet makes music for listening, dancing, and digging the view Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook has settled in—she is here Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty—at this famous cabaret that established itself in the seventies. Various up-and-coming performers round out the week. Dining.



St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **VIVIAN BLAINE** and four other singing and dancing troupers are saluting, through Saturday, April 19, producers Feuer and Martin, whose credits include "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," and "Silk Stockings." Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven-thirty. On Monday, April 21, still *another* tribute to a Broadway producer—this time Hal Prince ("The Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees," "West Side Story," "Cabaret," and many more)—will get under way. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Saxophonist and co-proprietor **MICHAEL BRECKER** will guide a quintet Thursday through Sunday, April 17-20; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22-23, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet will perform; and on Thursday, April 24, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will bring in a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—**JIMMY SMITH**, who is considered by many as *the* jazz and blues organist, is working with some fine players—guitarist **TED DUNBAR**, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK**, and drummer **GRADY TATE**—in the French Quarter lounge after nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. **CHICO HAMILTON**, a melodic drummer and an entertaining showman, is leading his current young quintet through Sunday, April 20; on Monday, April 21, pianist Joe Albany will play some bebop; and on Tuesday, April 22, saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will begin working with pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, and drummer **LEROY WILLIAMS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Boîtes featuring live jazz used to settle into ground-floor brownstones, but it has become commonplace now for clubs to be transformed ground-floor loftspaces. Syncopation is such a space, and it has a bar with carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. The jazz includes blues singer **IRENE REID**, who'll be here Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, and Thursday and Friday, April 24-25; and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY**, who will perform on Monday, April 21, and Wednesday, April 23. Music from about nine-thirty. Sundays, from six to nine, the **LOUIS HAYES** band, with **FRANK STROZIER**, **HAROLD MABERN**, and **CLINT HOUSTON** takes over the bandstand.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, drummer **JO JONES, JR.**, leads a trio; Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, will belong to tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** and their hard-bop quintet; and on Friday, April 25, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will bring in a sextet for three nights. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock, reggae, and ska bands. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, will be given over to the slide-electric-guitar wizardry of **J. B. HUTTO**, and the following Friday and Saturday (April 25-26) to another Chicago-blues player, **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG.** Shows at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. VHF Thursday, April 17; 4 out of 5 Doctors and the Dickies Friday, April 18; 8-Eyed Spy Saturday, April 19; Bangs Monday, April 21; and George Sanders Tuesday, April 22. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—

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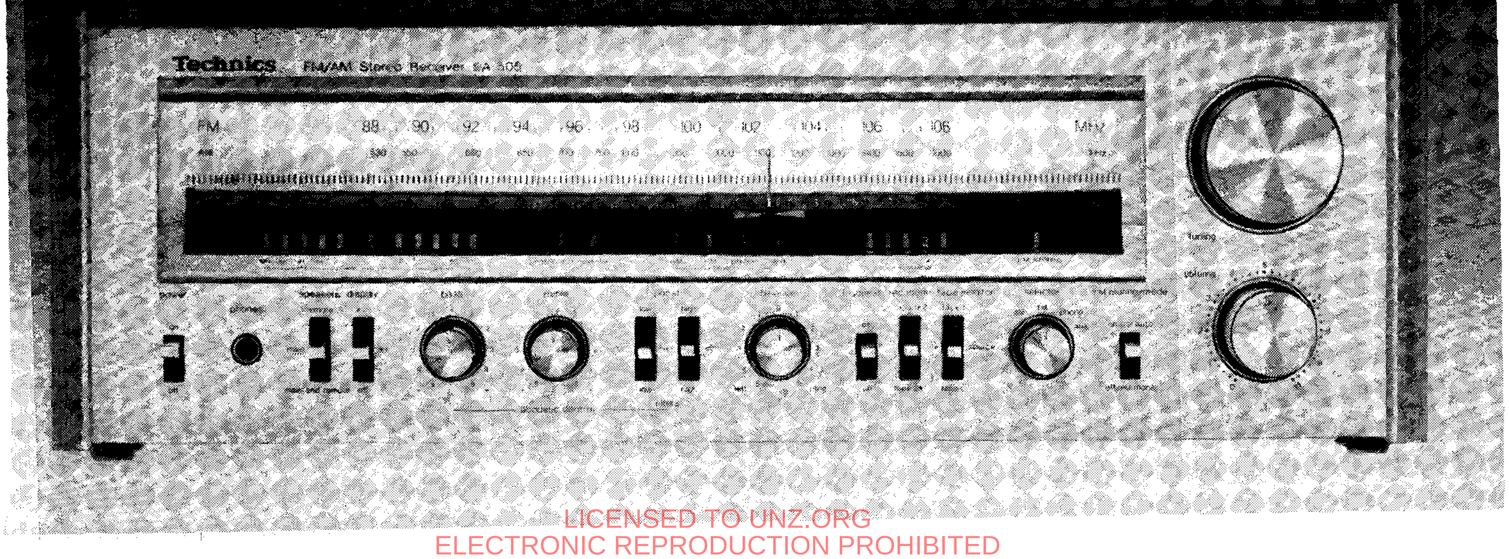

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his Savoy Sultans perform in the downstairs room on Saturday, April 19; on the following Saturday (April 26), the musical chores will be handled by the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA.** Music for listening and dancing from about midnight. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Saxophonist Richie Cole's quintet winds up its visit on Sunday, April 20; on Tuesday, April 22, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will move in with his quartet. **FRANK FOSTER,** a tenor saxophonist, composer, arranger, and leader, will front his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY,** on Monday, April 21. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. The **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie-alumni quintet, work on Wednesday, April 16; pianist Joe Albany's quartet will be present Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19; and Sunday through Friday, April 20-25, trumpeter Franc Williams and his quartet will be playing swing tunes. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LINDA RONSTADT—With Nicolette Larson and Danny Kortchmar. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

HARRY CHAPIN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 17, at 7:30.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., AND LOLA FALANA—With the George Rhodes Orchestra, in a benefit performance. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.)

"BE BOP QUINTESSENCE QUOTATION"—The line-up: Junior Cook/Bill Hardman quintet; Charles Rouse/Lonnie Hillyer quintet; and Harold Vick/Richard Williams quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday, April 18, at 7:30.)

CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8.

ROBIN TROWER—With Shooting Star. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

BYARD LANCASTER AND THE BROADWAY LOCAL ENSEMBLE—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 18, at 8.

OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, April 18, at 8:30: Del McCoury & the Dixie Pals, and Boys from Indiana. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: Wade Mainer & Family, and Townsend, Gilchrist & LaCaille. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP—With B-Girls. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 11.)

CHAVA ALBERSTEIN—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

PAT TRAVERS—With the Good Rats and D. L. Byron. (Palladium. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

LOS PAYAS—A benefit concert. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.—With James (Blood) Ulmer. (Palladium. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

OSCAR BRAND—*With Josh White, Jr.* (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 21, at 8:15.)

PATTI LABELLE—With Jerry Butler. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesday through Friday, April 22-25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, April 27, at 8.)

TAHUANTINSUYO and **PIERRE BENSUSAN**—New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Thursday, April 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 765-8160.

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CRIS WILLIAMSON—With June Millington, Jackie Robbins, and Cam Davis. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

JAZZ BANDS ARE BACK—The last in a series of concerts, this one by the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 25, at 8.

SUNI PAZ, WENDY BLACKSTONE, AND MARTHA SIEGEL—Alternative Center for International Arts. Friday, April 25, at 8.

J. GEILS BAND—With 3-D. (Palladium. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

RASHIED ALI & THE FUNKYFREEBOPPERS and **OLU DARA'S OKRA ORCHESTRA**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 25, at 11.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8.

GRAHAM NASH—With Leah Kunkel. (Palladium. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

BONEWORKS ENSEMBLE—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Saturday, April 26, at 8.

MIROSLAV VITOUS GROUP and **L. SHANKAR**—Public Theatre. Saturday, April 26, at 11.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, April 16 and 23: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 18-19: Bob Mover Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 25-26: Charles Davis Quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 18, at 8:30: Ten performers in a program of new music. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: A performance of "Jai-Alai," an opera by John Zorn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 9:30: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 8:30: Billy Bang's Survival Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

AARON BOHROD—Acutely realist still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Paintings and painted-wood columns. Through Thursday, April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Representational paintings of Maine and New Jersey landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT COOK—Bronzes. Through Saturday, April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

MIODRAG DJURIC DADO—Fantasy paintings. Through May 3. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Twenty-two watercolors and drawings from the First World War and from the Berlin period of the early twenties. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—These California artists set forth their ideas about the abuse of lakes, rivers, oceans, etc., in maps, texts, photographs, and drawings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St., which is open Mondays, and 351 West Broadway, which is not.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Three new sculptures. Through May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—New paintings: Maine, a trip to Spain, interiors and figures. Through May 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—*Paintings* and drawings *on* wood, all highly colored. Through May 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Watercolors of field flowers, coastal Maine houses, and the Pennsylvania countryside. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

IDA KOHLMEYER—Abstract paintings based on a grid, and collages. Through Saturday, April 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JEAN-PIERRE PÉRICAUD—New nonobjective paintings and works on paper. Through May 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Detailed drawings of horses and human heads (sometimes paired) executed in charcoal on canvas and paper. Through April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RICHARD PICCOLO—Paintings of figures alone and in groups. Also, views of Rome, where the artist lives. Through Saturday, April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HOWARDENA PINDELL—Abstract paintings on unstretched canvas, and works on paper. Through April 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract acrylics on canvas. Through Saturday, April 26. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

SANDI SLONE—Ten abstract acrylic paintings on canvas. Through May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD / DAVID BECK—Recent paintings and drawings: San Francisco cityscapes and his familiar pastries. / A life-size wooden pig. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

HELEN TORR (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **A. M. ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, *among them* Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through May 3. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through Sunday, April 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Fifty drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, by Jacobo Palma, Paul Gavarni, and John Singer Sargent, among others. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Abstract drawings, the earliest dated 1962, by twenty-eight German artists. Through May 6. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Seven contemporary Belgian artists: paintings by Folon, Alechinsky, Dotremont, and Michaux, and sculptures by Bury, Ubac, and Reinhoud. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Representational drawings by seven artists, including Leo Lionni, Cyril David, and Gregory Paquette. Through May 3.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Large-scale abstract paintings, and works on paper. Through Saturday, April

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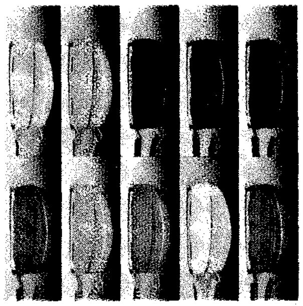

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Chez Renault

Profiles from the Paris Factory/One of a series

"Nature's logic—that's how I see aerodynamics. The dolphin, the swallow, the cheetah, each moves with speed, attuned to its environment, yet each minimizes the expenditure of energy. What better lesson for a designer?"

Robert Opron
Director of Styling/Régie Renault

Robert Opron's name has been associated with the successful use of aerodynamic principles in automotive styling for 20 years. (His credits include a U.S. "Car of the Year" award, an Italian styling award and the prestigious Prix Européen.) Today, his aerodynamic enthusiasm is a designer's contribution to solving the energy enigma. "The CX (a scientific measurement of aerodynamics) is a scientifically credible and demonstrable principle. The energy crisis has restored a goal that never should have been forgotten. Styling that significantly reduces the amount of drag, promotes more efficient use of energy."

◆

"Practicality for the user" is another guiding principle for Opron. Trained to be an architect, his first job was designing kitchen appliances. This early training and work apprenticeship helped instill user-practicality in his design philosophy. "After all, when you design a building... or are involved with *la cuisine*, you deal with real life, real people, real problems."

◆

For five years now, Opron has been responsible for the design and styling of all Renault cars; and all products bearing the Renault name, a range that includes trucks, industrial and agricultural machines, marine equipment and such everyday tools as lawnmowers. Whatever the project, however, he stresses the human imperatives: "How can this product be better designed to answer human needs... to make life a little pleasanter or easier?"

◆

Portrait by Marie Cosindas

A typical week's work schedule has Opron in Milan for two days (Renault maintains a design atelier there as well as in Paris); and then he might be off to the U.S. or, possibly, South America for another two days. Back in Paris to review current design projects, he seems to thrive on the accelerated pace.

◆

Trucks, one of Opron's current design enthusiasms, are also subject to his aerodynamic basics. "Trucks must become more economical, *ergo*, you must have more sophisticated aerodynamics in the styling." Opron sees the growth of electronics in the auto industry as adding to his *nouvel humanisme*. Vital data for the driver—upcoming road conditions or weather—could be standard dashboard information thanks to electronics.

◆

Opron's home, which he and an architect friend designed and built, is brimful with his practical humanism. The house, an unassuming *petite villa de la campagne* is sited in an abandoned orchard a short ride from Paris. As Opron's wife Geneviève and the two Opron children (Philippe, a 26-year-old medical student and Valérie, a *lycée* teenager) all testify, it seems a perfect machine for living in. Its quintessential modernity can be seen in the details. The ingenious open floor plan is studded with pockets of privacy; there's easy garden access from all rooms; a socially-magnetic central hearth; and throughout, an underlying practicality of materials. "The design," says Opron, "is 'internal', not a facade."

◆

In addition to the "energy imperative"—there's also the "internationalization imperative": Renault products must meet human needs in "the mosaic of different cultures" in which they will be used. Then, too, the aesthetics of a given design are another imperative—"after all, these are Renault products." In facing these not necessarily confluent requirements, Opron reiterates the importance of the human factor. "Even as I respond to the urgent needs of the present, I dream of automobiles whose very being—in the pertinent words of the Roman architect Vitruvius—'would make living easier for all mankind.' That perhaps, is my true designing logic."

◆

We welcome your comments, questions or thoughts about any of the above. Write to: Renault, U.S.A., Inc., Corporate Group, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

RENAULT
the car company of France

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carol Anthony—Landscapes and interiors in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Cecile Gray Bazelon—Precisionist paintings, most of them interiors. Through Thursday, April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edgar Buonagurio—Abstract acrylics. Through April 30. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—New color-field paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

William Copley—New acrylic paintings. Through May 10. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through May 14. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vestie Davis (1903-78)—Eighteen paintings and five serigraphs of New York life by a self-taught folk artist. Through May 7. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens at noon.)

Norris Embry—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the last decade. Through May 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Theophil Groell—Paintings of female nudes. Through Saturday, April 26. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Recent paintings by a surrealist: elephants and flying heads and such. Also sculptures from the forties and fifties. Through May 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Paintings dated 1959 to 1961, when the artist was moving away from Abstract Expressionism to a more formal geometric style. Through Saturday, April 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through May 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Harry Koursaros—Pattern paintings in oil on canvas, and collages utilizing braids, plastics, and metallic paint. Through Saturday, April 19. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vincent Longo / Douglas Abdell—Acrylic paintings on canvas and wood based on a grid. Through May 3. / Recent abstract sculptures in welded-steel and bronze. Through May 1. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Philip Pearlstein—Thirteen new watercolors of figures. Through May 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Joel Perlman—Large vertical steel sculptures, both painted and polished. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.). . . ¶ Small steel sculptures. Through May 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Leo Rabkin—New works in watercolor and pleated Oriental paper. They are shown both fully extended and completely closed. Through Saturday, April 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yehiel Shemi—New welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Naïvely executed craypas drawings of interiors. Through May 3. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—A group of paintings of Rio's Carnaval, and other works. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—Fourteen cast-bronze heads (one a self-portrait, the others interpretations on that model) identical in dimensions. Through Friday, April 18. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Two series of welded-sheetmetal sculptures: one consisting of miniature architectural environments and the other of abstract pieces based on nature and fantasy. Through Saturday, April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

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The Geometric Tradition in American Painting 1920-1980—A two-gallery show, at the Pearl and the Esman, both at 29 West 57th St. Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by Demuth, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl; and works from the sixties to the present by Albers, Stella, Dorothea Rockburne, LeWitt, and others at the Esman. Through May 17.

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pattern paintings by George Chemeche; paintings made up of layer on layer of colorful acrylic marks on paper by Robert Natkin; and shaped canvases and one sculptural work in Ilya Bolotowsky's characteristic bold stripes. Through Saturday, April 19. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by seven young American artists, among them Valerie Jaudon, Joan Thorne, and Thornton Willis. Through Saturday, April 26. (Open Mondays.). . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by Coiner, Sivard, Moller, and others. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works of the sixties from a private collection. Dine, Johns, and Warhol are among the artists. Through Saturday, April 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Laurie Anderson / Janis Provisor—Photographs of waitresses, mail carriers, and other laborers; paired with the photographs are audiotapes of the subjects reading from a text prepared by the artist. / Thickly painted abstract canvases incorporating symbols of Indian and Mexican culture. Through May 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Carl Andre—Three phalanxes of foot-square redwood or Douglas-fir timbers, three feet tall, laid out in close-order-drill formations, plus an auxiliary brigade of ninety-one granite shafts half that size. Through Saturday, April 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Natalie Bieser / Bill Richards—Abstract watercolors inspired by landscapes. / Graphite drawings of nature: fernswamps, underbrush, cattails. Through May 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

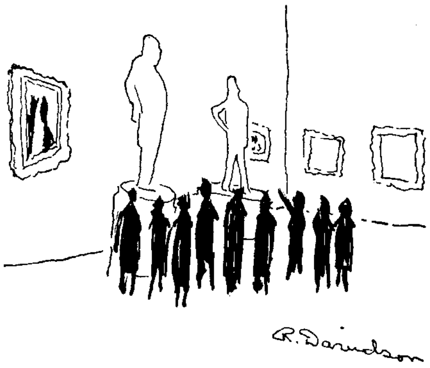
Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 10. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Erté—Eighty gouaches, the earliest dated 1911, for stage sets and fashion and costume designs. Through April 27. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Claire Falkenstein—Sculptures, paintings, and graphics dating from 1945 to the present. Through Thursday, April 24. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Eric Fischl—Large-scale paintings in the social-realist tradition (working girls and their sewing machines) and drawings in oil on glassine sheets. Through May 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Terry Fugate-Wilcox—Two-sided paintings on canvas, mounted on pedestals and set on the gallery floor. Through Saturday, April 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)



Aris Koutroulis / Kenneth Morgan—Raw horizontal canvas strips laid on an acrylic backing that has seeped in between them. / Bright-colored abstractions of circus scenes. The artist was once a circus acrobat. Through Saturday, April 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Two works: cylinders (eight, ten, and twelve feet long) filled with colored mineral water, and a greenhouse whose glass has been etched in the shape of flowers. Through Saturday, April 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Harold Olejarz—Stacked-wood sculptures. Through Sunday, April 20. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Lucio Pozzi—Recent works. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Eight recent combine paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

David Robinson—Eight surrealist paintings of interiors. Through May 10. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Paul Rotterdam—Acrylic and encaustic paintings based on architectural forms. Also works on paper. Through May 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Jack Sonenberg and Ursula von Rydingsvard—Wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the **boone**, 420 West Broadway: A single painting apiece by Ross Bleckner and Julian Schnabel, and three paintings by David Salle. Through May 1. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—This rich show of works by American and European abstract artists includes one of Calder's very first freestanding mobiles ("The Spider"), a painted-wood piece by Louise Bourgeois, and a small work in fibre glass, steel, and wood by Mark di Suvero. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Herbert George—Two plaster reliefs based on the Parthenon. Also drawings. Through May 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

David Hockney—Two shows: A hundred and fifty works, divided equally between drawings and prints, at the Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through May 3); and about twenty drawings at the Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, April 26).

Susan Smith / Jody Pinto—Wall paintings inspired by the traceries of stairs and chimneys left on surviving walls when a building is torn down, plus related drawings. / New drawings in which anatomical members—legs, arms—are mingled in with landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Lithographs taken from his early drawings for houses and other buildings. Also furnishings, china for Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, and prints based on drawings from his entire oeuvre. Through May 17. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael de Camp—Large color photographs. Through Friday, April 18. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St.)

David Haxton / Kenneth Snelson—Color prints, all of them of arrangements of photographer's backdrop paper. / Panoramic views of New York by the sculptor. Through Saturday,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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April 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

K. Helmer-Petersen—Abstract color photographs by a Danish photographer. Through Saturday, April 19. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St. Opens at noon.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of coastlines in California, Maine, and New York. Through May 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

James Van DerZee—Photographs from the twenties and thirties on the theme of romantic love by this ninety-four-year-old documentarian of Harlem, who took up the camera at the age of fourteen. Through Saturday, April 19. (New York Public Library's Countee Cullen Branch, 104 W. 136th St. Tuesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Tad Yamashiro—Central Park is the subject of these large silver-emulsion prints, shown in panels. Through May 30. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Becky Young—Color photographs, mostly nudes, including two triptychs. Through May 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage. Flaherty's classic film "Nanook of the North" is shown Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: View-camera prints by Larry Fink; SX-70 emulsion transferred to paper by Nancy Rexroth—the prints depict tangled vegetation; rural backyard scenes in Athens, Ohio, by Mark Schwartz. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view. Through Saturday, April 19. . . . **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: A survey of Pictorialism that ranges from an eighteen-sixties daguerreotype by Southworth and Hawes, to a nineteen-thirties print by Clara Sipprell, to contemporary palladium prints by Jed Devine. Through May 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The permanent collection is the main show through Sunday, April 20. After that, the museum will be closed except for the downstairs theatre floor. On May 22, a full-house Picasso show is scheduled to open. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St., has works on paper by the same artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

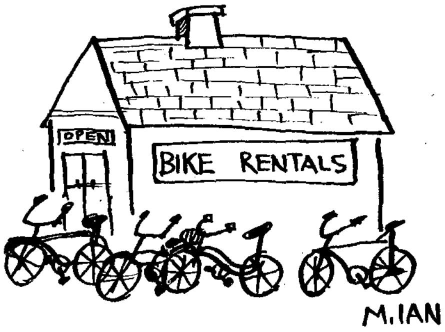
Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century New England and Southern period rooms have been reopened. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Etchings and drawings by Peter Milton. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Starts Friday, April 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, all of them for projects that are grand in either concept or scale. Dating from the sixteenth century to the present, they include interiors (stage sets, doorways) and exteriors (gardens, fountains, monuments). Through June 1. . . . ¶ A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portraits and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Fifty etchings and lithographs by Camille Pissarro, as well as twenty-five prints by fellow-Impressionists Renoir, Manet, Degas, and others. Through July 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, photographs, and other works by seven artists from Toronto; a film with sound by Bruno Bussman; an installation by Guy De Cointet. Through May 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Arleen Schloss (performance), Thursday, April 17, at 8:30; Louise Guay (performance), Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30; an exhibit by two conceptual artists (John Turturro and Mr. Mental), through Saturday, April 19; records and cassettes, together with related scores, photographs, and album covers, by more than forty artists, through Saturday, April 26.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Larry Miller (performance), Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30; Love of Life Orchestra (music), Friday, April 18, at 8:30; Martin Rev (music), Saturday, April 19, at 8:30; Douglas Dunn (dance), Thursday through Sunday, April 24-27, at 8:30; audiotapes, including drama, poetry, and songs, by Laurie Anderson, the Mabou Mines, Ned Sublette, and others, through Saturday, April 19; videotapes by Antonio Muntadas, Stephen Laub, Becky Johnston, and others, through Saturday, April 26.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719;

and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "L'Elisir D'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Domenico Trimarchi; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, April 16: "La Cenerentola" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, Rose-Marie Freni, Rockwell Blake, and Alan Titus; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 17: "Faust," with Diana Soviero, Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz, and Brent Ellis; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 19: "Carmen," with Anita Terzian, Judith James, Michele Molese, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Faust," with Diana Soviero, Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz, and Brent Ellis; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 20: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Dana Krueger, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 20: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 22: "Faust," with Diana Soviero, Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz, and Brent Ellis; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 23: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Stephanie Sundine, Jacque Trussel, David Holloway, Marc Embree, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 24: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Dana Krueger, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 26: "Carmen," with Anita Terzian, Judith James, Michele Molese, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Judith Dickison-Rhodus, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of a double bill—Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol" and Falla's "La Vida Breve," in English, conducted by Jorge Mester, and staged by Norman Ayrton. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, April 24, and Saturday, April 26, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 17, at 8; Friday, April 18, at 2; and Saturday, April 19, at 8 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin); on Tuesday, April 22, at 7:30 (with Mr. Zukerman and Lynn Harrell, cello); and Thursday, April 24, at 8; Friday, April 25, at 2; Saturday, April 26, at 8; and Tuesday, April 29, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Sol Greitzer, viola).

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Andrew Davis conducting an all-Wagner program—the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and the first act of "Die Walküre"—with Jessye Norman, soprano; Manfred Jung, tenor; and Aage Haugland, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

ENDYMION ENSEMBLE—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Nine members of the ensemble, with Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ All twenty-five members, performing without a conductor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

HARMONIE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Steven Richman conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, April 20, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program celebrating Ernest Bloch's centennial. Among the guest artists will be Oscar Shumsky, violin/viola; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8.)

MANNES CHORUS—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. and 64th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CATHEDRAL SINGERS—Richard Westenburg directing a mostly Mozart program. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 20, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

ZAMIR CHORALE—Mati Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGIUM MUSICUM—Susan Hellauer directing a program entitled "Birth of the Baroque: Music from Venice, 1550-1650." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing, with Betsy Norden, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Tonio Di Paolo, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

CONCORDIA COLLEGE CHOIR—Ralph C. Schultz and Gerald Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 3.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing a program entitled "The Art of the Chanson." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Haydn's "Mass in Time of War." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Paula Robison, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

FOLGER CONSORT—The last in a series of concerts of early music. This program is entitled "Triptych III: France." (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

CONCERT ROYAL—Eight instrumentalists in a mostly Mozart program. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

L. SUBRAMANIAM—Violin; with T. Ranganathan, mrdangam, in a program of South Indian classical music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

BENJAMIN HUDSON AND ELIZABETH WRIGHT—Violin and piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 18, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Susan Gregory—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Jerome Barry—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Charles Milgrim—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 2:30.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

Columbia String Quartet—A program that will include the première of Robby Merkin's String Quartet #1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 20, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Music Project—Gerard Schwarz conducting an eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. With Carrol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Druckman, percussion; and Lillo Way, narrator. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Sunday, April 20, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Ernesto Cordero—Classical guitarist. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Sunday, April 20, at 2. Free tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the concert.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Milton Babbitt, Ezra Laderman, Harvey Sollberger, and others. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Monday, April 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The sixth in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A quintet in a program of music that ranges from Bach to Fats Waller. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center—Jeannette Walters, soprano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson and Hakuro Mori, cello; Masao Kawasaki, viola; and Dina Koston, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, April 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Thomas Murray. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 23, at 5:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 23, at 8.). . . ¶ The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

Turibio Santos and Eliane Sampaio—Classical guitarist and soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—With Carol Wincenc, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century American music, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Sean DesRoches, boy-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shirley Verrett, soprano; Daniel Phillips and Sung-Ju Lee, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Ronald Thomas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

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Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Renée Siebert, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Robert Routch, horn; and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 5.)

Robert Merrill and Louise Russell—Baritone and soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Leo Brouwer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Constantine Cassolas—Tenor. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Michael May—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—A program of baroque music, with Daniel Waitzman, flute; Louise Schulman, violin/viola; Jodi Beder, cello; and Elaine Comparone; harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

MISCELLANY

Charles Ives Song Perspective—Paul Suits, piano; Rosalind Rees, soprano; and the Gregg Smith Singers, directed by Gregg Smith. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

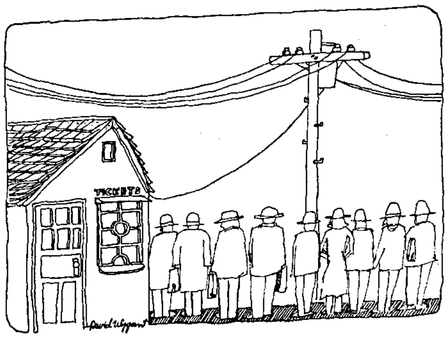
Renaissance Festival—Saturday, April 19, at 8: Lionel Party, harpsichord, in a Handel-Couperin-Rameau-Bach recital, and Battery, a modern-dance company, performing works set to three Bach fugues played by organist Donald McDonald. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 2: Paul Echols directing the Western Wind, the New York Cornet and Sackbut Ensemble, the Festival Chorus, and a string ensemble, with Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Louise Basbas, organ; plus the Ananda Dancers performing Renaissance dances. (Christ Church, Park Ave. at 60th St. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, April 16, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee (first American League games here), Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at 2. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Monday through Wednesday, April 21-23, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 26.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs—All we know at press time is that the Rangers will be playing somebody on Saturday and Sunday, April 19-20, and, if necessary, Thursday, April 24, at Madison Square Garden (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400), and that the Islanders will be playing somebody else either on Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, or Saturday, April 19, and Monday, April 21, at the Nassau Coliseum (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100).



Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19; the Bold Ruler, Sunday, April 20; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 26.

Running—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 21.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 20, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Squash Racquets—Boodles World Cup: A five-day round-robin between players from the United States (Stu Goldstein), Canada (Sharif Khan), Mexico (Mario Sanchez), Pakistan (Hiddy Jahan), and New Zealand (Bruce Brownlee). (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. 860-8630. Wednesday through Friday, April 16-18, at 7; Saturday, April 19, at 4:30; and Sunday, April 20, at 5.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 17, through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

St. Mark's Poetry Project Benefit—At Town Hall—Saturday, April 19, at 2: Philip Glass, Andy deGroat & Dancers, Kenneth Koch, Grace Paley, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: Larry Rivers, Taylor Mead, John Ashbery, John Giorno, and others. (For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

Poetry Readings—Richard Hugo and Howard Moss reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 17, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Frederick Morgan and Laurence Lieberman reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 21, at 8.). . . ¶ Three Australian poets—Vincent Buckley, David Malouf, and Les Murray. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 22, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, clocks, watches, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 2: African and Oceanic art. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 17. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 2, and Thursday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 19. . . . **christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 17, at 8, and Friday, April 18, at 10:30: Russian icons and other works of art, from the collection of George R. Hann. . . . ¶ Two sales from the estate of Mrs. Kathryn Bache Miller. Saturday, April 19, at 10: European works of art and furniture, and Impressionist paintings and drawings. . . . Saturday, April 19, at 2: European pottery, porcelain, *objets de vertu*, and snuff boxes; Chinese ceramics and other works of art; English and Continental silver; and Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, April 18.

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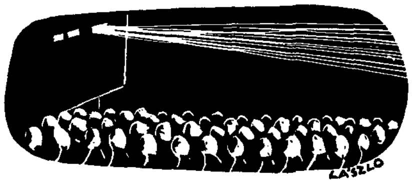
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"On Company Business." (No performances on Monday, April 21.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
April 16: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" and "Tout Va Bien."
April 17-19: "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."
April 20-21: "Edvard Munch."
April 22-23: "Charles Dead or Alive" and "A Man Escaped."
April 24-26: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 17: "American Gigolo" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
April 18-24: "Foxes" and "Americathon."
From April 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Little Darlings."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 24: "A Small Circle of Friends."
From April 25: "Heartbeat."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255)
"Serial."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 17: "Hide in Plain Sight."
April 18-24: "ffolkes."
From April 25: "Apocalypse Now."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 24: "Gilda Live."
From April 25: "Heartbeat."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Incorrigible."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"A Small Circle of Friends."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 17: "Wise Blood."
From April 18: "Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 50th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Simon."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 24: "Sitting Ducks."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 17: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
April 18-24: "Apocalypse Now."
From April 25: "Sitting Ducks."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 17: "The Last Married Couple in America."
April 18-24: "Hide in Plain Sight."
From April 25: "Just Tell Me What You Want."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 17: "Penitentiary."
From April 18: "Sitting Ducks."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Little Darlings."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Night Games."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 17: "Hide in Plain Sight."
From April 18: "Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 24: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 24: "All That Jazz."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The Changeling." From April 18: "Sitting Ducks."
Theatre 3: Through April 24: "Simon." From April 25: "Heartbeat."
Theatre 4: Through April 24: "Hide in Plain Sight." From April 25: "Wise Blood."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
April 16: "Apocalypse Now."
From April 17: "The Watcher in the Woods."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Being There."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 24: "A Simple Story."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Clair de Femme."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 24: "The Wicker Man."
From April 25: "Heartbeat."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 22: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From April 23: "Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 22: "The Left-Handed Woman."
From April 23: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through April 17: "Chapter Two."
April 18-24: "Wise Blood."
From April 25: "Apocalypse Now."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Simon."
Theatre 2: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Island at the Top of the World."
Theatre 3: Through April 17: "The Changeling." From April 18: "ffolkes."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through April 17: "Hide in Plain Sight."
From April 18: "Sitting Ducks."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 17: "Chapter Two" and "Just You and Me, Kid."
April 18-24: "Foxes" and "Straight Time."
From April 25: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through April 17: "Simon." (†) April 18-24: "Sitting Ducks." (†) From April 25: "Heartbeat." (†)
Theatre 2: "Gilda Live." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Rose."
Theatre 4: Through April 24: "The Fog." From April 25: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through April 17: "A Small Circle of Friends." (†) From April 18: "Simon." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through April 24: "All That Jazz." (†)
From April 25: "Get Rollin'."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 24: "Chapter Two." (†) From April 25: "All That Jazz." (†)
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Serial." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Night Games." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Penitentiary." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through April 17: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
April 18-24: "Mannequin."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
To be announced.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through April 17: "Lady and the Tramp" (†) and "The Island at the Top of the World." (†)
From April 18: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 16: "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977), directed by John Boorman, with Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; and "The Medusa Touch" (1978), directed by Jack Gold, with Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, Lee Remick, and Michael Hordern.
April 17: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971), in French, directed by Fernando Arrabal.
April 18: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
April 19-20: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Sympathy for the Devil" (1968; "One Plus One"), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with the Rolling Stones. On April 20, "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska will also be shown.
April 21: "Simone de Beauvoir;" "Minus Zero" (1979), directed by Michael Oblowitz; "Invisible Adversaries" (1977), an Austrian film, directed by Valie Export; and "The Bomber Pilot" (1970), in German, directed by Werner Schroeter.
April 22: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, direct-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Night of the Seagull" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Katsuki Iwauchi.

April 23: "The Emperor and the General" (†); and "Kill!" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

April 24: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "You Only Live Once" (1937), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, and Margaret Hamilton.

April 25: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Sandra." (†)

From April 26: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 16: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; "La Bohème" (1926), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish, John Gilbert, Renée Adorée, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Salome" (1922), a silent film, directed by Charles Bryant, with Alla Nazimova.

April 17: "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova and Delia Garcés; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

April 18: "Madame Rosa" (1978), in French, directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

April 19: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

April 20: "La Scala," a documentary film; and "La Serva Padrona," in Italian, directed by Franco Ferrara, with Anna Moffo and Paolo Montarsolo.

April 21: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal.

April 22: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "A Girl in Every Port" (1928), a silent film, directed by Howard Hawks, with Victor McLaglen, Robert Armstrong, and Louise Brooks.

April 23: "Simone de Beauvoir;" and "Flesh and the Devil." (†)

April 24: "The Last Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Wedding in Blood." (†)

April 25: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "Badlands." (†)

April 26: "The Conformist" (†) and "The Serpent's Egg." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 17: "The Story of O" (1975), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin; and "Madam Kitty" (1977), directed by Tinto Brass, with Helmut Berger and Ingrid Thulin.

April 18-19: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

April 20-21: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands." (†)

April 22: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus." (†)

April 23-24: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

April 25-26: "Heat" (†) and "Trash." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through April 17: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson. In 3-D.

From April 18: "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 16: "The Ipcress File" (1965), directed by Sidney J. Furie, with Michael Caine, Nigel Green, Guy Doleman, and Sue Lloyd; and "Topaz" (1969), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Frederick Stafford, John Vernon, John Forsythe, and Dany Robin.

April 17-19: "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone; and "Captain from Castile" (1947), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power and Jean Peters.

April 20-21: "Some Came Running" (1959), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer; and "Butterfield 8." (†)

April 22-23: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (†) and "Of Mice and Men." (†)

April 24-26: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 16: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; and "Faust" (1926), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings, Camilla Horn, and William Dieterle.

April 17: "Sex Madness" (1937); "Marijuana, The Devil's Weed" (1936), directed by Dwain Esper, and "Trapped by the Mormons" (1922).

April 18-19: "Blackboard Jungle" (1955), directed by Richard Brooks, with Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, and Louis Calhern; and "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

April 20: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, Richard Denning, and Antonio Moreno; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

April 21: "Angel and the Badman" (†); and "Sands of Iwo Jima" (1950), directed by Allan Dwan, with John Wayne and Forrest Tucker.

April 22-24: Three different programs of films made by independent filmmakers.

April 25-26: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 16: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

April 17: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey; and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, and ZaSu Pitts.

April 18: "Ministry of Fear" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1949), directed by Carol Reed, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

April 19-20: "The Great Gatsby" (1949), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar.

April 21: "Ladies They Talk About" (1933), directed by William Keighley and Howard Bretherton, with Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot, and Lillian Roth; and "Lady of Burlesque." (†)

April 22: "Rancho Notorious" (†) and "The Garden of Allah." (†)

April 23: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (†) and "The Sisters." (†)

April 24: "Man of the World" (1931), directed by Richard Wallace, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, and Guy Kibbee; and "Street of Chance." (†)

April 25-26: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 17 at 2:30: "Light's Diamond Jubilee" (1954), a three-hour television broadcast, directed by William Wellman, King Vidor, and others. . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "Avital" (1979), directed by Tal Larish. . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Ethel Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "The Wild Heart" (1952), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, and Hugh Griffith. . . . ¶ April 19 at noon: "Viva, Villa!" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks and Jack Conway, with Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, and Donald Cook. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ April 20 at noon: "Viva, Villa!". . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: "The Wild Heart.". . . ¶ April 21 at noon: "N.Y., N.Y." (1958), directed by Francis Thompson; "Permutations: Experiments in Motion Graphics" (1968), directed by John Whitney; "Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper" (1970), directed by David Rimmer; "Pianissimo" (1963), directed by Carmen O'Avino; "Frank Film" (1973), directed by Frank Mouris; and "Hardware Wars" (1977), directed by Ernie Fosselius. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ April 22 at noon: "N.Y., N.Y.," "Permutations: Experiments in Motion Graphics," "Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper," "Pianissimo," "Frank Film," and "Hardware Wars.". . . ¶ April 22 at 2:30: A program of films, dating from 1916-19, recently found in Dawson City. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2:30: "Hollywood: The Selznick Years" (1969), a documentary film, directed by David Wolper. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6: "Wooloomooloo" (1978), an Australian film, directed by Denise White, Pat Fiske, and Peter Gailey. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8:30: "Viva, Villa!". . . . ¶ April 25 at 2:30: "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: A program of films, dating from 1916-19, recently found in Dawson City. . . . ¶ April 26 at noon: "Block-Heads" (1938), directed by John Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2:30: "La Femme de Nulle Part" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, with Eve Francis; French titles. . . . ¶ April 26 at 5: "Bought" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 16 at 6: "Interviews on Personal Problems" (U.S.S.R.; Lana Gogoberidze). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8: "Doomed Love" (Portugal; Manoel de Oliveira). . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Baara" (Mali; Souleymane Cissé). . . . ¶ April 18 at 8:30: "Black Goddess" (Brazil/Nigeria; Ola Balogun). . . . ¶ April 18 at 11: "Tapdancin'" (United States; Christian Blackwood) and "Memories of Duke" (United States; Gary Keys). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "Black Goddess." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "The Phans of Jersey City" (United States; Abbie H. Fink, Stephen L. Forman, John Fraker, and Dennis Lanson) and "Daughter Rite" (United States; Michelle Citron). . . . ¶ April 19 at 11: "Without Limits" (Mexico; Arturo Ripstein). . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "Doomed Love." . . . ¶ April 20 at 10:30: "Return of the Secaucus Seven" (United States; John Sayles). . . . ¶ April 21 at 6: "The Phans of Jersey City" and "Daughter Rite.". . . ¶ April 21 at 8:30: "Top Dog" (Poland; Feliks Falk). . . . ¶ April 22 at 6: "Vengeance Is Mine" (Japan; Shohei Imamura). . . . ¶ April 22 at 8:30 and April 23 at 6: "Manila" (Philippines; Lino Brocka). . . . ¶ April 23 at 8:30: "Vengeance Is Mine." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two installations by Chris Burden—"B-Car" (1976) and "C.B.T.V." (1977). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Battle of Chile (Part 3): Power of the People" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzmán; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Ivens and Loridan, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Fleming, Flaherty, Frampton, and others. Showings April 16 at 6 and 8:30; April 17 at 6 and 8:15; April 18 at 6 and 8:30; April 19 at 2, 6, and 9; April 20 at 2, 6, and 8; April 22 at 6 and 8:30; April 23 at 7; April 24 at 6 and 8; April 25 at 6; and April 26 at 2, 6, and 8.

Beacon, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—A program called "The World's Worst Film Festival." There are twenty-one of them, and they will be shown through April 20. Call theatre for titles, dates, and times.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Embassy 1; through April 24. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 25.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 17.)

Americathon—Adapted from a play by Phillip Proctor and Peter Bergman, who made some good comedy records with a group called the Firesign Theatre. The movie could have used Firesign's flaky attention span. It begins as political satire—the year is 1998; the President (John Ritter) is a predictable Jerry Brown joke—and it bogs down in a plodding telethon format. With Harvey Korman, Peter Riegert, Richard Schaal, Nancy Morgan, and cameos by Elvis Costello and Meat Loaf. Directed by Neil Israel. (8/27/79) (St. Marks Cinema; April 18-24.)

Angel and the Badman (1947)—Pleasantly unslick minor Western, with John Wayne as Quirt, the gunfighter who reforms, matched against Bruce Cabot as the villainous Laredo. It's easily distinguishable from other Wayne Westerns: Gail Russell, of the sexy-sad eyes, is the Quaker heroine—one of the few Western heroines who suggests softness and body warmth. James Edward Grant, who worked on many Wayne films as a writer, was both writer and director this time; he did not excel in the latter capacity, though he did stage a classic Wayne walk to meet the villains for the final shootout. Wayne is in a dark shirt and dark wide hat, and he moves fast, swivel-hipped, like a broken-field runner. With Irene Rich, Harry Carey, Lee Dixon, Tom Powers, and Paul Hurst. The second-unit director, Yakima Canutt, was responsible for the big action sequences. A John Wayne Production, for Republic. (Thalia; April 21.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld; April 16. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; April 18-24. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Victoria; starting April 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 25.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Cinema Village; April 20-21. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Rainer Werner Fassbinder here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Art; April 17-19.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel

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that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Regency; April 20-21.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Changeling—George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere in a supposedly scary movie about an old house and a ghost who doesn't want anyone living in it. Dreary hokum, and the two stars appear to know it. (4/14/80) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 17.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through April 17. . . . ¶ Embassy; through April 24.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Art; April 22-23.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, and Rivoli; through April 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through April 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting April 25.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26.)

Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Art; April 20-21.)

The Emperor and the General (1967)—An account, in a documentary style, of the day on which Emperor Hirohito told his countrymen the bad news. Based on the book "The Longest Day in Japan," by Soichi Oya. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 23.)

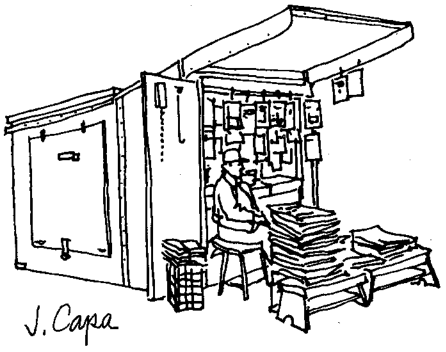
ffolkes—With Roger Moore, James Mason, and Anthony Perkins; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Eastside Cinema; April 18-24. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 18.)

Flesh and the Devil (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love, derived from a novel by Hermann Sudermann. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent as the good girl. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; April 17-19.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; April 18-24.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker o more liquid) and marries him. Then, right a the purple start of their desert honeymoon his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combin to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monl who has bolted the monastery and violated hi vow of silence. Back he must go to repent Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pi of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe evei and David O. Selznick produced it in poshl lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poure on top. Richard Boleslavski directed; wit Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an en tertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basi Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schild kraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson Just about perfection of its insanely goop type. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22.)



Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Father Guid Sarducci (Don Novello), in a filmed versio of the show given last year on Broadway Since that show began on TV, we are at tw removes from the original, and the distanc is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed b Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (Criterion Cente . . . ¶ Sutton; through April 24.)

Heartbeat—With Sissy Spacek, Nick Nolte, an John Heard; directed by John Byrum. (Mur ray Hill, Sutton, Quad Cinema, Paramoun and Criterion Center; starting April 25.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," wit Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvi Miles as the predatory star in the big man sion. It's meant to be a funny exploitatio movie, but the comic moments are rar (Cinema Village; April 25-26.)

Hide in Plain Sight—A blurred, flaccid dram about a factory worker (James Caan) who i suddenly and cruelly deprived of his tw young children by a particularly heavy-hand ed stroke of governmental stupidity, an about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to fin them and bring them home. The pictur which is based on an actual series of event that began in the late nineteen-sixties (th worker's ex-wife had married a small-tim criminal-turned-informer, whom the stat had hidden away for his own protection) was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in real istically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it ha none of the edge and flow that are essentia to a story that stretches over many month James Caan the actor is convincingly inar ticulate and embittered, but we grow impa tient waiting for James Caan the director t give him some outlet for his long rage. Wit Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbr Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who add some pepper to this gruel with his portraya of a case-hardened federal cop. (86th S East, Eastside Cinema, and New Yorker 2 through April 17. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema through April 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East April 18-24.)

Incorrigible—With Jean-Paul Belmondo an Geneviève Bujold, directed by Philippe d Broca. In French. (Plaza.)

The Island at the Top of the World (1974)— From the Disney studios, with David Hart man and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robe Stevenson. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Victoria through April 17.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, th television and night-club comedian, comes u with a considerable performance as the shout ing, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionair conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsive ly bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone i his life, but the movie, which was directed b Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-bloode that it defeats its own cynical intentions. A MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtim mistress, who gets even by beating him up i Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunio of the lovers is like sharks mating. Wit Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Robert Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80 (72nd Street East; starting April 25.)

Just You and Me, Kid—With George Burns an Brooke Shields, directed by Leonard Stern (Olympia; through April 17.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—A backstage farce set dur ing the staging of a musical version of "Th Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayso and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Gray son's trilling is something to contend with and so is her busy, amateurish performance and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctiou comedy from just about everybody. But there' also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with suc songs as "Where Is the Life That Late Led," "Why Can't You Behave?," "To

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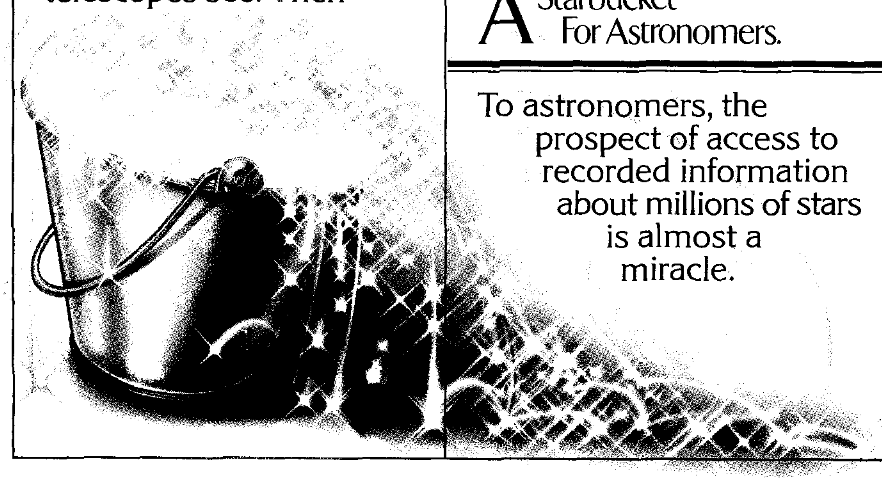

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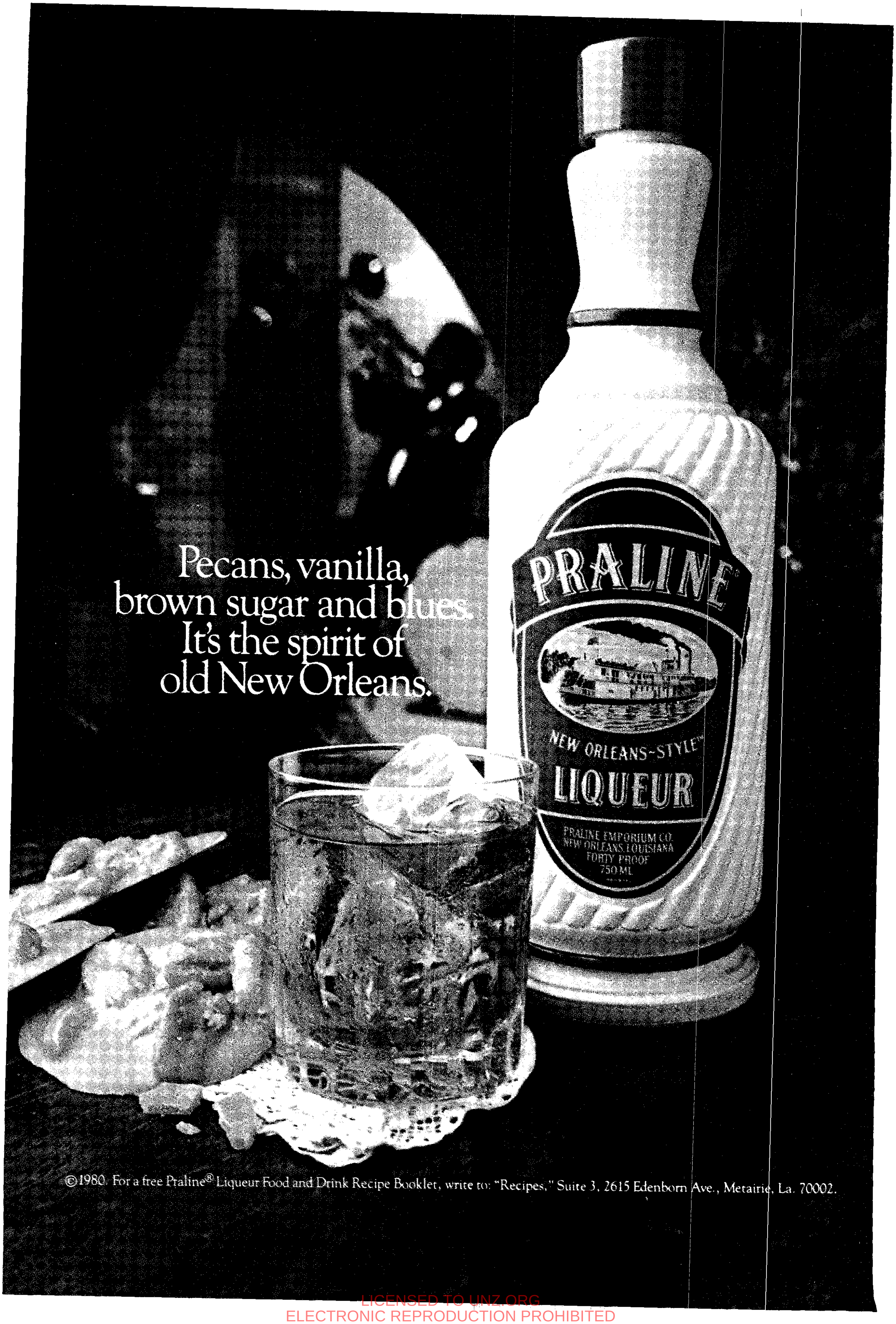
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin, and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual tick-tock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was tidied up and sanitized. (Filmed in 3-D and shown that way on this occasion.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting April 18.)

KNIFE IN THE HEAD—With Bruno Ganz, directed by Reinhard Hauff. In German. (Cinema Studio 1; starting April 23.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

LADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Victoria; through April 17.)

LADY OF BURLESQUE (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, and burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, is pretty successful. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

THE LAST MARRIED COUPLE IN AMERICA—A depressed, haggard comedy about infidelity among the Jacuzzi set in lower California. Everyone talks fast and plays around, and the adulterers are rewarded with guilt, impotence, and venereal disease. With Natalie Wood, George Segal (mugging like Lionel Barrymore on speed), Valerie Harper, and Richard Benjamin. (72nd Street East; through April 17.)

THE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN—With Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz, directed by Peter Handke. In German. (Cinema Studio 2; through April 22.)

LITTLE DARLINGS—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Forum.)

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 17.)

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A MAN ESCAPED (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself, he is not disposed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. The movie was shot at Montluc with fanatic authenticity; the photography, by Léonce-Henry Burel, is austerely beautiful. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy student, is the lead. The music is Mozart's Mass in C Minor. All this makes it sound terribly pretentious, yet sometimes even the worst ideas can be made to work. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Art; April 22-23.)

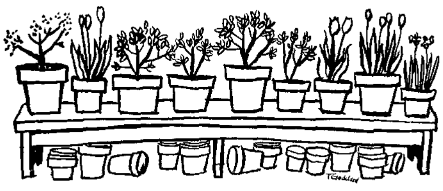
THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic upturn. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through April 22. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting April 23.)

MOTHER KÜSTERS GOES TO HEAVEN (1975)—Fassbinder again. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Art; April 16.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

NIGHT GAMES—With Cindy Pickett, Joanna Cassidy, and Barry Primus; directed by Roger Vadim. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

NIJINSKY—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13). The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. Alan Bates gives a dominant performance as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev. Also with Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickus, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)



NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1939)—When Lewis Milestone prefaced the credits of his version of the John Steinbeck play and novel with George (Burgess Meredith) and Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) fleeing a posse, he was, no doubt, aiming for economy and tension. He couldn't have guessed that he was starting a new vogue, and that it would become almost standard practice for a film's action to precede the credit information even when the action made no sense. The story, about the friendship between two lonely, vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George and the simpleminded giant Lennie—is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. The film was beautifully put together, and has a fine Aaron Copland score. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband, Curley. With Leigh Whipper, memorable as the lean, bitter Crooks (an unjolly black man), and Charles Bickford. (Regency; April 22-23.)

ON COMPANY BUSINESS—A three-hour documentary about the C.I.A. Directed by Allan Francovich. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, April 21.)

ORPHEUS (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March. With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Cinema Village; April 22.)

PENITENTIARY—With Leon Isaac Kennedy, directed by Jamaa Fanaka. (National. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through April 17.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James

Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23.)

Rancho Notorious (1952)—Not one of the films that Fritz Lang will be remembered for. Lang said that this Western was conceived for Marlene Dietrich (she plays an aging femme fatale, a retired dance-hall hostess who operates a hideout for outlaw gangs) but that by the time it was finished he and Dietrich had stopped speaking to each other. Financed by Howard Hughes, though on a small scale, it was shot mostly in the studio; the picture was to be called "Chuck-a-Luck" and Lang used the ballad "The Legend of Chuck-a-Luck" as an integral theme song, but afterward Hughes changed the title. (The picture was also recut.) Possibly even under the best of circumstances the mixture of Lang's conspiratorial motifs with the Western characters and locale might not have worked out. Arthur Kennedy is a cowpuncher obsessed with getting revenge for the rape and murder of his fiancée, and Mel Ferrer is Frenchy, a Western variant of Lang's master criminals. With Gloria Henry, William Frawley, Jack Elam, Dan Seymour, George Reeves, Lloyd Gough, and Fuzzy Knight. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Bell as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 25.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Serpent's Egg (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

The Sisters (1938)—A costume melodrama beginning on the evening of Theodore Roosevelt's election and ending on the evening of Taft's election. During those years, a benign Bette Davis elopes with a transient newspaperman (Errol Flynn) who drinks. He deserts her For Her Own Good, and she undergoes strenuous hardships, including the San Francisco earthquake, which drives her to take brief refuge in an Oakland brothel, where a good-hearted whore (Lee Patrick) and a kindly madame (Laura Hope Crews, in a frilly negligée) nurse her back to health. The marital fortunes of the heroine's sisters (Anita Louise and Jane Bryan) are interwoven. It's an inoffensive but rather pointless story, with a good deal of attention to realistic detail. Anatole Litvak directed; taken from a novel by Myron Brinig. With Beulah Bondi, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter, Alan Hale, Patric Knowles, Dick Foran, Henry Travers, Harry Davenport, and Mayo Methot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23.)

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			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Sitting Ducks—With Michael Emil, Patrice Townsend, and Zack Norman; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 1; through April 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; April 18-24. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 2; starting April 18. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; starting April 25.)

A Small Circle of Friends—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 17. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through April 24.)

Soupçon—With Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet; starting April 18.)

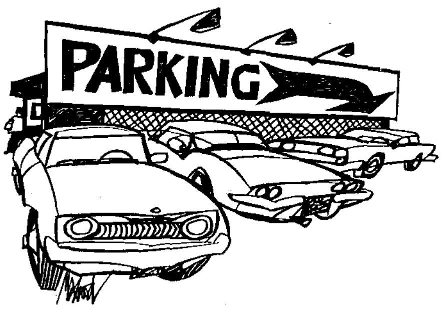
Straight Time (1978)—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter's. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do meet, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (Olympia; April 18-24.)

Street of Chance (1930)—William Powell, very cool and very sure as a gentleman racketeer, in a well-written, deftly plotted melodrama about gambling. In order to cure his younger brother, Babe (Regis Toomey), of gambling fever, he sets up a game with the slickest cardplayers in New York. When Babe cleans them out and makes off with all the cash in the pot, the gamblers think big brother has put one over on them, and they go after him. Jean Arthur and Kay Francis are the women; directed by John Cromwell, who also plays Imbrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 24.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting April 26.)

The Tin Drum—Based on the Günter Grass novel, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 1.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in a small Alabama town in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. (There was a suspicion that Peck was being rewarded because the Lincolnesque lawyer shot a rabid dog and defended an innocent black man accused of raping a white woman.) Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee Pulitzer Prize novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters, who flares his nostrils mightily, is the black man on trial, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With John Megna, Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, Alice Ghostley, Crahan Denton, Frank Overton, and Richard Hale. Cinematography by Russell Harlan; music by Elmer Bernstein; art direction by Alexander Golitzen and Henry Bumstead. (Regency; April 22-23.)



Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Art; April 16.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema Village; April 25-26.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Art; April 24-26.)

The Watcher in the Woods—With Bette Davis, Lynn-Holly Johnson, David McCallum, and Carroll Baker; directed by John Hough. (Ziegfeld; starting April 17.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 24.)

Where the Buffalo Roam—With Bill Murray and Peter Boyle, directed by Art Linson. (Gemini 1, Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Playhouse 2, 57th St. Playhouse, and Rivoli; starting April 25.)

The Wicker Man—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy. (Paramount; through April 24.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Baronet; through April 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; April 18-24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 25.)

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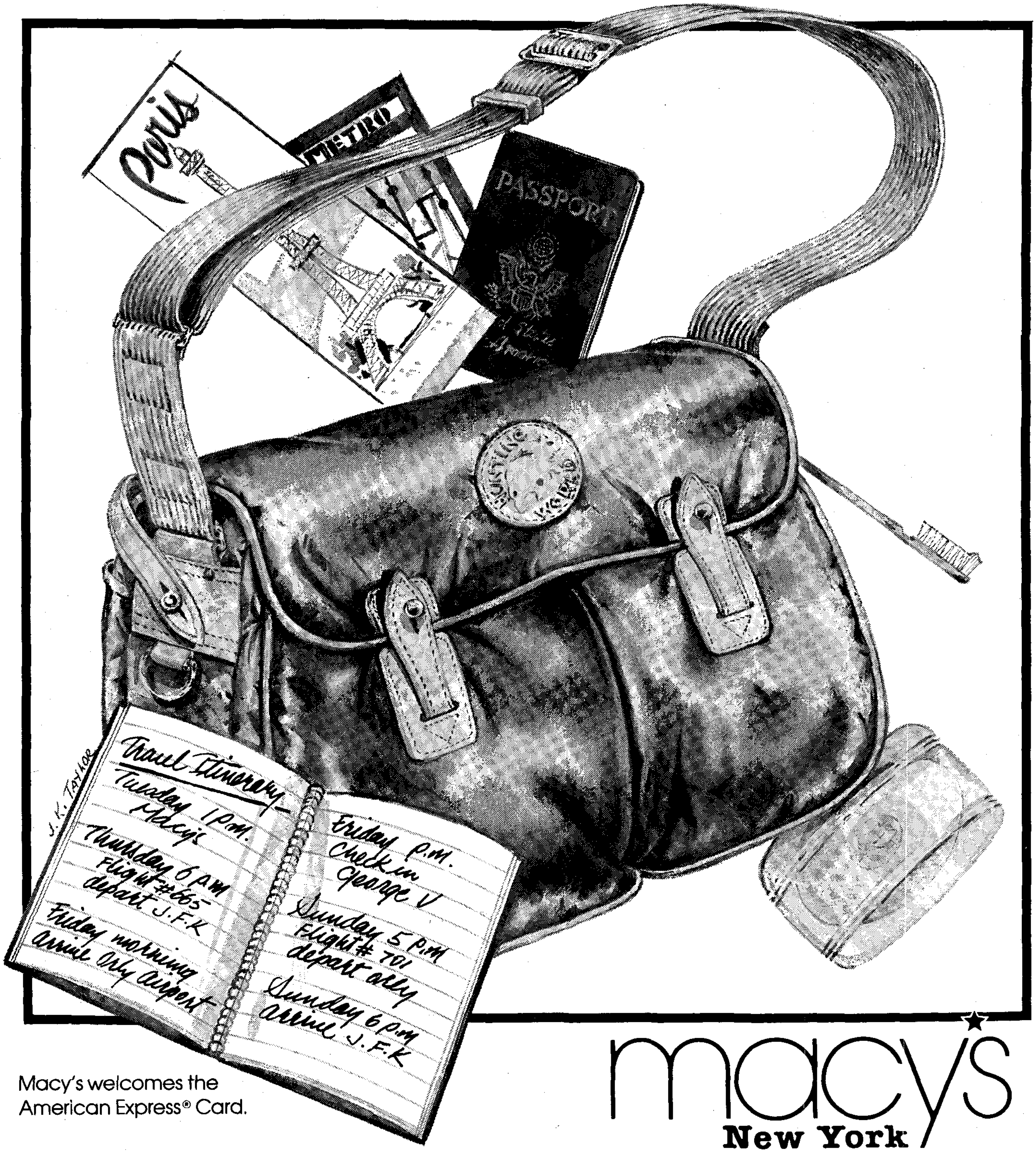
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, before the transit strike ended, we did some hitchhiking:

At Seventy-second and Fifth, a man and a woman in a big, brand-new blue station wagon picked us up. They were both splendidly groomed and reed-thin, and were probably somewhere in their early fifties. "I work for the Metropolitan Museum, and I've got to go downtown to get some beeswax candles," the woman told us. "The new American Wing will be opening soon, and we need some genuine beeswax candles for one of the exhibits. Altman's is one of the few places in town that carry them, and my darling husband has agreed to drive me down to get them." "They will probably have just run out by the time we get there," said the husband, executing a modest but flawless future perfect.

A short, stout man in a rickety gray panel truck stopped for us at 112th Street and Broadway. He was Hispanic and spoke little English, but through sign language, pidgin English, and pidgin Spanish we managed to find out that he had already been in midtown twice that morning (it was now about eleven) and that the traffic wasn't bad; that he made deliveries for a TV-repair shop (there were seven or eight TV sets sitting on the floor of the truck's dim aft section, and they bounced around as we went over potholes); and that his boss was a fine man but a sad one, because he and his wife couldn't have children. As we got out of the truck, at Sixty-fifth and Third, and before we had a chance even to say "*Adiós*," the driver said "*No dinero! No dinero!*" and shook our hand with considerable fervor.

Late one afternoon, a woman in a tiny, boxlike emerald-green Fiat pulled over for us at Sixty-third and Central Park West, heading uptown. She looked a little like Connie Francis, and she had a thin, stringy-blond-haired female companion, who remained silent throughout the trip. "I pick up blood samples from doctors all over the city and deliver them to this lab that I work for," the woman said. "There's a few in that carton you're leaning on back there." We removed our arm from the carton, and she added, "Pretty creepy work, don't you think?"

The next day, at Madison and Sixty-first, a young man with wiry red hair beckoned to us to climb into his stripped-down (no fenders, no panel over the motor in the back) VW beetle. "How far are you going?" we asked. "New Rochelle," he said, and he agreed to drop us off at Eighty-sixth Street. We learned that he was a technician for CBS News. "Dan Rather had to get the job," he said, more or less out of nowhere.

At Amsterdam and Seventy-second, two fellows in a sleek red panel truck showed us how to work the fancy side door and then drove us all the way to Morningside Heights, which is where we were headed at the time. The driver handed us a business card. His name was Mark Egan, and his friend's name was Richard Choiley. Together they own MSI Video Systems, at 652 First Avenue, and that fact explained the nature of our seat in the truck: it was a large on-its-end spindle of modern-looking (i.e., flat) electronic cable. "We install video equipment for observation of patients in hospitals and for store and business security systems," Mr. Egan told us. "You know—closed-circuit monitors and so on. We also set up video systems for surgeons who want to record their operations. In fact, we installed one today, for Dr. Joseph Ransohoff, a famous neurosurgeon."

We also got a ride uptown from Park Avenue and Seventy-third Street with a man in his mid-forties driving a spiffy yellow Chevrolet. He was a construction supervisor who had to inspect five building sites scattered around Manhattan, but he was cheerful nonetheless, perhaps because his radio was tuned to an easy-listening station. The stereo system made the throbbing violins sound as if they were playing inside our head. "My son's a senior in high school out on Long Island, and he's a good quarterback," the driver told us. "Columbia wants him, but he's not sure he wants to go to college in the city. I tell him that the city is an education all by itself."

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Actions

THE transit strike reminded us of the existence of certain forceful legal concepts. There is, for instance, the principle of *damnum absque injuria.* This describes a harm or loss for which the law offers no compensation. A working person who had to walk from Sheepshead Bay to a job in Manhattan during a thunderstorm and ended up soaked, blistered, and mentally anguished will get nowhere in the courts if he now decides to press a claim against a subway motorman who went out on strike, because, alas, what he suffered was *damnum absque injuria.* On the other hand, there is the less Latinate principle of *damn 'em let's sue anyway*. As the transit strike persisted—as the whole thing seemed less and less like summer camp, and more and more like protracted root-canal work—the latter notion occurred to certain litigious citizens. The people who were seized by this impulse just happened to be lawyers. Regardless of whether the Messrs. Stuart Summit and Thomas Greble are heard from in the future, we would like to take note of their recent labors. Mr. Summit is a partner in the firm of Burns, Jackson, Miller, Summit & Spitzer. Mr. Greble is an associate with the firm of Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler & Krupman. The two men have never met. Nevertheless, the world being full of coincidences, they think alike.

The day before the strike began, Mr. Summit and the members of his firm's management committee were speculating about the inconvenience that they would be subjected to by a strike. "One of the partners remembered that during the 1966 transit strike he got the idea that it would be a hell of a thing to sue the transit workers for the business losses resulting from that strike," Mr. Summit told us the other day. "So, because I'm the head of the litigation department, I was asked to look into the possibility of suing now. We researched the matter and decided to file a class-action suit on behalf of all businesses and profit-making institutions in the city which suffered because of the strike. Our position is that an illegal strike—according to state law, a strike by public employees is illegal—is a tort leading to compensable damages to the persons it's aimed at. This strike was aimed at the public."

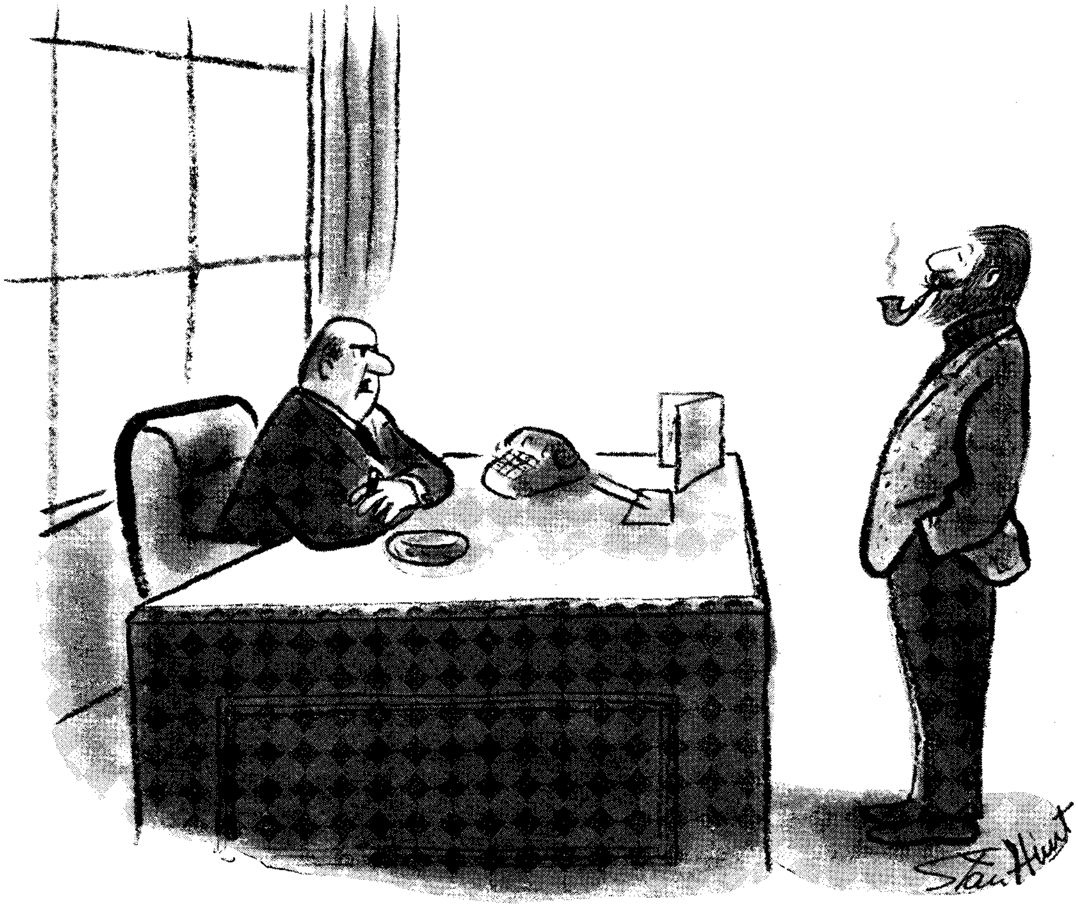
The firm of Burns, Jackson, Miller, Summit & Spitzer, then, wants someone—specifically, the striking unions—to pay for the loss in business proceeds resulting from the strike. Mr. Summit read in the *Times* that the daily loss of business in the city would amount to a hundred million dollars. His suit now asks for a mere fifty million per diem—the strike lasted eleven days—but he said that as the litigation moved along, he might decide to increase that figure. The defendants are the Transport Workers Union of America, A.F.L.-C.I.O., and its Local 100; the Amalgamated Transit Union, A.F.L.-C.I.O., and its Locals 1056 and 726; and the individual leaders of the unions. If the defendants lose this case, they are bound to be strapped for cash. The City of New York has sued the same parties for nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per day—for what it calls "out-of-pocket expenses"—and has left open the option of suing for such other losses to the general public as lost revenue from taxes on sales and on corporate and personal incomes.

Meanwhile, Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler & Krupman, in a complaint drafted by Mr. Greble and his associates, puts forth the same argument as Mr. Summit's firm and the City of New York. This, however, is not a class action but merely an effort by Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler & Krupman to recover its own strike-related losses, and it seeks damages that, by comparison, should lighten the hearts of the union leaders. " 'Twenty-five thousand or as the proof will show' is the way it's worded now," Mr. Greble told us in the middle of the strike. "As the strike goes on, our damages change every day. We have additional transportation expenses, lost clerical time, overtime, hotel bills. We'll see what it comes to."

During our conversation with Mr. Summit, we asked him to describe a scenario in which the injured parties in his class action—numbering, perhaps, in the millions—might recover their losses if a court were to rule in their favor.

The challenge wasn't beyond his imagination. "Once you have an award, a notice is published to bring it to the attention of those who would share in its proceeds," he said. "The preferred way to deal with it then is to divide the money among those in-

jured parties who are the most needy. I guess you'd have to have some review board to determine that. Who knows what the final figure might be? The out-of-pocket expenses represent the tip of the iceberg. The true damages in this are so enormous that if you firmly established even a small portion of the real costs, the total would be out of sight." He didn't make this point hopefully or mournfully. He said it in a by-the-book manner—like a lawyer.



"Damn it, Wyler, we're going to have to let you go. We deal in stereotypes here, and you just don't fit any stereotype."

Banquet

THE Explorers Club can always be counted on to come up with something zesty. We first checked on the doings of the club in April, 1929, at which time it had about five hundred members, a couple of whom showed us around its headquarters, then on Cathedral Parkway, and pointed out some African blowpipes, a giraffe's tail, and an oil painting of a Peary expedition to the Arctic which had been painted on a pair of Admiral Peary's trousers. This year, the club, which now occupies a house on East Seventieth Street and has about twenty-nine hundred members—some of them jungle explorers, some of them lunar explorers, some of them laboratory explorers, and some of them armchair explorers—is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. The club's annual banquet was held the other evening in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, and we got there early enough to join a crowd of people in evening clothes who were enjoying cocktails in a room adjacent to the ballroom and were also enjoying—presumably—a selection of exotic hors d'oeuvres that included shark salad and roast mountain sheep. We fell into conversation with Edith Ronne, whose late husband, Captain Finn Ronne, made nine trips to the Antarctic. "Finn's book 'Antarctica, My Destiny' has just come out," said Mrs. Ronne, who was wearing a black-and-gold Greek caftan. "I went on several of the trips with him. In fact, we were the first married couple ever to land at the South Pole."

Mrs. Ronne turned to speak to Dr. Paul MacCready, who designed a man-powered aircraft known as the Gossamer Albatross, which recently made a successful crossing of the English Channel. We turned to speak to Lieutenant Colonel John N. Blashford-Snell, who is with the British Ministry of Defense and is also in charge of an expedition known as Operation Drake, which is retracing the circumnavigation of the globe made by Sir Francis Drake from 1577 to 1580. "Operation Drake began in late 1978, and it will continue until the end of this year," the Colonel told us. "Right now, the expedition is exploring the island of Sulawesi, in Indonesia. Our ship is a brigantine called Eye of the Wind. It's been fitted out as a scientific vessel. The patron of Operation Drake is Prince Charles. One of our main goals is to give promising young explorers a chance to participate in worthwhile scientific, medical, and historical research while providing them with challenge and adventure."

Standing next to Colonel Blashford-Snell was a promising young explorer. He told us that his name was Robert Roethenmund, that he lived in Dallas, that he was twenty-three years old, and that as a member of Operation Drake he had led a group that discovered a major coalfield in New Guinea. "It was deep in the jungle," he said. "A creek had washed through, revealing the bed of coal. It looked very black and waxy."

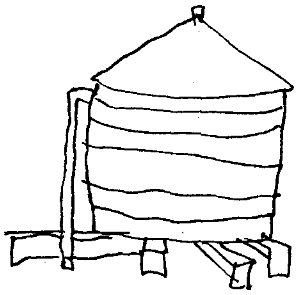
Next, we spoke—through an interpreter—to Antonio Zarco, a Choco Indian chief from Panama. He was wearing a scanty tribal costume that was mostly colored beads. He told us that he had helped train astronauts in survival techniques. Some television people pushed their way through the crowd to shine their lights on Chief Antonio, and we began to talk to a gray-haired man in a double-breasted dinner jacket, who told us that his name was Lewis Cotlow, that he was eighty-two years old, and that he had received the group's highest award—the gold Explorers Club Medal—in 1977. He recounted some of his adventures, speaking in an elegant prose that smacked of Conrad. "I became a world traveller exactly sixty-one years ago," he said. "It was in April of 1919. Danzig. And I can still remember travelling from San Francisco to Yokohama in a tempest in December of that same year. We had on board seventeen head of pedigreed cattle destined for the Japanese government. I can remember the high, heaving green seas that washed over the decks of our eighty-eight-hundred-ton ship. The cattle were in improvised pens on the main deck, and the captain had to zigzag in order to keep the waves from washing the animals overboard as we made our way through the storm. We went far off our course and had to put in to Honolulu for a day to shift the cattle to another deck and make repairs. We finally reached Yokohama a full twenty-eight days—instead of the usual sixteen—after we had set out."

Mr. Cotlow headed for the hors-d'oeuvres table, and we sat down in a corner for a while with the author and film commentator Lowell Thomas, who looked dapper in a black dinner jacket that was heavily brocaded with gold dragons and gold curlicues. "I bought this material thirty years ago in Peking, and I had the jacket made up in Paris," Mr. Thomas told us. "But for most of those thirty years I never wore it, since the United States wasn't trading with mainland China. Finally, after Kissinger and Nixon went to China, I figured I could wear the jacket. I was the toastmaster of these affairs for thirty years, you know, but in 1968 I told them that I had had enough—I prefer sitting at one of the small dinner tables with the ordinary mortals." Mr. Thomas went on to tell us that he was about to leave for the Soviet Union, where he had a speaking engagement, and that he expected to celebrate his eighty-eighth birthday in Moscow. A little boy in a three-piece suit approached Mr. Thomas and asked for his autograph. Mr. Thomas obliged him.

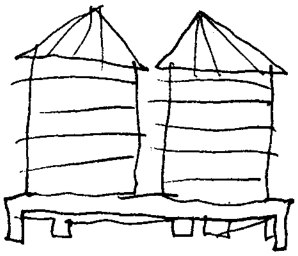
Then the overhead lights blinked, and people proceeded into the ballroom. Dinner, which featured Rock Cornish game hen, was tamer than the hors d'oeuvres. The toastmaster was the author and biochemist Isaac Asimov. Awards were presented, and several people spoke. The Explorers Club Medal was awarded to Willard N. Bascom, an oceanographer, who invented a deep-ocean drilling technique known as dynamic positioning. In accepting the award, Dr. Bascom, a forthright-looking man in a maroon dinner jacket, said several things that struck us as apt. He began by saying, "Explorers are curious fellows." Later in his speech, he said, "The world is such a marvellously complicated place that I just don't see any end to exploration at all."

Rooftops

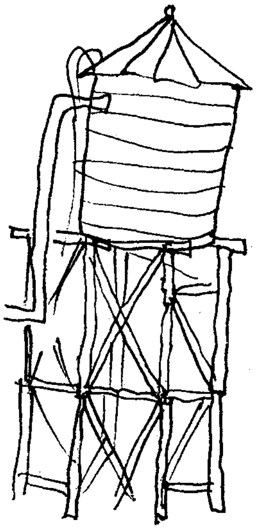
FROM the window of our nineteenth-floor office, we see a lot of rooftops, and quite often, too; we generally try to fit in at least one good gaze between each major decision and the ensuing chunk of solid accomplishment. The old brown wooden water tanks that perch on the roofs of the midtown area come in several styles, we've observed:



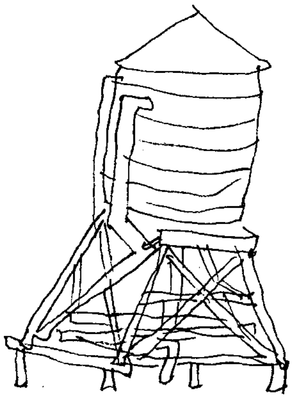
(*a*) the Squat;



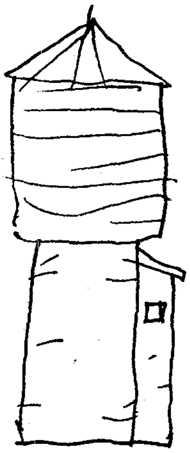
(*b*) the Twin-Squat;



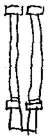
(*c*) the Lofty;

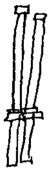


(*d*) the Structurally Secure; and

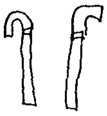


(*e*) the Exceptional, such as the Combination Water Tank and Feed Granary on Forty-fifth Street. There are lots of pipes and chimneys, the most common of which is

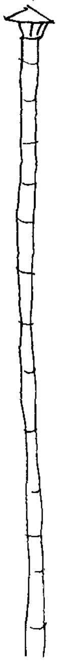


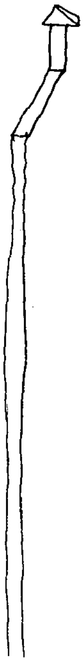


(*f*) the Solitary. This often appears in (*g*) the Equal Dual-Solitary, and also in (*h*) the Unequal Dual-Solitary, and

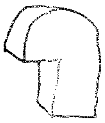


(*i*) the Dual-Solitary Opposing-Orientation style (Equal *and* Unequal). We can see the top five stories of a

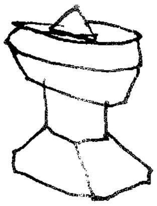




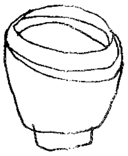
(*j*) Multi-Story Vertical (With Parasol) and, nearby, an M-S V (WP) (*k*) that features a last-minute change of direction (which adds interest). A number of Cunard Line Derivatives



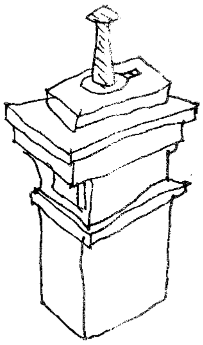
(*l*) are visible, and a good many Jet-Engine Modifieds



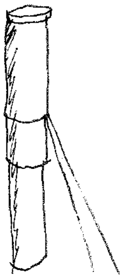
(*m*); less common is the large Turbo-Witch Kettle



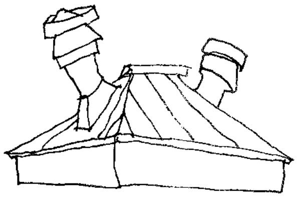
(*n*). The roof of the New York Yacht Club displays a Beaux-Arts Mixed-Media Monumental



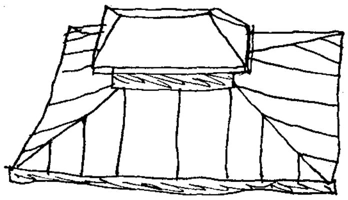
(*o*)—probably one of a kind. Our favorite is the Hudson River Steamboat Ordinary



(*p*). Skylights abound. There is one Skylight With Twin Jets



(*q*), just to the east of us, ready for immediate takeoff. To the north is a substantial structure



(*r*), which we think of as the Forty-fifth Street Grime Arboretum; it contains, in our opinion, a crop of rare brown orchids that grow only in murk.

1040

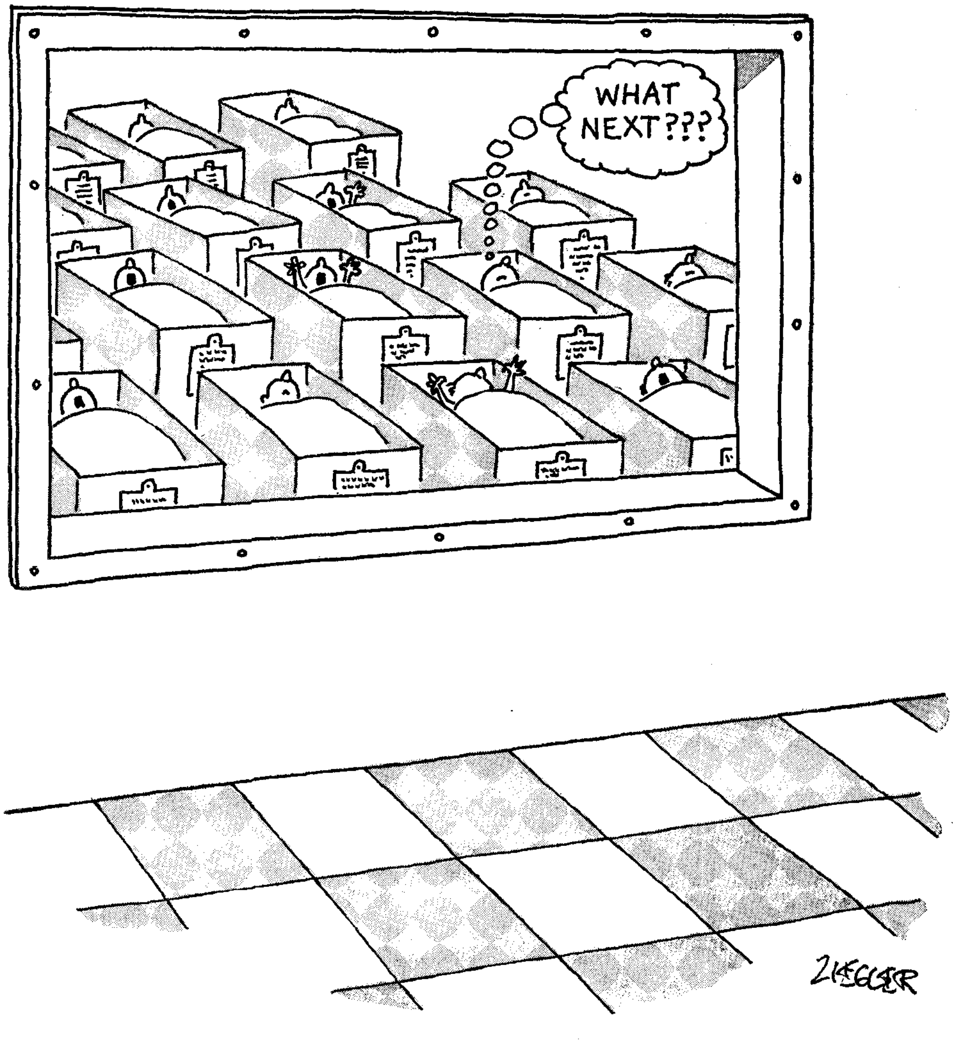
ITEM: At last count (fiscal year 1979), individual taxpayers handed two hundred and fifty-one billion dollars over to the Internal Revenue Service, an amount that made the individual income tax the largest source—fifty-two per cent—of all federal tax revenues that year.

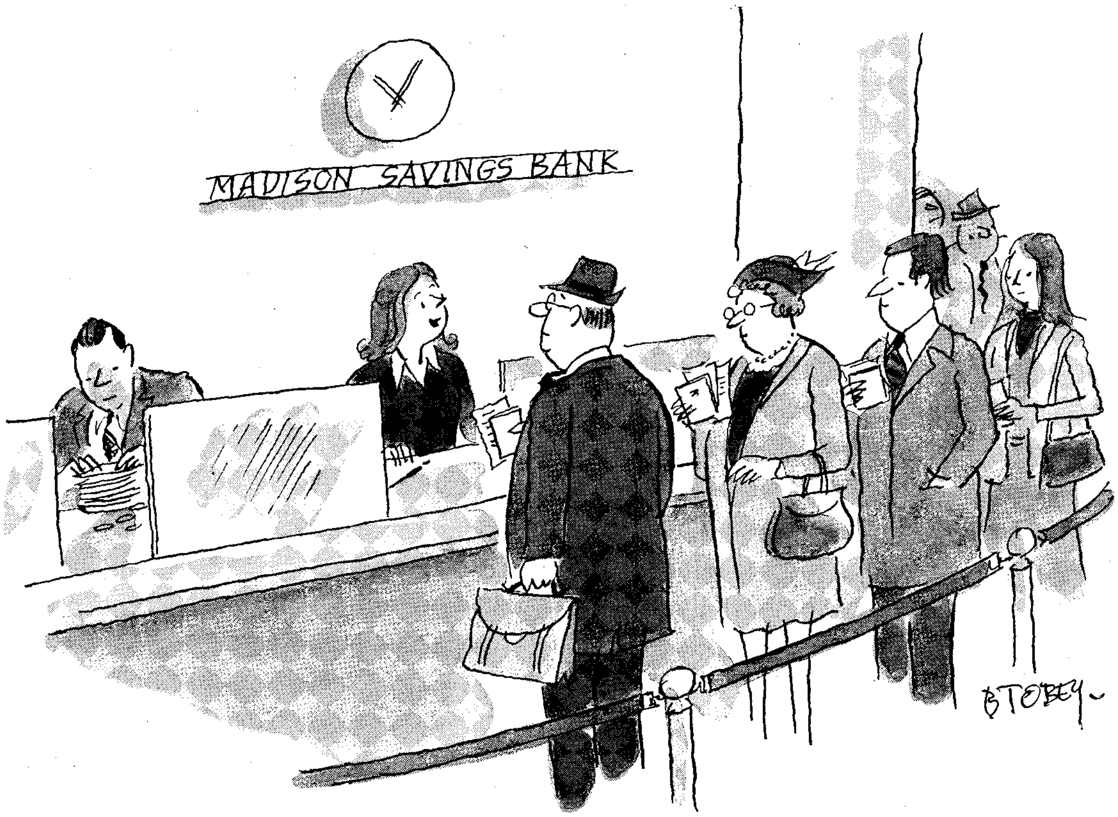
Item: The Commission on Federal Paperwork calculated in 1977 (the last year the commission did its paperwork) that the annual task of preparing tax returns takes Americans one hundred and eighty-two million hours—time that might otherwise be spent learning how to stop a ball coming out of the sand trap or taking bus trips to Atlantic City.

Item: For 1978, the I.R.S. spent fifty million of its hard-earned dollars in an effort to educate and assist the public in accurately completing its tax returns. In exchange for this selflessness, the revenuers were assaulted with six million "math errors" in the 1978 returns. Several of these errors appeared to be not purely accidental.

Item: In July, 1978, the General Accounting Office issued a document (GAO Report No. GGD-78-74) titled "Further Simplification of Income Tax Forms and Instructions Is Needed and Possible."

It can be inferred that not everyone who pays taxes loves the Internal Revenue Service. In the light of this, we would like to wish Mr. Alan Siegel lots of luck in his latest endeavor. Mr. Siegel is the president of Siegel & Gale, Inc., specialists in the areas of "design communication" and "language simplification." In the Siegel & Gale offices, at Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue, one writer with a





"I hope you're not withdrawing, sir. We're a little short of cash."

• •

doctorate in English, one syntactician, three lawyers (two of whom have tax backgrounds), three graphic designers, and several skilled subordinates have been busy for the past six months redesigning and redrafting the 1040—the federal-income-tax-return form. Siegel & Gale has been joined in this effort by the accounting firm of Deloitte Haskins & Sells; the opinion-research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White, Inc.; and J. & F., Inc., readability specialists.

We had a conversation the other day with Mr. Siegel in his office. He is a broad-shouldered, youthful-looking man in his early forties, who played basketball at Cornell, attended New York University Law School for three semesters, survived two years in the Army, had a career in advertising and public relations, studied graphic design, founded Siegel & Gale in 1969, and now describes himself as "the nation's leading expert in business-language communication." Often when people meet him in social situations and ask what he does for a living, he says, "I simplify." Usually, they then ask more questions. In answering, he can tell how in 1974 his firm deleted the "hereinafter"s, "herein"s, and "hereunder"s from Citibank's consumer-loan-note agreement and redrafted and redesigned it to make it understandable to the debtor class. He feels that he and his associates can improve the 1040.

"I think we're going to be able to make a breakthrough, although I don't want to come right out and tell you that we've solved the problem," he said. "First, it's difficult even to come to grips with the sheer size of the problem, the scale of the system. We've interviewed a lot of people at the I.R.S. to lay the groundwork for our proposals. The compliance people—the ones who do the auditing of returns—need a tax form that provides information in a manner that allows them to monitor for errors. The technical people—usually these are lawyers—are very precise, and they suffer from a certain myopia, because they spend their lives working with the tax code. The taxpayer-assistance people are out in the field, and they offer a fairly good vantage point on how the public reacts to certain things.

"One thing we have to cope with is that, basically, just about everybody is incensed with the I.R.S. Especially everybody who has ever been audited. You hear people saying, 'Let's modernize and simplify the *tax system*—to hell with changing the design of the forms.' The I.R.S. has done its own research, which turned up a lot of that sort of response. Furthermore, if you do change the form you'll upset some people who are creatures of habit, who lay last year's return on the table next to this year's form and fill in the blanks the same way. Or if in rewriting certain terms we conclude that 'adjusted gross income' does not mean anything or that 'zero bracket' is a confusing phrase, that sets off an enormous chain reaction. An agency like the I.R.S. has to do a cost-benefit analysis of every change and ask, 'Will simplification and redesign actually bring us more revenue and also other benefits, which are harder to measure?' We can't accommodate everyone. We're thinking about the three-fifths of the taxpayers who fill out their own 1040s instead of hiring professional preparers. Whatever we come up with won't be put to wide use until the 1981 or 1982 returns are filed. But by next September we should have the form redesigned and ready for evaluation by the I.R.S. Once it passes muster for technical accuracy, it can be tried out in the field. You could think of that as a sort of test marketing."

True, you *could* think of the 1040 as a test-marketable product. On the other hand, if you decide that you don't like it you can't take it to the store and demand double your money back. Mr. Siegel remarked that he had prepared his own 1979 tax return (using the long-form 1040), and that—unlike anyone else we know who is not a tax attorney or a highly gifted accountant—he can read the federal tax code and make sense of it. He spoke of the need to imbue legalistic documents with qualities like "warmth," "direction," and "flow," and said that he thought he could reorganize and simplify the entire tax code to make it reasonably intelligible to the rest of us. Rewriting the tax code does not happen to be part of Mr. Siegel's contract with the I.R.S., but we're not about to suggest that, in his spare time, he couldn't pull it off. We're just saying that, no matter how much warmth and flow the tax code might have, the thought of reading it makes us want to do something else—like play a game or take our chances in Atlantic City.

THE NIGHT MUMMY GOT THE WRONG MINK COAT

THAT was the year everybody went to China if they hadn't already been there. All the women wore black, ankle-length mink coats and the men wore massive gold wristwatches with golden bands. Of course some people didn't go anywhere, but that's not what I'm talking about. It was Saturday night and the O'Malleys were celebrating their thirtieth wedding anniversary at the Country Club. Heavy snow was predicted. Ellie had gone to the coatroom to get her ankle-length mink coat, and when Howie shot his French cuff he could see by his eighteen-carat-gold wristwatch with matching band that it was twelve past one o'clock on Sunday morning. Howie was in the corridor by the open door to the ballroom, where six or eight couples—no more—were performing what appeared to be an illustrated history of ballroom dancing in the last fifty years.

Now, dancing at its best can enthrall the bystander, but Howie shared none of the glee that drove the dancers. Indeed, Howie felt estranged. The steps the dancers were performing—and they were all working on something different—reminded him of various historical crises, such as the dollar devaluation in '71 and the fall of Poi Pinchu and the big ice storm in '74. Then Ellie came down the corridor in her ankle-length mink coat and took his arm and they went out to the new Porsche and drove home. The snow was already very heavy. They talked about the food at the party. The food had been very good. The first course was a two-pound lobster, and Ellie explained that Jimmy Ziegler, who ran the veterinary hospital on Route 225, had chartered a Cessna and flown to Maine to get the lobsters. Not everybody—not even the O'Malleys—could afford to serve a two-pound lobster for a first course without knowing a veterinary who was a licensed pilot. Of course, you wouldn't buy anything but shellfish from a veterinary.

Of course, there was nobody home but the old dog when they returned, and while Howie went into the pantry to mix a nightcap Ellie began to speculate on the fact that she might have lost her gloves. Now, it was Howie's observation that Ellie was constitutionally repetitious, a quality that seemed to assert itself in all aspects of her life, such as using the signal lights on the Honda hatchback she did the shopping with. For instance, if she was going to make a left turn she would put on the signal light a mile or so before she reached the intersection and keep the light blinking (unless she was reminded) for a mile or so after she had made the turn. Howie thought of this while he poured himself a whiskey in the pantry and listened to her speculate on whether or not she had lost her gloves. She had worn her favorite gloves. She had worn a pair of those gloves that she had bought in Milan last year, or was it the year before last? They had cost a shocking amount of money, although she paid for them in lire before the dollar fell. She had worn her gloves. She had put them in her handbag. She had put them in the pocket of her coat. She might have dropped them in the car. Then Ellie screamed; she really screamed. What she screamed was "I got the wrong mink coat!"

Howie ran into the living room. She was standing by the sofa, holding the coat. Then she dropped the coat onto the floor and threw herself onto the sofa, weeping. "Oh, nobody cares anymore," she sobbed. "Nobody cares anymore, Daddy. There wasn't anybody in the coatroom. At a party like that, where there must have been fifty mink or sable coats, there ought to be a law against leaving them untended."

"I'm sorry, Mummy," said Howie. He drank his whiskey.

"I got the wrong mink coat," sobbed Ellie. "I'm not even sure it's mink." She dried her tears and lifted the coat from the floor, looking for a label in the lining. When she found and read the label, she dropped the coat once more. "Oh, it's from Covington's, Daddy," she sobbed. "That's a cut-rate fur outlet in Jersey. They've been accused of selling the skins of dogs. They've been accused of selling the skins of cats. Oh, I wish I'd never put on that disgusting coat. I knew something was wrong when I put it on at the club. It didn't smell right. Now I feel as if it's given me a dreadful skin disease. Oh Daddy, Daddy, I have a rash on my neck."

COINS
CENTS

"I'll call the club," said Howie.

"Perhaps you'd better call the hospital," she said. "I think I'm going to faint."

"Shall I call the doctor?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Oh, no. I'll go on living. Just try the club."

There is some timelessness in waiting for a call, measured in this case by Ellie's heavy breathing. He was a little drunk and sentimental, but even so he was deeply moved by her grief and her beauty. "This is Howie Smith," he said. "We left the club about three-quarters of an hour ago. My wife took the wrong coat."

"The wrong *mink* coat," Ellie said.

"I see, I see," said Howie. "Isn't there any way you can get to them? I see, I see . . ." He hung up. "That was the watchman at the main entrance," he said. "They're not answering the telephone at the clubhouse. He says that he can't leave his post, because of the heavy snow. Put on your coat and we'll go back."

"I am never, never going to put on that coat again," said Ellie, pointing to the coat on the floor.

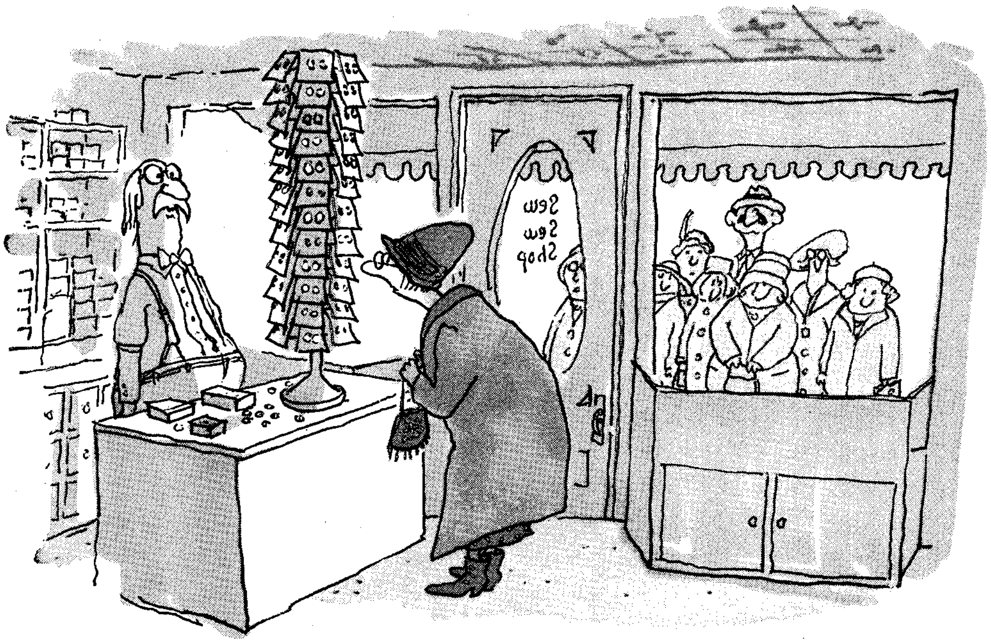
"Well, put on some other coat," he said. "Put on your seal-dyed beaver or put on your raincoat." He went to the window and looked out at the night. "You'll have to wear something warm," he said. "It looks like Siberia out there."

The drive back was perilous. It was one of those sudden falls of snow, and in this case a very dry snow, which packed and rutted swiftly and fell from the darkness with an unwonted bounteousness that seemed to threaten to fall forever and ever and that provoked, even for Howie and Ellie, that universal dread of the world's ending. But lights were still burning at the club. Strains of music still came from the ballroom, where the same dancers were still performing their ceremonial steps.

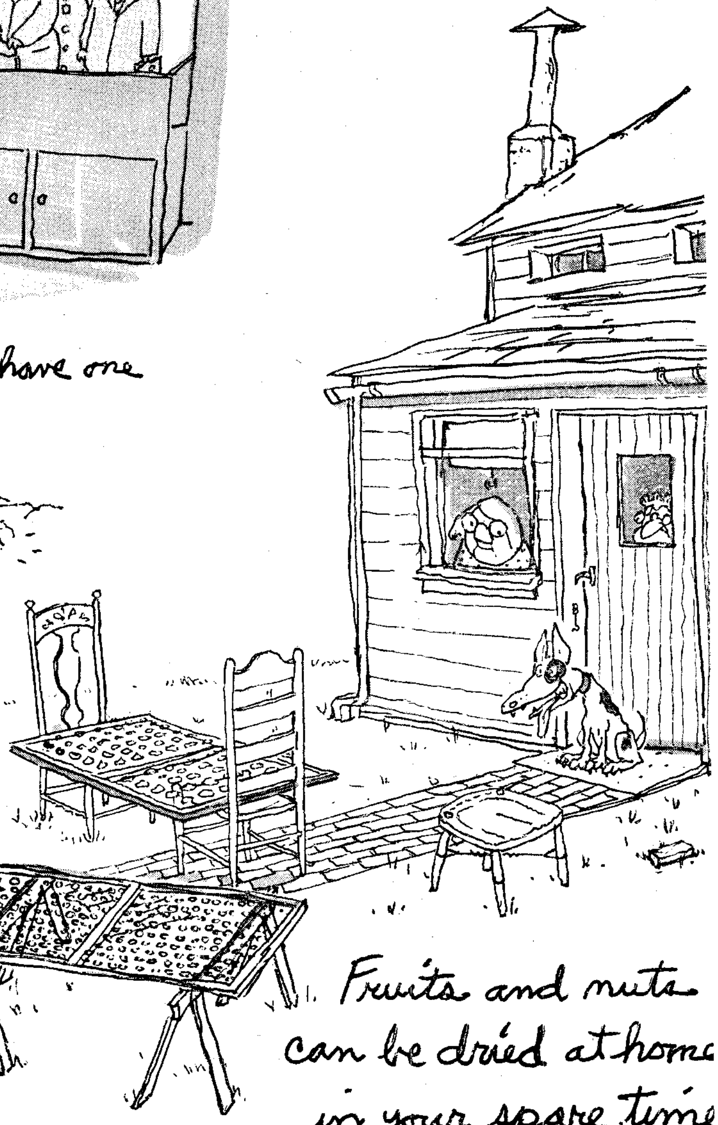
"Oh, my coat, my coat, my darling coat," a woman exclaimed when Ellie stepped into the club, carrying the false coat, the impostor, in her arms. "Yours is in the coatroom," she said dryly to Ellie, and then she embraced and kissed her coat, saying, "Darling, oh my darling." Ellie went to the coatroom and, while she was not that demonstrative, you could see when she took her beloved mink from the hanger that her slow smile was the real thing, if you knew anything about romantic love. They got home safely through the storm.

—JOHN CHEEVER

STILL OTHER INVESTMENTS

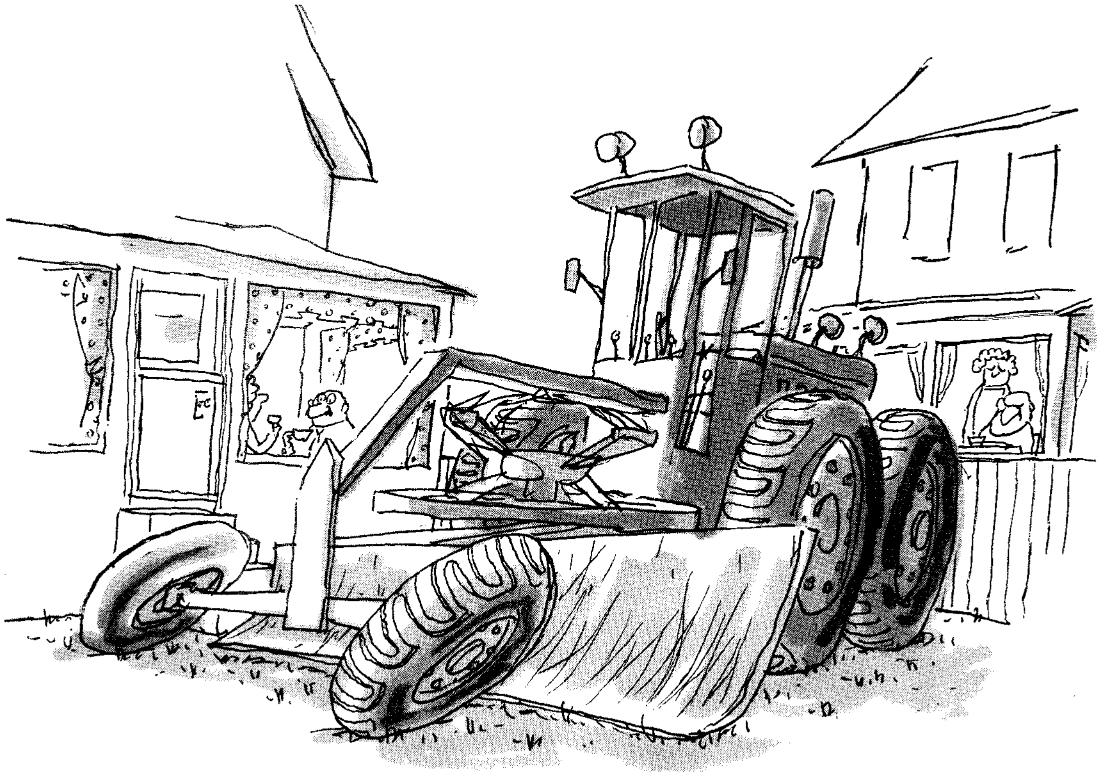


Buttons. A group can get together and have one person do the buying.

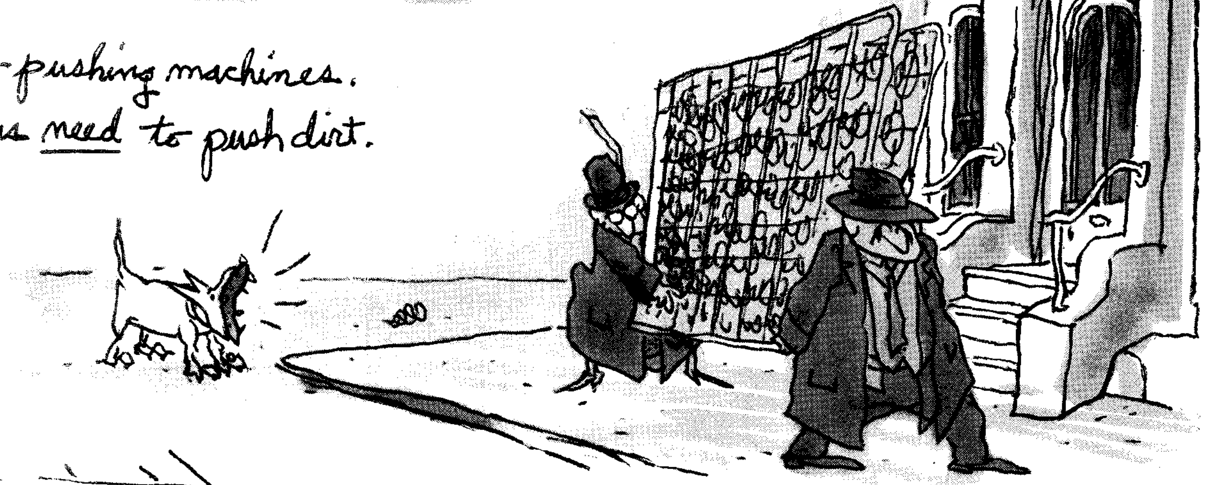


Fruits and nuts can be dried at home in your spare time

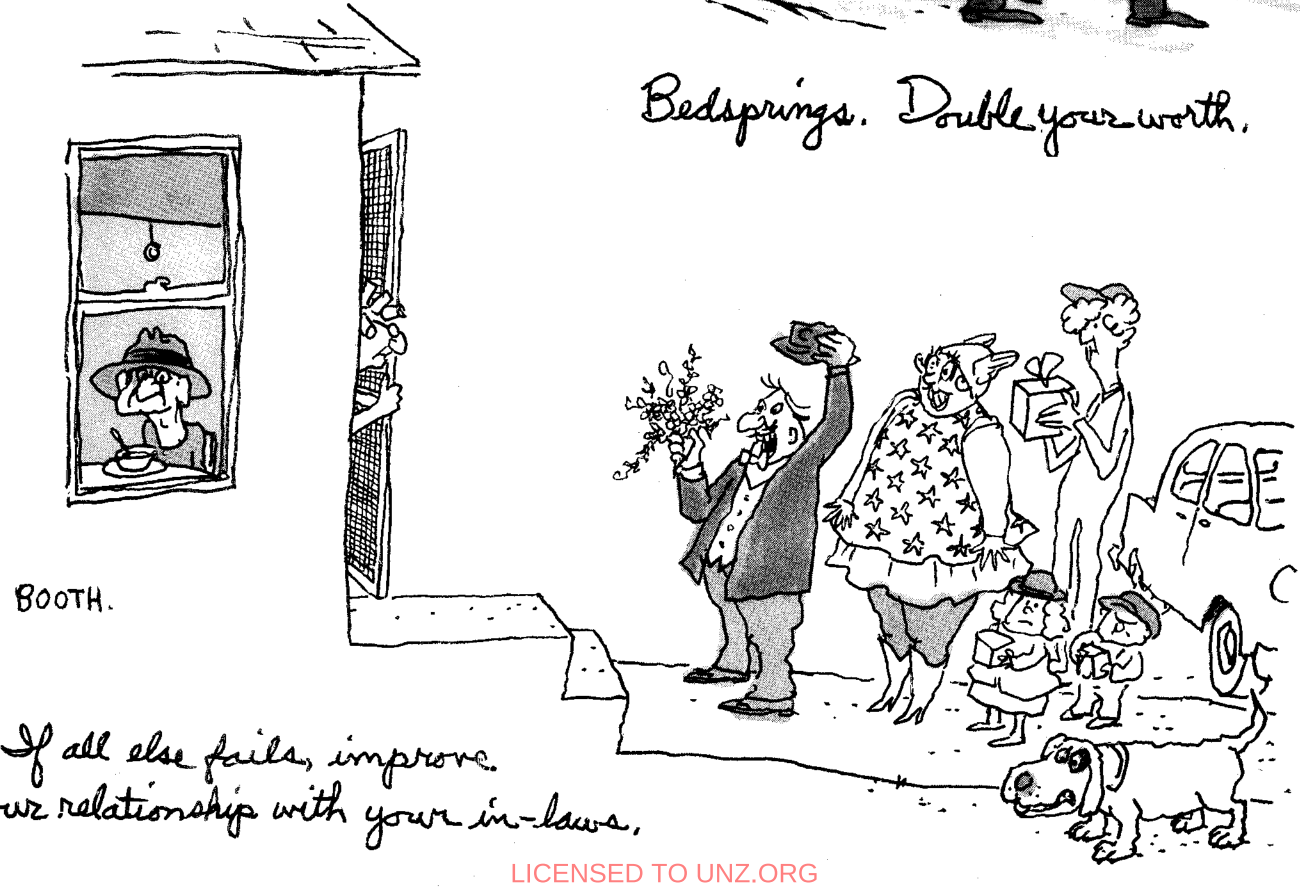
Peat.



Dirt-pushing machines.
Americans *need* to push dirt.



Bedsprings. Double your worth.



If all else fails, improve
your relationship with your in-laws.

THE DOCK

THE shore of the lake opposite my cottage is forested with white birches. The trees are in their pale-yellow autumn foliage now. In the mornings, the air temperature is well below the temperature of the water, and there is much fog. Thus, all the days have an opaque beginning, slightly out of focus.

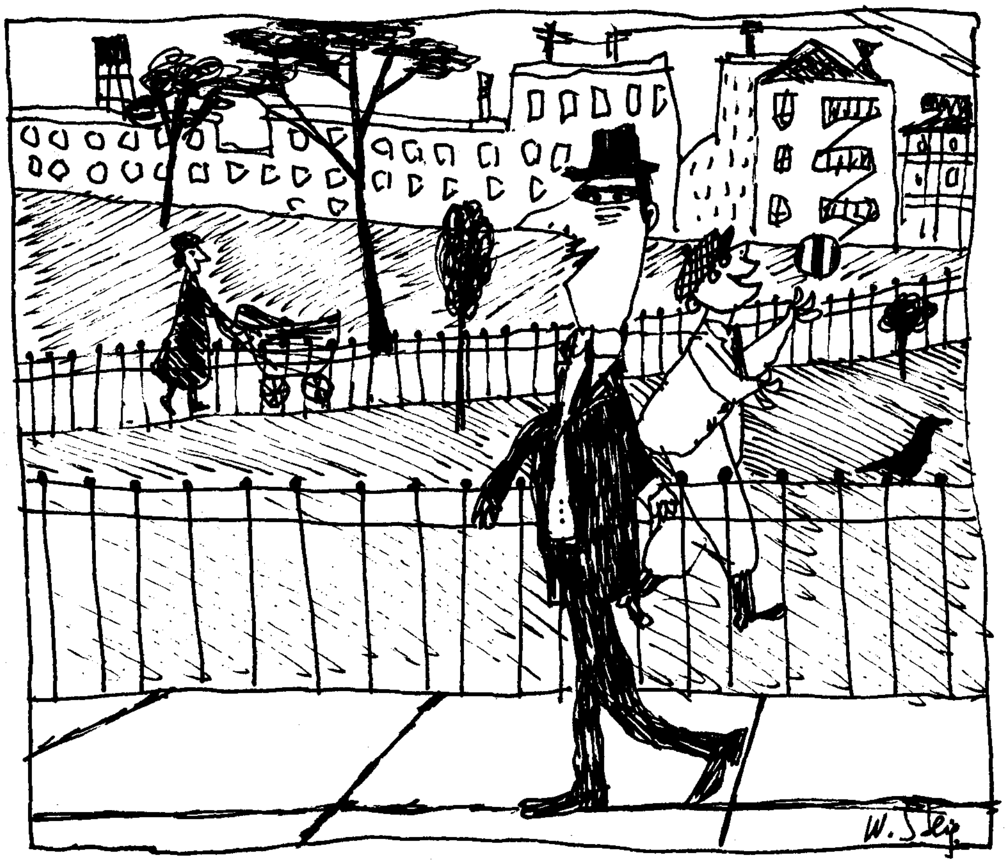
I am standing on my dock, shortly after sunrise. The water beneath my feet, lapping against the pilings, is black. I lift my eyes across the lake to the far shore. The black band of the water is gradually corrupted by white fog. Ten yards off the dock, only the faintest threads of fog obscure the water. The far bank, however, is ashen. The gray shadows rise off the water and enter the distant trees. It is as if the yellow birch foliage, in sharp scallops, topped a single trunk, a trunk as wide as the lake is long. The water shades into the trees at this hour, and the trees shade into the sky. Its arc of yellow is a darker shade of the birch foliage. I continue to move my eyes upward, and the color pales once again. Fog, low clouds—the ashen whiteness once more prevails. My eyes have moved from black to gray to yellow to white, from water to land to sky. White is the color I am left with. The impression is that it has been the basic hue all along—that, even in the almost purely black water beneath my feet, white is the dominant, if unseen, shade.

THE dock was built in the summer of 1965. I remember because it was the first summer I took off completely, leaving my architectural firm, Thomas Farrell, Inc., in the hands of an assistant. I moved the entire family up to the lake at the end of June and we did not return to New York until the first week in September. I was forty-four and full of energy. In fact, I undertook the building of the dock because I couldn't slow down. I didn't come up to the lake and collapse into a lawn chair, as I was supposed to do. I have always played at carpentry—ever since I was a child. It's a common avocation among architects. At any rate, building the dock was the activity I settled upon. The choice was fanciful. At the time, the only boat we owned was a small, flat-bottomed rowboat, which was easily launched from the bank. And I had never built a dock before; I had never even seen one under construction. I knew I could have found a book somewhere to tell me how to do it, but I didn't bother to look. I knew from the very first moment how I wanted to proceed. I went to the lumberyard and bought enough tongue-and-groove one-by-six-inch planks to make a six-by-ten-foot rectangle with no ceiling or floor. In the beginning the rectangle was three feet high. This sufficed for work close to shore. Later, when construction progressed into deeper water, the height of the box was increased to more than six feet. On the outside of the rectangle I attached a platform onto which I could mount a pump. At the four corners, on the bottom, I attached wooden stakes, so that the box could be made fast to the lake bottom.

All four of my sons helped on the dock, though their contributions were not equal. The middle boys—the twins, Daniel and John—helped the least. They were about to enter their junior year of high school, and there was much too much happening that summer, with golf and tennis and girls—mostly with girls—for them to be very much interested. My oldest son, Paul, who was entering his second year at Cornell, helped more. Since he had his driver's license, he was able to make trips to the lumberyard and the hardware store. But he left at the beginning of the third week in July—just when the project was entering its crucial phase—to climb in the Cascades, and so his contribution was limited, too.

Matt, my youngest boy, helped me the most. He was thirteen that summer, and adolescence was proving especially difficult for him. He was tall and thin and very ungainly. He had his mother's fair skin and my dark hair—a combination he found particularly depressing when he studied himself in the mirror. He was not very good at sports, being neither well coördinated nor fast. All this left him very bored: he was too old for toys and too ashamed to show his interest in girls. He was moody and rude, and no one in the family, myself included, went out of his way to spend time with him.

The other boys had gone through similar stages, and flashes of anger and rebelliousness still leaped out from the twins. Yet none of them had been so uncomfortable as Matt was. Had I stopped to think about it at the time,



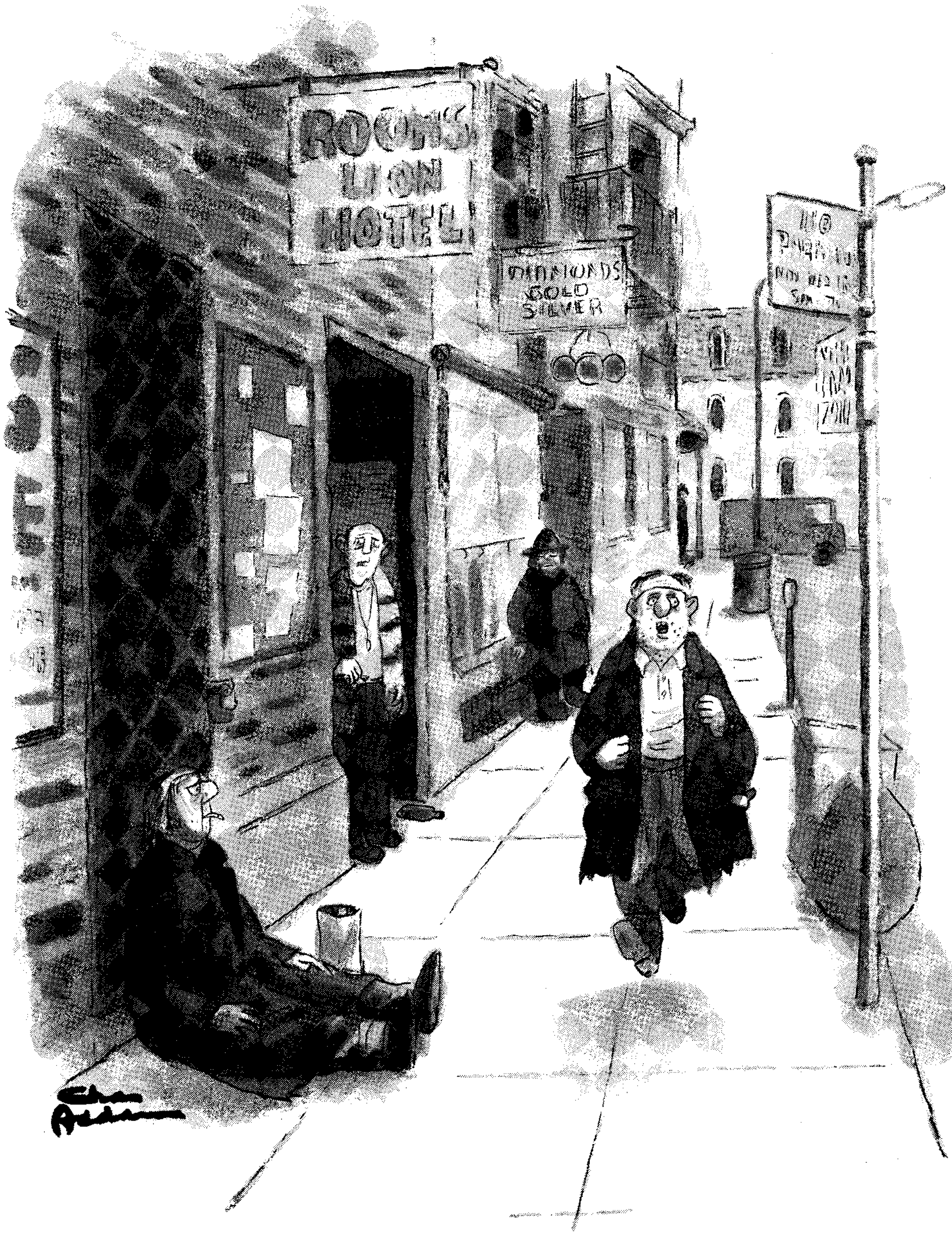
City Park

the reasons would have been clear. After the twins were born, Margaret and I decided to have no more children. Then a couple of years passed, and we began to speak more and more about our regret at not having a daughter. We tried again, and Matt was the result. Once he was born, Margaret and I never mentioned our disappointment, but it was there, and it manifested itself in a number of ways. When the twins started school, Margaret went back to her graduate studies, leaving much of Matthew's care to the housekeeper. At the same time, I was realizing just how much business there was for me to do, and in addition to maintaining my customary design load I was travelling more and meeting clients. All the boys went to the same private day school in the city; we waited until the older ones were ready to begin high school before "allowing" them to go away to boarding school, but Matthew went away in the seventh grade.

The dock was important to Matthew. It didn't start out that way. He showed no enthusiasm at all when I announced the project one evening at supper—the other boys at least attempted to show some interest—and when I started pounding boards together in the back yard he was nowhere to be found. Gradually, however, as the assistance of John and Daniel became more sporadic, and after Paul left for Oregon, Matthew's contribution increased. Soon he was matching every hour I put in on the project, and he also spent hours imagining additions to the dock, or thinking through solutions to problems that arose as we went along. Some of Matthew's notions demanded prompt correction. For example, he thought we should name our project the Thomas Farrell Memorial Dock and hang a plaque on our monument when we finished. I had to explain that for the dock to be my memorial I had to be dead, like the man after whom his school's ice rink was named. Certain other of Matthew's suggestions were more difficult to turn down.

Our procedure for building the dock was simple. The wooden box was taken down to the shoreline. The stakes at one of the short ends were pounded in at the high-water mark, so that the box extended out into the lake. With the pump running, the wooden compartment was watertight enough to allow us to stand inside the box and dig holes for four pilings, one at each corner, with a conventional posthole-digging tool. We put the pilings in the holes, added concrete, and kept the pump going until the concrete was more or less dry. The pump was then turned off and water allowed to leak back in around the pilings. We speeded the process with a siphon. Next, we lifted the rear end of the box over the hindmost pilings, pushed it away from the shore, sank it, and anchored it just behind what had been the forward pilings. Once again the water was pumped out of the box, and more pilings were put down inside the rectangle. Thus, the foundation for our dock was extended out into the lake. Once all the pilings were in place, it would be a simple matter to bolt on horizontal supports, above the water level, and lay down the boards for the walking surface of the dock.

I cannot say Matthew was a pleasant work companion. He was sullen and uncommunicative, speaking only when the work necessitated it. Yet he



"What the hell's come over Monahan?"

was dogged, almost ferocious, in his labor. There was a reasonable amount of heavy physical work in the project: maneuvering the wooden box, digging the holes, and setting the pilings. Matt worked at these jobs ceaselessly, and frequently the strain on his face seemed almost to lapse over into weeping.

I remember one incident particularly. We had extended the pilings out from the shore about fifty feet. The water there was about five and a half feet deep. I was satisfied that it was time to begin bolting on the supports and the dock platform. Matt, however, had another idea. He thought it would be nice to make the structure into a T shape, adding a section on the end of the dock which would parallel the shoreline. Matt announced the idea late one afternoon, as we were cleaning up. I responded that I wasn't certain offhand. It was true: I was of two minds about the matter. Matthew had phrased his plan in some of the sweetest tones I'd heard from him all summer. That alone seemed to merit a reward. On the other hand, my instinct was to say no. I was tiring of the heavy work, and I did not look forward to prolonging it by a week or two. Moreover, I was somewhat jealous of my project. I was grateful for Matt's labor, but I felt I needed to guard the conception with which I'd begun.

The next day, there was to be no work on the dock. I promised John I would play with him in a father-and-son match at the golf club. It was John's turn that year, because I'd played with Daniel the year before. The sky was dark when we teed off in the morning, and the wind was gusting. The rain held off until about two o'clock, and then all hell broke loose. We were playing the fourteenth hole at the time, and we ran back to the tee, where there was a shelter. There was a lot of lightning in the first half hour. We left our clubs outside the shelter and, once inside, took off our spiked shoes. This last precaution proved disconcerting, since the rain blew in the open side of the small wooden structure, soaking the floor and our socks. It wasn't long before the violence of the storm abated and the rain settled into a steady, even downpour. It was clear that the tournament was finished for the day, and John and I soon grew restless. We decided to make a dash for our car, in the clubhouse parking lot. Though we did not have far to go—through a stand of pines, then up the first fairway—both of us were soaking wet when we reached the car. We were glad that we had only a short ride around the lake to our house.

JAMES

(In Memory of James Wright, 1927-1980)

News comes that a friend far away
is dying now

I look up and see small flowers appearing
in spring grass outside the window
and can't remember their name

—W. S. Merwin

• •

As I slogged through the kitchen and dining room, I called out to Margaret. "Out here," she answered from the screened-in porch in back. Soggy as I was, I curved off from my course to the bathroom and joined her. I was shocked to see that she was as wet as I was. Her arms were folded across her chest, and she was trembling. I followed her glance across the back lawn toward the lake. I could dimly make out the figure of Matthew. He was out among the pilings, chest-deep in the water, in the rain, struggling with the wooden box.

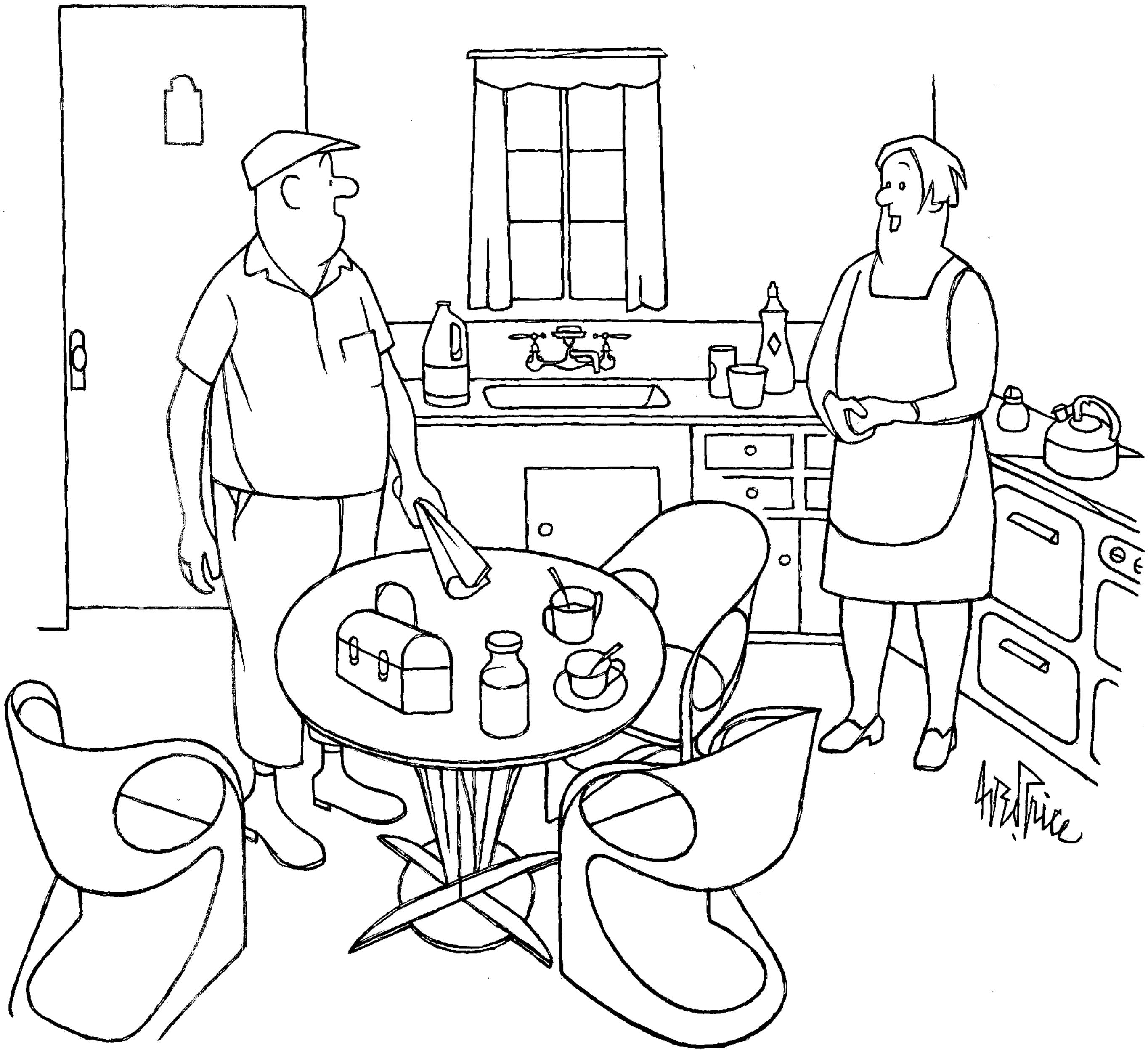
"He's been out there all day, even during the lightning," Margaret said. "I stood out there, yelling for him to come out for at least half an hour, but he wouldn't listen to me." I realized my wife was trembling not so much from the wet chill as from fear.

I bolted angrily through the porch door and walked halfway down the lawn. A great bellow was swelling in the bottom of my chest. Matthew caught sight of me out of the corner of his eye and glanced at me once, briefly. His teeth were gritted, and the strain I had often seen in his face in recent days seemed to have doubled. He pushed the matted hair out of his eyes and returned to his work. The yell dissolved in my chest.

Later, I learned what he had done. There were a dozen or so concrete blocks in the garage, and he had carried them down to the lake. Since the wooden box was in its biggest and most bulky shape at this stage, Matt could not maneuver it without some engineering. His idea was to stack the blocks, one at a time, under the back of the box, eventually raising it to the top of the last two pilings. With one hand, Matt would lift the back of the box and drop it onto a block he had bullied into position, in back of the right piling, with his other hand. Then he would retreat to shore, get another block, wade out to the box, lift the back again, and stack another block under it. The process was repeated until the bottom of the rear of the box was level with the tops of the pilings.

As I stood there on the lawn, he was at just this stage. He was pushing hard on the back of the box in order to move it forward from the block tower to a temporary position of rest on the top of the right piling. He needed to push it only several inches, but he had to support its whole weight while he did so. He must have been exhausted by his day's work in the rain. There was an agonizing moment when I thought he would collapse under the weight. But he didn't. The right rear corner of the box caught on top of the piling. The steel went out of his spine, and he relaxed against the boards. After a few moments, he began to hit the box with the heel of his left hand, as if he were pounding on a great door. The fierceness had not gone out of his face, and I thought I could hear his breath rasping through his gritted teeth. Presently, he slogged around to the front of the box and pulled; this drew the corner farther onto the piling. Another push, another pull, and the box slipped off the piling. Matt pivoted the rectangle ninety degrees around the left piling—the one to which it was still hooked. The compartment was now roughly parallel to the shore. He ducked under water and pushed the stabilizing stakes into the mud. The dock was going to be T-shaped. Matt had made the decision for me.

He came up from the dock and be-



"How does baked macaroni and Mother got off her duff and went back to Omaha sound to you?"

• •

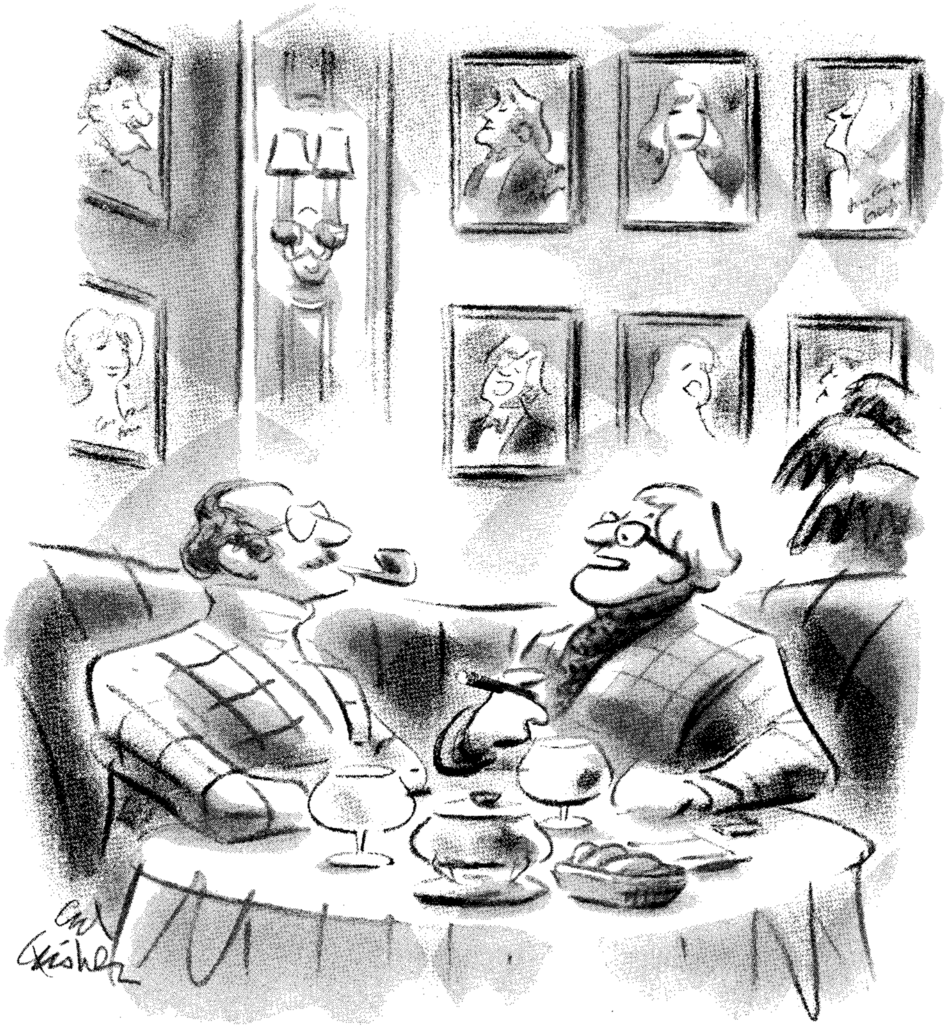
gan to walk across the lawn toward the house. His eyes were downcast. About halfway between the shore and the place where I was standing, he stubbed his toe on a two-by-four that had been left in the grass. Despite his fatigue, he pounced on the piece of wood, spun around, and hurled it toward the lake. "God-damned board!" he shouted. He turned around slowly, and his eyes fixed on mine for a long instant. Then they shifted to the porch door, over my shoulder. Matt marched past me into the house. I stood for a while looking out at the dock.

IT would please me very much if I could report that this episode was a watershed in Matthew's life. Unfortunately, it wasn't. Outwardly, at least, he was no different. Despite the struggle and the victory of that day, he seemed to have no higher opinion of himself. He remained the sour, somewhat hostile adolescent he had been.

His anger has stayed with him in subsequent years as well. Unlike the other boys, he showed no interest in architecture or in my business in general. He insisted on going to art school instead of a liberal-arts college; his ambition was to be a painter. I remember clearly the dread I felt every school vacation. He became increasingly critical of the life Margaret and I had made—and the life we had made for him. In his final two years at Pratt, his harangues were informed by a distinctly Marxist terminology.

Those last two years were significant ones for Matthew in other ways, too. In addition to acquiring a political ideology, he settled on a career. He added a teaching certificate to his art degree. It wasn't that he was giving up his ambition to paint, he said. He was being pragmatic: teaching was a way of involving his art with people while at the same time providing him with a means of support. He would do his own work in the evenings. Also, he met a girl, a Danish student named Karin, and they began living together.

Upon graduating from Pratt, Matthew took a job teaching in a public high school near Columbia—a job he still holds. I've asked him how he likes it only twice—once right after he took the job, and once in a letter I wrote him just the other day. I haven't received his second answer, but I will



"Frankly, my original concept was lousy. As a result, the short story, the film, the title song, the novelized paperback, the musical-comedy adaptation, and the TV serialization were all lousy."

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be surprised if it's not the same as the first: "It's O.K." I can't imagine Matt's misery—or his students'.

Karin was a year behind Matthew at Pratt. They lived together for the year she was finishing her studies. Then they announced they were going to get married. Their marriage lasted for eighteen months. They were separated for some time before anyone was told. Now they're divorced, and Karin's living in Boston.

All this is in marked contrast to the other boys. Paul, who is not so much a bachelor as a solitary, is running the business now. In every respect, he's much better at it than I was: as a designer, as a salesman, and as an administrator. The twins have both made, so far as I can tell, exceptional marriages. They work in the business as well, and they call me from time to time to complain, very conservatively, about Paul's daring maneuvers. I listen silently, until their conversation drifts to their families. John has a daughter, and Daniel has twin girls. They sense that's what I'm really interested in hearing about.

If the incident of the dock was not a door through which Matthew passed into a brighter life, I believe it has significance nonetheless. If I didn't, I would not turn it over in my mind so frequently. I believe it was an early blossoming of a life Matthew might have—a life that still may be, a life that I like to hope is undergoing some kind of mysterious, underground preparation.

Two years ago, my wife died. Five years before, she had been operated on for cancer. For five years, she had been having uneventful checkups. Then, all of a sudden, the cancer was back, and, all of a sudden, she was dead. All my sons came to the funeral, of course: Paul; the twins, with their wives and babies; and Matt. Karin came also. No one knew they were separated at the time.

I did not cry at the funeral. I kept expecting to, and, in a detached and perhaps cold way, I kept wondering why I didn't. Mostly, I said nothing and worried about whether all the people who were staying in my house were comfortable. Later, after everyone left and I was alone, I thought about Margaret's death a great deal. My mind had composed a sort of photograph album—still pictures of the brief months of her final illness and the funeral. Also, my dreams turned bizarre and troubling, though Margaret never appeared in them as a character.

If Matt were to die before me, I don't think I could bear it. I feel such a curiosity about his life. It's this suspicion, this intuition of mine, that his life is moving toward a kind of fulfillment that has been denied me and my other sons. We have known contentment, even happiness, I suppose. Matt has never been happy, yet I sense—and the dock is the sole basis of my belief—he may prove to be the most fortunate of us all. I could not bear to see Matt die. It would mean that, for all his trouble, he had not known hardship sufficient to polish away the thick husk and release the damp, green shoot.

I HAVE been thinking, this fall, of insulating the cottage and staying up here all winter. There is no need for me to return to the city. Paul runs the business as well when I'm up here as when I'm in Manhattan, and it would be little trouble to winterize the cottage, though of course I'm a bit late in considering it. The tedious part would be taking down the panelling. The sheets of pine we have throughout the cottage are much nicer than anything that's currently available. Panel by panel, I would need to pull out the nails and strip the walls down to the framing. Then it would be a simple matter of putting in the insulation, in both the walls and the attic crawl space.

I have amused myself with the thought that Matthew might come up weekends and during the school vacations and help. In fact, I have proposed as much in a letter. I say "amused myself" because it's not Matt's kind of work. Nothing new is being created, he lacks the necessary patience, and the work is not physical enough to fatigue him into relaxation. He might end up throwing things.

With the house properly insulated, I think I could make it through the winter. When it got extremely cold, I could live in the living room and kitchen only. There is a large fireplace, and

I have a couple of kerosene stoves, too. Of course, if things became completely desperate I could get into the station wagon and drive to a motel—or, for that matter, Manhattan.

Certainly there is no lack of worthwhile work I could do up here. I have several designs I want to do—designs for structures I know will never be built. That is their value to me, that they will remain forever lines on paper. All my life, my buildings have solved problems. I flatter myself in thinking that they have done so with efficiency. However, there has been nothing fanciful in my work. Now, approaching sixty, I would like to draw some places that would not suffer construction. I would like to play a bit.

There is reading and writing, also. But the truth is, I know I won't get to either. I will do the drawings—at least a couple of them—but that is all. I have known of others who have retired in just the way I am planning, and no doubt I will follow their model. I will select some clearly arbitrary task to devote myself to and then squander vast amounts of time on it. I will write long letters to Matthew, letters that will go unanswered. I will make elaborate plans for periodic meetings between the two of us—plans whose cleverness will be evident in Matthew's inability to escape them. When the snow comes, I will give myself to clearing and maintaining a faultless path between the back door and the dock. In addition, I will buy a great metal pike and keep the water around the dock free of ice.

IT has been my habit, this summer, to spend the late afternoons and early evenings down at the dock. I sit in a lawn chair, have a cocktail, eat an early supper, and observe the lake in the last hours of daylight. The sun is behind me at that time, and the eastern shore of the lake, opposite the dock, is incised by the slanting rays. How much more clearly detailed the far shore looks in the fading light than in the foggy morning!

My thoughts dwell on those singular birches across the lake. In winter, when the snows are covering the dry husks of the fallen leaves, is there something in the young trees' heartwood that remembers their summer green? And is the function of this memory, in part, to generate a new spring? And what of the old, fallen trees—the trees decayed by microbes and insects in the hot months? Are they alert with a kind of faith?

—DAVID CASHMAN

WHAT MAKES THEM TICK

. . . there are three aspects of the Presidential campaign: one, what a candidate thinks about the issues . . . ; two, what [he] has to say about what he would do for the country . . . ; three, what makes him tick.—*Senator Howard Baker.*

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN ANDERSON In theory, propulsion is effected by droplets of condensed vapor, which adhere to a wooden-pole support until their potential energy is released, causing the blade to cut the hairs close to the follicles. The works are oiled daily with an ounce of butter cut into pea-size dots.

GOVERNOR EDMUND G. BROWN, JR. Tiny micro-organisms affixed to the host go busily about their job of decomposition. The nitrogen thus liberated is used to flavor soybeans and other legumes, which are in turn recycled to the host as an energy source. When this system temporarily closes down, the host can be plugged into a direct-current circuit until the next phase.

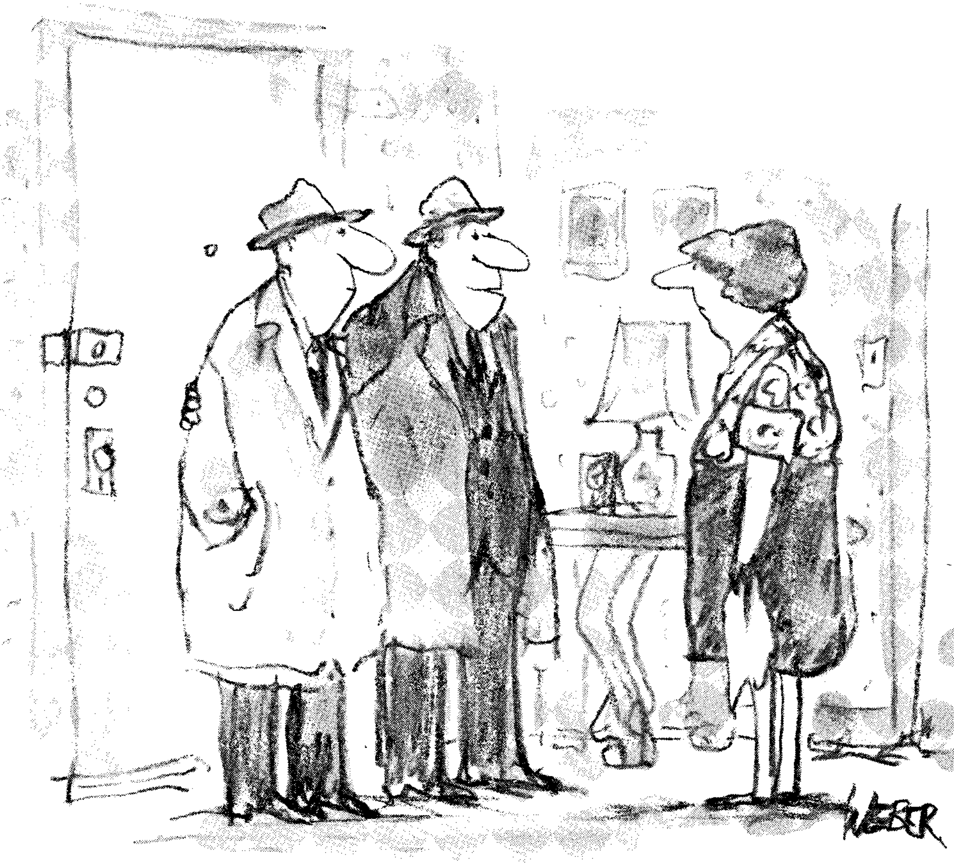
GEORGE BUSH Momentum, either linear or rotary, is imparted to a claw hammer by the circulation of quantities of displaced libido. The containment vessel sleeps six to eight.

PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER The central cavity is filled with natural uranium, which is constantly scanned by a Zeiss optical system. Random fluctuations of electrons are controlled by meditation, and the dark clouds of ash vented from the abyss are borne away by high winds. The apparatus as a whole can be swung in various directions, as it swivels about its main pivot.

SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY Small sprocket wheels pull the film off the feed reel and feed it to the takeup reel. In time, it reaches the sound head. The device is capable of transmitting coded information, in twelve-track Dolby, to surface facilities as far away as forty feet.

RONALD REAGAN The clockwork drive, of the type developed in the first half of the nineteenth century, has been granulated and introduced through a hopper into the turret of an amphibious combat vehicle. For safety, the muzzle has been equipped with a warning signal. Engineers have not actually been able to get this model to tick yet, but with proper maintenance it may be struck manually to sound the quarter hour.

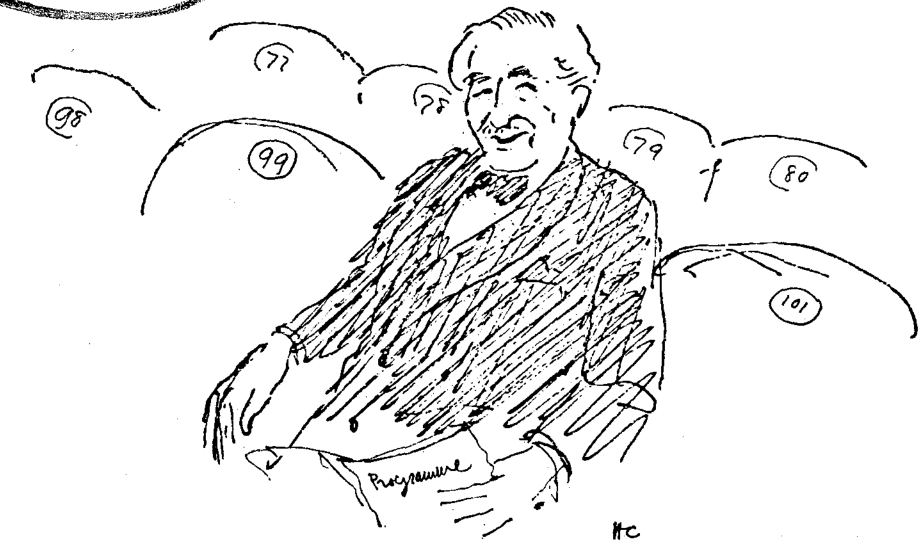
—VERONICA GENG



"Al is my protégé."

PROFILES

THE RIGHT PEOPLE: THE YOUNG



Sir Robert Mayer

CELEBRATION

IT is the evening of June 5, 1979, and the Royal Festival Hall, seen from the Thames, looks like a large cruise ship moored alongside for some festive event, glittering with light from all its glassed-in decks. Inside, the concert is nearly over. The auditorium is packed, and the audience, in gala attire, looks festive, too. The program that has just finished was opened by young trumpeters drawn from London secondary schools, dressed in white shirts and dark trousers, who sounded a rousing fanfare composed by Sir William Walton for the occasion. The evening included the "Meistersinger" Overture played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Colin Davis; Dame Janet Baker gloriously singing four songs by Berlioz; Yehudi Menuhin and Isaac Stern hurling themselves with headlong energy into the contrapuntal question and answer of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor; and the London Philharmonic Choir singing the tremendous motet in forty parts that Tallis may have composed for a great Tudor state happening. Now all the artists are grouped on the stage and, like everybody else in the hall, are glancing expectantly up at the Royal Box, in which the Queen, Prince Philip, and the Prince of Wales are seated—a rather unusually impressive turnout of the Royal Family, whose tastes are reputedly not musical. The Queen wears a becoming peach-colored dress, fantastic diamonds, and no tiara. Between her and her husband sits the small, animatedly talking and smiling old man in whose honor the concert is being given, to an audience of three thousand invited friends and well-wishers. This is Sir Robert Mayer, who was born in Mannheim on June 5, 1879, and is still indefatigably working to bring music to "the right people: the young," as he puts it. He believes, and is never tired of proclaiming, that music is the sovereign remedy for all the confused ills that afflict Britain and the rest of the human race. Sir Hugh Casson's drawing of him on the cover of the program is probably the best likeness that anyone has managed to make of him. It shows him sitting in a theatre seat, smartly dinner-jacketed, alertly beaming with anticipation, as he is frequently seen at concerts and the opera. Casson has numbered the empty seats on Sir Robert's right "98" and "99;" Sir Robert is leaning nonchalantly toward his left and "101." Also in the Royal Box are Lord and Lady Drogheda (Lord Drogheda is co-chairman with Sir Robert of the organization called Youth & Music, of which the Prince of Wales is president); Sir Robert's second son, Professor Adrian Mayer; and his daughter, Mrs. Pauline Samuelson.

Sir Geraint Evans has stepped briskly to the front of the stage to make a short speech. He tells a few affectionately teasing stories about his old friend: "When he telephones you about singing or performing in a children's concert on a certain date, somehow or other he already knows that you're free on that day, and before you know where you are, you're engaged.... Then, when he has finished telling you what he wants, he'll end by saying, 'You know, you aren't getting paid for it.'... On one occasion, I asked him why all the youngsters were clamoring for his autograph and not mine—when *I* was the one who had been performing. He said to me, stroking the side of his hair, 'Perhaps I'm better-looking than you are.'... The most wonderful thing about Sir Robert is that, asleep or awake, he can still dream. With so much to look back on, he can look forward still." Then Sir Geraint announces that the Queen has conferred on Sir Robert the honor of Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

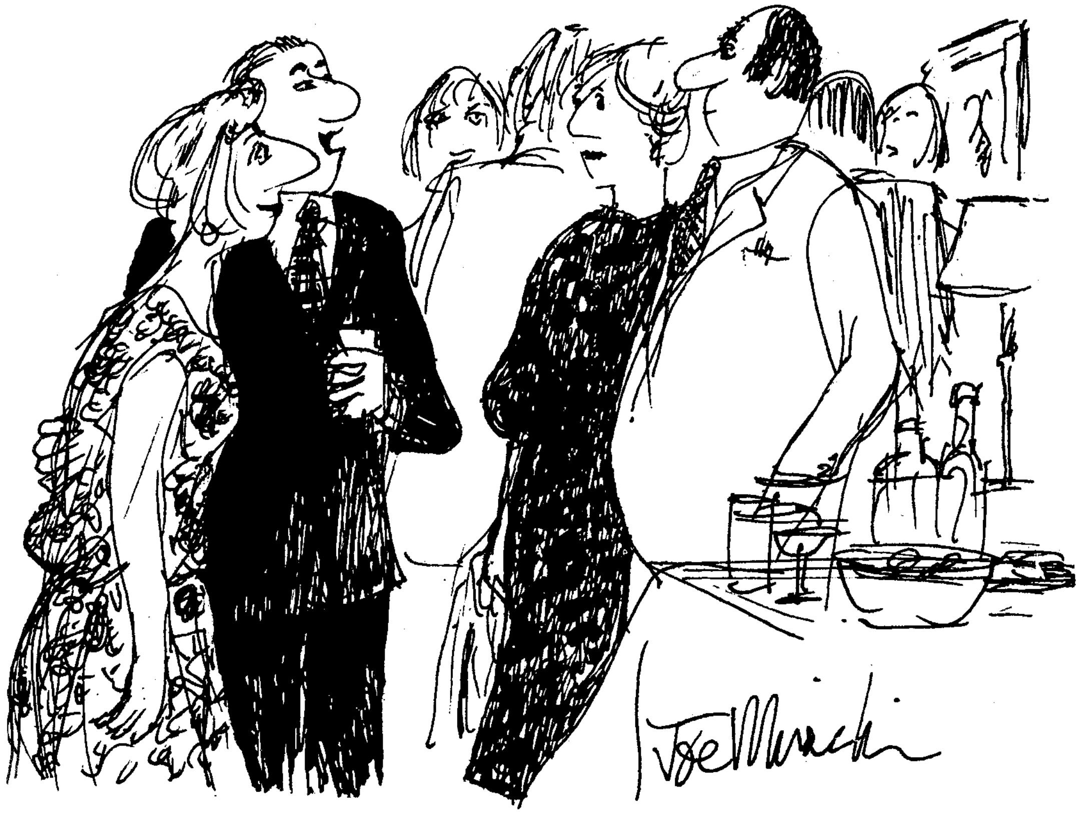
The thunder of applause goes on until Sir Robert raises his hands, indicating that he is going to reply. He was seventeen when he left Mannheim and came to live in England, but eighty-three years later he still speaks with a pronounced accent, which a woman friend has described as "not at all German—sort of charming stage Continental." (His son says that he speaks German now with an English accent.) In his speech, he reminds the Queen that she began coming to the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children when she was six years old, and that the Prince of Wales was brought along when he was four and one day. Sir Robert is now cheerfully ad-libbing a bit ("one or two addenda"), pretending to lose his way in his notes, and muttering audibly, "Now, where am I?" The audience roars. The Queen appears to be enjoying herself, too. She laughs a lot, and looks happy and relaxed. In response to the final tumultuous applause as she rises to leave the box, she seems to make a slight, graceful disengaging movement, so that Sir Robert will ride on the crest of the wave as he follows in his wheelchair, pushed by Prince Philip. (Because of an arthritic hip, in the last few years he has had to accept the chair as a handy means of getting around an opera house or to a dinner party or into a plane, but reluctantly. A few days before his hundredth birthday, he was the castaway on a popular BBC radio weekly program called "Desert Island Discs," on which a well-known personality is invited to choose the eight records—each recalling something in the shipwrecked one's life—that could be taken along to sweeten the solitude. When Sir Robert was asked to name the one permitted additional luxury that he could take to the island, he said he wished he could have a new hip and a new pair of ears. "But, you see, the trouble is that the medical profession has made up its mind that a man a hundred years old isn't going to have a new hip. What can I do with them? I can't force them. I can't get a new hearing aid, because these things buzz in my ear. I hate the bloody things"—which he doesn't use anyway and manages pretty well without. He chose to take a ton of grapes, strictly without pips.)

As the audience at the Festival Hall makes its way slowly down the staircases, the babble of talk and laughter sounds exhilarated. People are hailing their friends, calling out to say what a wonderful evening it has been—a triumph for Sir Robert, and also, somehow, for them. They are in fine spirits. It is an effect that Sir Robert often has on anyone who comes in contact with him.

Mansfield Street

Sir Robert lives in Mansfield Street—not far from the BBC, in Portland Place. His flat is on the third floor of a solid, old-fashioned building; a small lift bears visitors aloft at a decorous pace. Upstairs, it is very quiet. The front door opens into a hall-dining-room furnished with Spanish antiques and a general effect of red and gold. Sir Robert's sitting room is comfortable, darkish, full of large armchairs that look as though they came from somewhere bigger. It contains a record-player and a desk, littered with papers, lit by a powerful bulb in an Anglepoise lamp. On the walls are a number of small pictures, among them an Andrea del Sarto drawing and the head of a woman by Jack Yeats. It is a dismal rainy morning in November, 1979, and a little fan-heater on the floor is whirring away. When Sir Robert comes in, energetically thumping down ahead of him the walking frame that he uses indoors, he settles himself in a chair by the heater. Mrs. Jackie Noble, a pretty blond woman who looks after him all week and goes home on weekends to a teen-age son in her own Regent's Park flat, drapes a camel's-hair rug lightly over his knees, explaining that something has gone wrong with the central heating. "They're waiting for a part, so I rushed out and bought that beastly blower thing. Are you warm enough?"

Sir Robert says that he is. He looks very fit and cheerful. The birthday-concert program included a photograph, circa 1902, of a handsome young man with an aquiline nose, a cleft chin, dark eyes, a jet-black cap of shining hair, and a luxuriant jet-black mustache twirled up dashingly at the ends. His hair is still thick—white now, and rather long, curling around his ears. The mustache is clipped. His right eyelid droops markedly, giving his face a ruminative, wickedly amused expression that one friend has described as "something like a basking crocodile." He wears a well-cut dark suit, and his shirt is open at the neck—unintentionally, Jackie points out: a button came off when he was dressing, and she is just going to sew one on. She has been his devoted companion for two years—an arrangement that both of them obviously find eminently satisfactory. She keeps his engagement book, drives him about London in his Morris Marina (or sometimes in her own Mini), cooks their light meals, accompanies him on brief escapes from the English climate (last September he went to New York to give a talk on the new musical Britain at the Century Association, repeating it at Columbia, Princeton, and Sarah Lawrence College), and makes him laugh with a nice throwaway line in wit. The London office of Youth & Music handles his mail and books his opera and concert seats. He likes to be host to a party of friends at new productions at the Royal Opera House or at the English National Opera at the Coliseum. Jackie reminds him that he is entertaining an opera party this evening. Later this morning, someone who is eager for him to hear a promising Hungarian pianist is bringing the young man to call. This afternoon, there is a board meeting of Youth & Music, to be held at the flat, as usual. Then she goes off to look for a button. The opera tonight is "Figaro," at the Coliseum. Sir Robert says that he is taking a couple of new friends who have become patrons of Youth & Music, and also Lady Diana Cooper, whom he admires immensely. He goes out nearly every day to one thing or another, so that he can meet more people who may want to become involved in Youth & Music. (Also, of course, he loves people. Whether they are six or sixty, he wants immediately to know all about them: "Where do you work/go to school? Do you enjoy it? What kind of music do you like/play? What do you have for break-



"Meet Louise. Louise is a spinoff from my first marriage."

fast?”) He is extremely shrewd, as one would expect of a man who made a fortune in the non-ferrous-metal market, and he knows the value as a money-spinner for Youth & Music of his own charm and of the great publicity the media gave to his hundredth birthday. A large part of his days and nights—he sleeps badly but makes up for it by frequent daytime catnaps, which his doctor tells him are just as good—is spent thinking out involved new schemes for bringing more and better music to young people, for improving the standards of teaching it in England, for tying English and American musical projects more closely together, and for getting the right, and often sadly obtuse, influential quarters to agree that the Government should support the arts staunchly though all else totters. He covers sheets of foolscap writing paper with notes on his ideas, written in a flowing hand. Though he is fond of pointing out that the real beginning of what he calls the miracle that transformed Britain’s musical life after the war was the Attlee Government’s setting up of the state-supported Arts Council, and that the arts have always been more handsomely treated under Labour than under Conservative administrations, he is impartially nonpolitical in looking for allies. Edward Heath, the onetime Tory Prime Minister, is a good friend—but then he is an ardent musician, too. (Sir Robert, who was knighted in 1938, was made a Companion of Honour in one of the 1973 honors lists, when Heath was at the head of the Government.) Generally speaking, music and politics don’t mix, Sir Robert feels.

He talks about the English National Opera production of “Figaro” tonight. He is passionately fond of opera but can’t take the modern ones, explaining, with his usual courtesy, that it is his fault, not the composers’. “My ears are adjusted to a different tonality. Now they are too old to learn. Dorothy—my wife—had no trouble at all. She was one of the first to sing Stravinsky and Schoenberg. Very avant-garde stuff for a lieder singer in those days. She lapped it all up without difficulty. In the twenties, our dear friend the music scholar Edward Dent more or less started the International Society for Contemporary Music in our house, and Dorothy did a bit of pioneering in reverse. She sang the music of Vaughan Williams, Arthur Bliss, Arnold Bax, and other British contemporary composers to audiences in Germany and Austria who had never heard them before. She was extremely adventurous all her life.”

PANTHERS AT THE SHERRY NETHERLAND HOTEL

They leap from the ledge thirty floors up,
Panthers on all sides so high above

The street you don’t see them. Or, if you do,
If you by chance look up, you are not sure

What you see: Greyhounds? Panthers? Stone or bronze?
Ah, they are panthers, green bronze panthers.

Why are they placed almost out of sight?
Why forever jumping toward the sky?

And why after years of passing have I
Never seen them, never looked up that high?

Then I looked still higher, above the ledge,
Where I saw a tower. See! See! From the top

Of the tower are more panthers that leap,
Nine more panthers radiate like spokes.

I don’t understand why they are there.
Most of what is seems outside my vision,

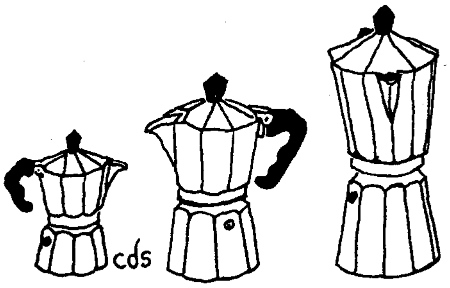
Or, if I at last see what has been hidden,
I seldom know what it is that I see.

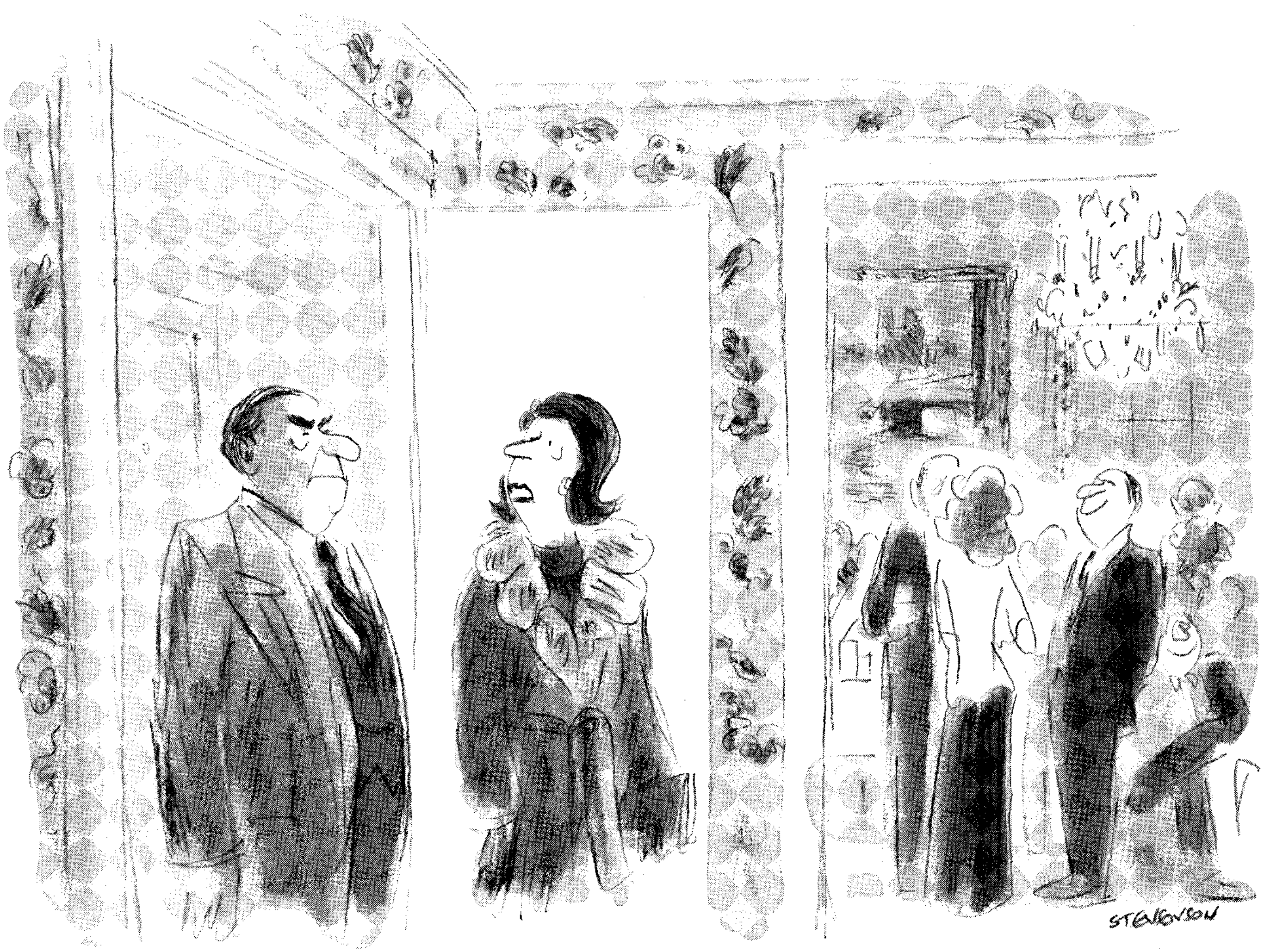
—Robert Watson

• •

Seeing and Doing

Sir Robert’s wife died in 1974, and for a year or so afterward he was seen little in London. Dorothy Moulton (later, professionally, Dorothy Moulton-Mayer) and he met before the First World War. At the time, he was in his thirties and was a member of a firm of non-ferrous-metal dealers, Henry R. Merton, with whom he stayed until 1917. He had become a naturalized Englishman in 1901, but because of his German birth he was drafted into the 31st Middlesex Regiment—the equivalent of the Pioneer Corps in the last war—in which he worked at constructing airfields and roads. He had managed early on to connect with a piano—when he was a child in Mannheim, his fond female relatives had decided that he was quite promising enough to be a budding Mozart—and he did further, and more rewarding, war service playing to the troops in camps and hospitals all over England. When peace came and he was demobilized, someone noticed belatedly that he couldn’t raise one of his arms above a certain level—the result of a broken shoulder in a bobsledding accident at Saint-Moritz before the war—so he should not have been in the Army at all. Even so, he says, the experience was valuable. “It was a pity they didn’t make use of me in the right way, but my piano playing was the first hint of my future, when I was to be completely tied up with music. Also, it was a lesson in philosophy which I made mine on the spot—how to accept, make the best of a situation. Laugh or cry. I preferred to laugh. Besides, I had met Dorothy. She was a young soprano—half Irish, very pretty. At that time, she was having her first experience in opera, singing the tiny role of a page in ‘Lohengrin’ at Covent Garden. I used to boast about ‘my girl friend who is singing at Covent Garden.’ Later, she sang principal roles in the Carl Rosa Opera Company. In those days, Manchester, with its Hallé Orchestra and its great, enlightened patrons, such as the Behrens family, was the center of English musical life. In spite of Thomas Beecham’s opera seasons and Henry Wood’s early





"*Do me a favor tonight, Harry. Pull a few punches.*"

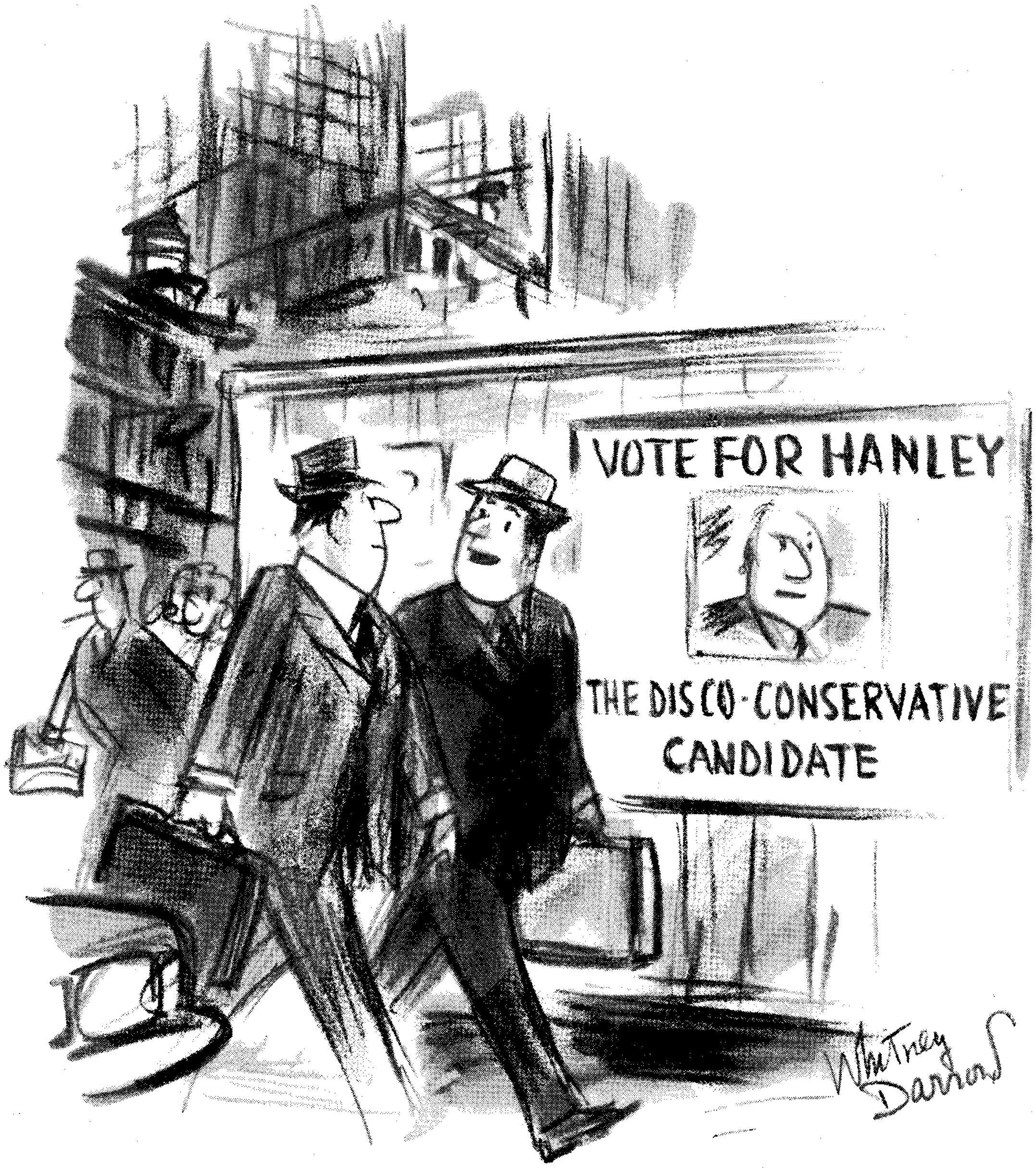
• •

Promenade Concerts, London was not really on the map. Even so, London was better than it was when I arrived, at the end of the last century. Then there wasn't a single permanent orchestra."

After they met, introduced by friends, Robert asked Dorothy to dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel, in London. "I went about it with some caution, however," he recalls. "A violinist called Jacobs played every night at the Piccadilly—he was good. I said to the maître d'hotel, 'Give us a table near the band.' I thought to myself, If it hangs fire, if we're short of things to talk about, I can always listen to Jacobs. But it didn't; we weren't. We went on talking for nearly sixty years. We fell deeply in love, and married in 1919, when I was forty. We would have liked to do so earlier, but there was one little problem: she had a charming Irish husband. His only drawback was that he was in the Navy and always away, while I was there. I did not fancy being party to a bigamy, so after the war there was a divorce. We went to start our married life in New York, where I joined the American Metal Company."

The Mayers loved the United States (it was to be their home all through the Second World War, which caught them there while they were on a visit with their children), but they were depressed by New York's musical life. In a small book, "My First Hundred Years," Sir Robert has described how they sallied out to concerts and to the Metropolitan Opera, where they were invariably poleaxed by the overheating of the auditorium and disappointed by the performances. As he remembers it, there were only one symphony orchestra and one good quartet, which was on the point of disbanding. Dorothy Moulton-Mayer, whose career was blossoming, gave a lieder recital in Town Hall, and firmly ignored the postwar anti-German prejudice by singing Schubert and Schumann in the original. Only a few people walked out. The concerts that really impressed and delighted the Mayers were Walter Damrosch's Saturday-morning concerts for children.

Their first son, Philip, was born in New York in 1920. After they went back to London, in 1921, their large house in Regent's Park was perpetually full of music and musicians—Harriet Cohen, John Barbirolli, Arnold Bax, Artur Schnabel, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Bruno Walter, and Fritz Busch among them. The Mayers were cast down, however, by the musical state of the nation, which was still suffering from the nationalist hangover of the war. The teaching of music in schools was, they felt, dreary and uninspiring. On a country walk one day in 1922, absorbedly continuing the long-running conversation that had started at the Piccadilly Hotel, they found themselves talking about the Damrosch concerts. Dorothy asked, "Couldn't we start something on the same lines here? Could we afford to put on orchestral concerts for children, entirely on our own?" "All the ideas



"The old labels just don't seem to mean much anymore."

were always hers," Sir Robert says. "She was the seer, I was the doer." He said yes. "So now, having said yes, I had to translate it into action," he recounted on the "Desert Island Discs" program. Their first hazy move as amateur promoters was to try to get together a committee of well-known people who were interested in music. "So we called on George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole—a lot of people of that type—to meet us and discuss a new idea. And I underlined sixteen times, 'If you come to join that meeting, there's no financial obligation—that's our business.' Fortunately for us, of the twelve people who were invited only one came—Arnold Bennett."

Sir Robert says today that the poor response was a stroke of luck, because it threw them back on a committee of two—themselves. All his life, he has had a profound mistrust of larger numbers, although as the years have gone by and the Mayers' two creations—the Children's Concerts (founded in 1923) and Youth & Music (founded in 1954, to help underprivileged adolescents become enthusiastic audiences and performers of good music)—have spread out this way and that, he has had to accept the situation philosophically. He still hates committees, however. "If you have twenty or thirty people giving their ideas, the original idea gets altered little by little. Inevitable. I've always preferred to operate on my own. In business, too. In 1929, the time of the slump, my American business connection folded. I was in a terrible state. I went back to my wife and said, 'What shall we do? I have no job. How are we going to keep on running the Children's Concerts?' Dorothy didn't weep and say, 'What a terrible man I married.' She looked at me calmly and said, 'This isn't a disaster—it's an opportunity. From now on, you're on your own.' So we thought about what we could do—planned to sell the car and pictures, and so on. I've always loved taking a risk, being an entrepreneur, and from that moment I followed my hunches. I had various offers to go in with other people, but I always refused. I preferred to be a lone wolf. Found it best in everything."

The Robert Mayer Concerts (they dropped the "Children" at a later date, because the older customers, of eleven or so, didn't like it) survived the crisis and flourished. Sir Robert says that for the first few years they were not called by his name, but he came to feel, with a showman's instinct, that the concerts should have a distinctive label. At first, their public consisted of the young families of friends, who brought them, or sent them along with a nanny, to Central Hall, Westminster. Their first regular conductor was Adrian Boult (Walter Damrosch was invited, as a very special guest, to conduct the second concert), but after a year he departed to take over a Birmingham orchestra. The Mayers were tipped off to go to a Prom Concert and take a look at another young conductor, Malcolm Sargent. He stayed with them until the Second World War and is fondly remembered by that middle-aged generation of Mayer Concerts children.

When the education world became interested, and the press began to give attention, the Mayers took the concerts into the suburbs and the East End. "We thought that music should be available to every child, well-off, poor, or middling." So they got hold of the teachers—three hundred of them, he recalled on a BBC radio program. "We said to them, 'Now, we're going to bring you the orchestra, we're going to bring you the conductor, we're going to bring you the soloists. You're going to bring us the children.' " But the children were never to be allowed to feel that it was a free show. They don't value something they get for nothing. After a lot of discussion, the May-

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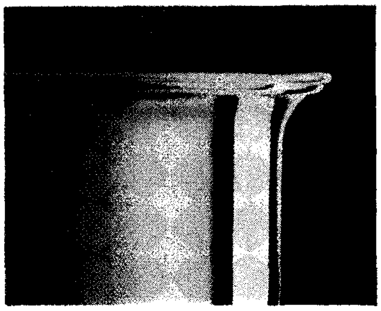

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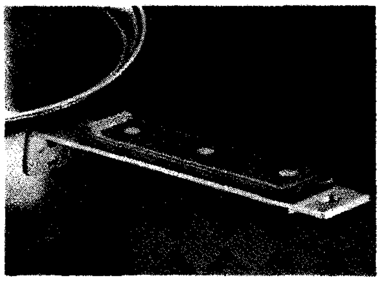

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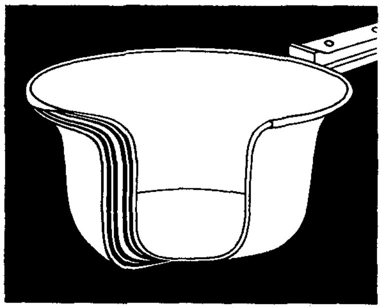

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ers decided on fourpence as the happy-medium admission charge. There was going to be no pulling of punches on the programs, either. “We said, ‘All right, we’ll go the whole hog, we’ll include a Bach concerto for violin in the program at the People’s Palace in the Mile End Road.’ Now, this you must imagine. These children had never heard or seen an orchestra before, they had never known music of that kind, and yet we played a Bach concerto—and you could have heard a pin drop. That gave us enormous courage.”

“Strange. There’s never anything but bad news, and yet the world keeps going.”

• •

Getting Them One by One

IN 1954, when Sir Robert was seventy-five, he and his wife planned to take the idea of their Children’s Concerts a stage further. The concerts had been inspired by Walter Damrosch; the inspiration of Youth & Music (which is now affiliated with the older organization) was the Jeunesses Musicales movement, founded in Brussels in 1945 by a Belgian, Marcel Cuvelier, and a Frenchman, René Nicoly. The aim was partly to help musically gifted young people, between fifteen and twenty-five, get the best training, play in youth orchestras, and enter international competitions. But principally it was to encourage young people, gifted or not, in good lifetime habits of steady concertgoing. Sir Robert bought up blocks of seats, to be sold to members at subsidized prices. The enthusiasm was muted. This time, he had no teachers to chat up captive audiences and bring large parties along. He asked the leaders of the Youth Clubs of Great Britain to come and discuss the idea with him. He had depended on them to provide stalwart backing, but they were oddly leery of the idea. Music, they felt, was a moneyed-class preserve that was not for them. “The adolescents we had to get one by one,” he says, and the numbers came in slowly. Things did not look up until 1960, when he suddenly had the idea of bringing opera into the scheme of subscription bookings. “My thought was that opera lovers aged fifteen may become opera supporters when they’re adults wielding power and money. So I said we must make a commencement with opera, and how do you do it? First you must have it, so I simply bought it.” He bought up four performances at Sadler’s Wells and offered the seats at reduced prices to Youth & Music. It was a gamble that paid off. Applications for tickets poured in, but since everyone wanted the night when Joan Sutherland was singing, he insisted that no single performances could be bought—only season tickets. The house sold out. Later on, Covent Garden came into the plan on special evenings, when performances were shared by the Friends of Covent Garden and the members of Youth & Music. Today, things are worked differently. Youth & Music buys blocks of moderate-priced seats at Covent Garden and the Coliseum, as well as seats at concerts and ballets, for evenings named by the managements. The members (groups of six or more usually join en bloc) pay a subscription of fifty pence a year and get a discount of up to fifty per cent on their tickets. The same thing happens in a dozen or so regional areas, where local Youth & Music organizers have their own programs.

The London office of Youth & Music is at the top of an old building in William IV Street, Covent Garden, handy to the English National Opera at the Coliseum. It is a tiny place, operating with a minute staff. Lord Drogheda, a former chairman of the *Financial Times* group of newspapers and of Covent Garden, became co-chairman with Sir Robert in 1975. He is a tall, elegant man who keeps his eye on William IV Street and on his multitudinous other affairs from the fourteenth floor of the tall, elegant Economist Building, in St. James’s Street. “It’s always difficult when it’s a one-man show, and the one man has always run it in a particular way and intends to keep on,” he said not long ago. “But there’s one thing about Robert—once you have convinced him and won an argument, that’s that. He never brings it up again. We had a bit of a tussle over the program for his hundredth-birthday concert. I suggested the Tallis motet—a superb, majestic work. Robert said he didn’t know it so didn’t want it. I said, ‘It’s a magnificent thing, and the words are appropriate, too. Ask the BBC to dig it out of their record library for you to hear.’ So he did that, but he still wasn’t keen. He said, ‘The Queen won’t like it.’ I said, ‘If you want something the Queen will like, you’ll have to get a military band. Go back and listen again.’ He went back and listened again. Suddenly he agreed. When he heard it at the Festival Hall, he was tremendously moved by it.”

To the co-chairmen’s great satisfaction, the birthday celebration made a large sum of money for Youth & Music. Business companies, foundations, and private individuals were invited to become patrons, at a thousand pounds, or sponsors, at five hundred pounds, of the concert, for which all the artists had waived their fees. “We netted about one hundred thousand pounds,” Lord Drogheda said. “Robert was delighted. It was really a godsend. Youth & Music is always chronically in need of money, and, of course, we couldn’t survive at all without the annual grants from the Arts Council and the Greater London Council. We put aside eight hundred seats in the gallery for Youth & Music members, who balloted for them. It was a great evening. Letters poured in afterward, almost all of them saying that the atmosphere of warmth and affection had been marvellous."

MANNHEIM

Sir Robert remembers the Mannheim of his childhood as a small, quiet town of about fifty-five thousand inhabitants, proud of its past and its connection with Mozart, who fell in love and wrote much music there. Music was talked and thought about with passion. If one citizen stopped another on the street and asked, "What did you think of it?," he was referring to last night's opera or concert. The Mayers were as fervent as everybody else. Emil Mayer was a brewer and a hop merchant; his wife came from the great clan of Seligmans. They were both keen members of the Ethical Society. There were three children, boys, and their religious upbringing was left to their strictly Orthodox paternal grandmother; she had the boys over to her house every Friday evening, lighted the candles, and read to them from the Talmud. "Whether rightly or wrongly, my parents were unbelievers," Sir Robert says. "For myself, I discovered Tolstoy. When I was starting in London, in my early twenties, I read him late at night, after the long, hard days—at that time, believe me, young men had to *work*—and I was so impressed that I gave up smoking for life and from then on tried to follow Tolstoyan principles in other directions, too. My eldest brother, Oscar, was an invalid for three years when he was a child—his leg was crippled by another boy throwing a snowball with a stone in it. My second brother, Ernest, two years older than I was, was my special friend and, I suppose, hero. He was a real card. When he was thirteen, he was taken on as a reporter by our local paper, which sent him to Frankfurt to report on the bicycle races. Later, he would wait at the stage door of the charming little Mannheim theatre with flowers for one of the singers—he had probably pinched the money from our father to buy them. He followed me to London in 1898 and started working for the International Copyright Bureau. He at once got into the most glamorous operatic and theatrical set, and by hanging on to his coattails I was sometimes included. We used to forgather at Oddenino's and another restaurant, Gambrino's. Ernest showed his flair and sharpness by tipping off his friend George Edwardes, manager of Daly's and the Gaiety Theatre, to buy the English rights to an operetta called 'The Merry Widow,' by an unknown young Viennese composer, Franz Lehár. Ernest loved Vienna, and, sad to say, he was killed there by a tram in 1927."

Robert was taught the piano at the Mannheim Conservatoire, where his teacher was an ardent pro-Brahms man (all Germany was then divided into Brahms and Wagner camps), and he just missed playing for Brahms himself, who was the guest of honor at a Conservatoire concert. The distinction went to a slightly older pupil. To make up for the crushing disappointment, Robert was allowed to sit next to the great man, who spoke to him kindly. As in a badly faded photograph, the features of the encounter that remain floating in his memory are the beard, the big stomach, and, above all, the warm, Olympian kindness. Robert's mother and aunts were certain that a dazzling future as a professional pianist lay ahead of him, but his father brought these ideas smartly down to earth. The way of a concert performer is long and hard, he pointed out. Though Robert's musical talents might bring him a great deal of pleasure in life, he was going to be started off in business as soon as he was old enough.

In those days, says Sir Robert, you did not dream of arguing with your father. So at fifteen he was apprenticed as beer carrier, bottle washer, and general dogsbody—ten hours a day and three on Sundays—to a Mannheim firm of lacemakers. At six-thirty in the morning, an English lesson would be squeezed in, to supplement his already serviceable French (it became elegant later, when he was tutored by the teacher of the famous actor Coquelin), for Emil Mayer, an ardent Anglophile, had made up his mind that there was no future in Germany for his sons: Jewish blood barred the way to the top in too many professions. In 1896, when Robert was seventeen, he was dispatched to London, where he arrived rather forlornly with, he has written, "literally . . . pyjamas and a toothbrush." He had a powerful Seligman great-uncle there, who had married into another remarkable family—the Messels, of Darmstadt—and who took him in. They lived in considerable style at 15 Queen's Gate Gardens, with a butler and two footmen in the establishment. After a year under this hospitable but awe-inspiring roof, having started to work in the metal business, he moved out and took cheap rooms with another young man in Finchley, well outside the butler belt. As is not uncommon, when Sir Robert talks about

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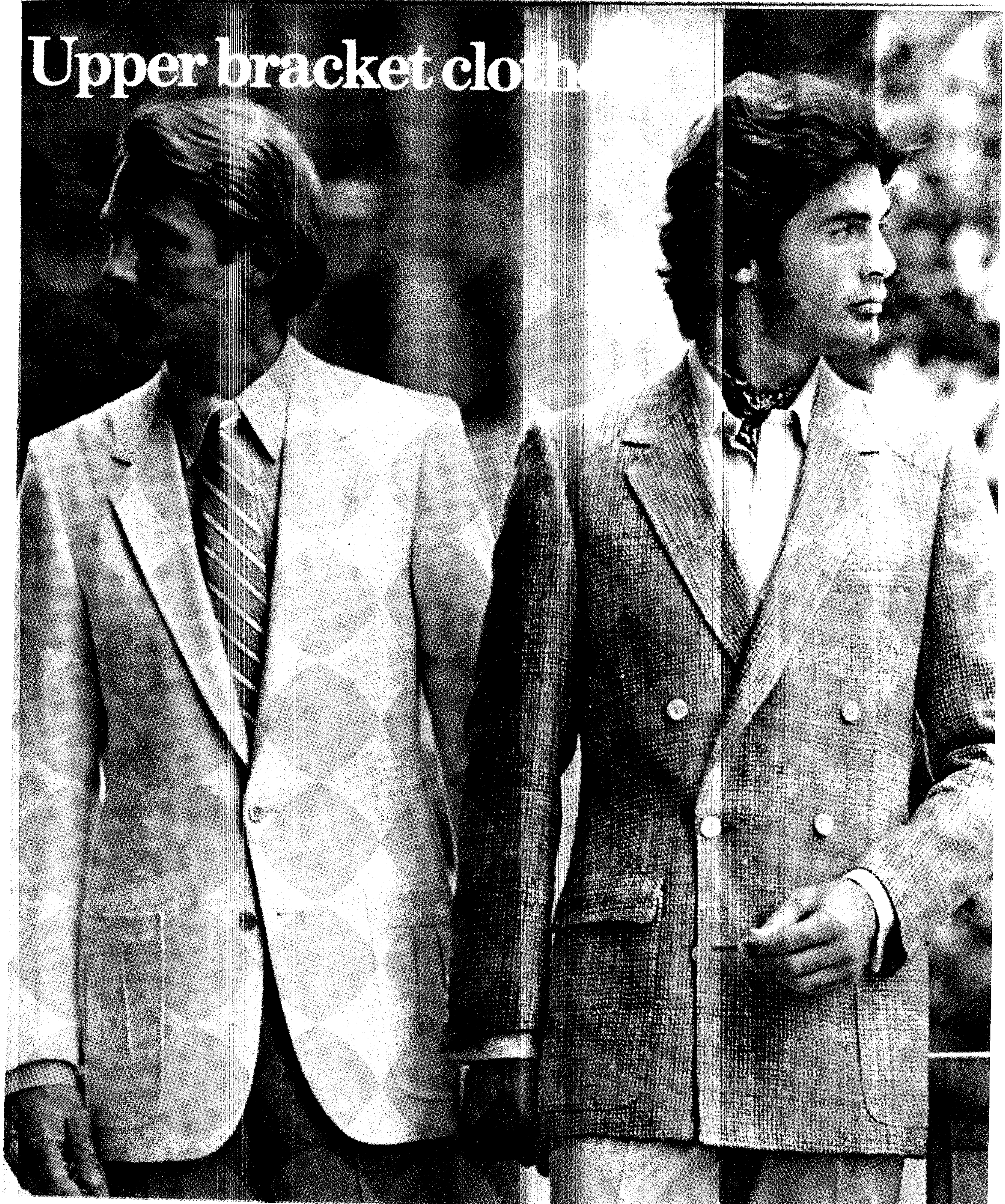

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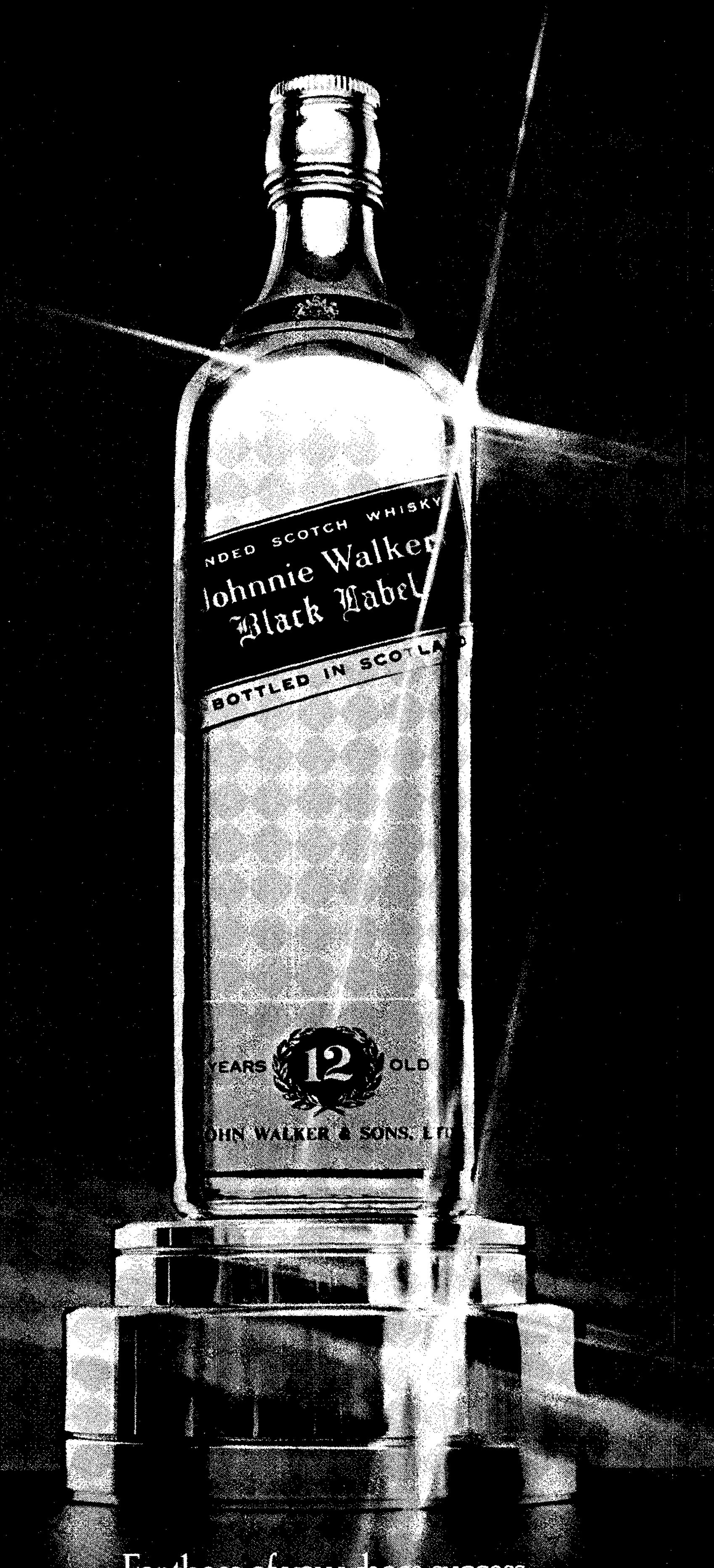
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the distant past it is often rather clearer in his memory than what happened at a dinner party last Thursday. Parts of the photograph may be blurred, but certain details, such as the precise address of places where he has lived, still stand out in faithfully sharp focus. "The house was No. 1 Frognal Lane, Finchley Road. We were the last house in Finchley—after us there was nothing but green fields. On Sundays, we used to bicycle out into the country on our old-fashioned boneshakers. Sometimes we got as far south as Guildford and felt very pleased with ourselves."

A few years ago, Sir Robert returned to Mannheim. The city had invited him to come for a week and bring a friend, so he took his elder son, Philip, along. He dismisses briskly the notion that it was an honor extended to a famous son of Mannheim: "They had read in the papers that the Queen sometimes came to my concerts, and they are very keen on royalty." The visit turned out to be rather disappointing. He had thought that he would be invited to meet young musicians, that he would be asked to the homes of Mannheim's most musical citizens. In his luggage were six boxes of Fortnum & Mason's chocolates. He thought they would be more acceptable to hostesses than flowers for sending around next morning. He brought them all home again. The invitations never came. "There was a luncheon for me, and a reception on our last evening to which young people were asked. Very pleasant. Otherwise we were left to our own devices," he says. Mannheim had changed out of all recognition. There had been much rebuilding after the war, and most of the city was younger than he was. "Philip went out to the Jewish cemetery, where my parents are buried. I tried to find our house, but it had vanished. I remembered exactly where it was. It was on the corner of a street that ran from the railway station. The tram would come along from the station, drawn by a horse, and on our corner it was pretty sure to come off the rails. That was often the signal for me and my brother Ernest to lean over our balcony and call to the driver 'Hold on a minute—our father and mother want to get on!' and they would hurry out and climb aboard before the excitement was over and the horse started off again."

FAMILY

PHILIP MAYER is a free-lance journalist and lives in the South of France. Adrian Mayer, the second son, is an anthropologist, with a special interest in India, and teaches at the School of Oriental and African Studies in London. He is one of the directors of Youth & Music and was much involved, as were all the family, in the preparations for Sir Robert's hundredth birthday. Pauline Samuelson, Sir Robert's daughter, who is also on the board of Youth & Music, says that the organizing for the June concert took the best part of a year and left her feeling flattened out. She and her family live in the Essex village of Ugley, which is a misnomer: a white house set in the fields next door to the church, chestnuts, rooks, a few ancient gravestones drunkenly leaning in the long grass of the little churchyard. Sir Robert is a frequent visitor. He and his daughter are very close. She takes him away on jaunts to Israel and accompanies him every year to the Wexford Festival, in Ireland. He feels good in Ireland, he says, because Lady Mayer loved it. Many old friends of theirs are there. He helped her to set up the Dorothy Moulton-Mayer Trust to assist Irish schools, convents, and any other institutions that are trying to teach music and are short of cash. It was her typically resourceful idea to buy a grand piano, which was loaded on a truck and sent, on loan, careering up and down Ireland to wherever it was needed by some impecunious group for a musical happening. When he goes to Wexford, she seems near.

The telephone rings often in Mansfield Street. Anyone calling around nine in the morning will probably get a busy signal. Sir Robert's day starts with a communicative burst of the thoughts that have come to him in the night watches. Though Mrs. Noble generally takes incoming calls and relays them through to him, he often seizes the phone himself, crying, "Hello, hello, this is Robert Mayer. How are you? What can I do for you?" If it is Mrs. Samuelson telephoning, his face and voice become tender. "Hello, darling. . . . No, I can't remember the number offhand. Jackie will know. She's out shopping the lunch. . . . I'll ring you back." Replacing the receiver, he says fondly, "She's a chip off the old block. Like her mother and me—the idea of service for others. With us, it was music. With her, it's her work for the Red Cross. She never stops."

The Mayer children's earliest memories are of music and of musicians, many of them refugees from Hitler, flooding through a big country house that succeeded Regent's Park, and talk-

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ing, endlessly talking. The sounds of a string quartet would float up to the children as they lay in bed. There was also a London pied-à-terre with a huge music room, in which their parents entertained largely and their mother practiced in the mornings. "I hate sopranos now. Maybe it's Freudian," Mrs. Samuelson says thoughtfully. If her father had married someone else, she says, his life would have been completely different. "My mother was the creative one—the eyes and ears that saw and listened for him. Music was her world, not his. She took him into it. Because she was extremely reserved, people thought her a bit forbidding. Actually, she was very unconventional and warm. She liked to go to concerts whether the performers were star names or nobodies, because the music was there and it was lovely. He always seemed to be thinking about whom they could get for *their* concerts—who might give money or play or conduct or whatever."

People who meet Sir Robert for the first time generally start off by viewing him with respectful curiosity as an immensely venerable and remarkable object that has broken all the rules of longevity, but they forget that aspect very quickly. Bernard Levin, the top columnist on the *Times* and a great friend, says, "When Robert is telling you a story and he says, 'I must have been about sixty,' you suddenly remember how long ago that was, and you get a shock. All the chronology seems absolutely out of whack." Mrs. Samuelson says, "It may be that what has kept him young is his ability to adapt in a flash to any situation, good or bad." Sir Robert's own thoughts on the subject were given briskly in a letter he wrote to a friend not long ago. "Clue to my longevity: From age fifteen, very busy working in (a) business (b) music. No time for thinking. After marriage, left thinking to wife, translating her thoughts into action. Turned pragmatist. Remained social idealist. Developed into thinker when very old. Hence reserve power left, which I am now using." He has never accepted the word "impossible" or "impractical." On the day in 1973 when he was going to Buckingham Palace with Lady Mayer to be made a member of the Order of the Companions of Honour—a naturally charged occasion, which most nonagenarians would have wanted to keep free of any anxieties—there was a sudden family crisis: one of the Samuelson sons had a bad skiing accident in France. Mrs. Samuelson, who was about to take the rest of her family for

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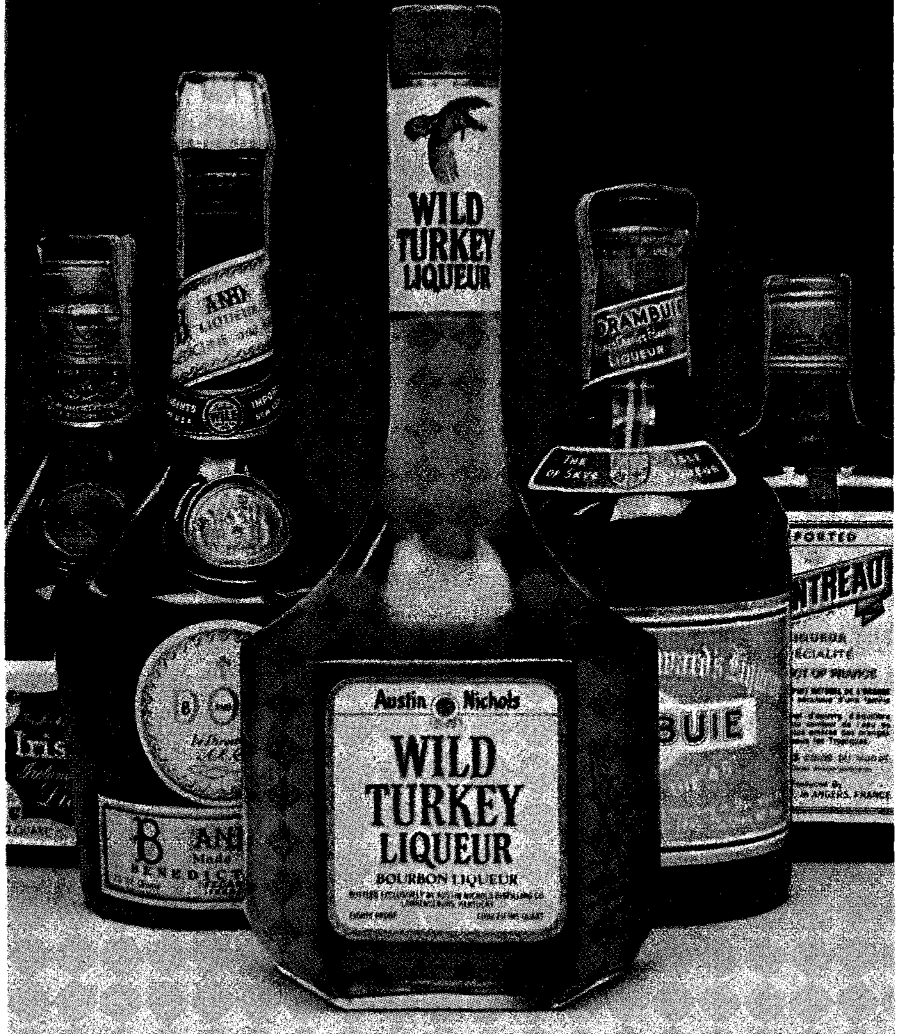

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a holiday elsewhere abroad, had to get herself to an airport and somehow sort out transportation problems for the other children. "My father said immediately, 'No problem. They can go in our car with the chauffeur, and we'll go to the Palace by taxi.' No fuss at all. Another time, after one of his birthday concerts—I think it was his ninety-eighth, which was celebrated along with the Queen's Silver Jubilee—he came home to Mansfield Street, tired after all the excitement, and found three or four American boys with huge rucksacks sitting there. They were some of our American relations, who were seeing Europe and had run out of money, so they had come along to him to bail them out. He didn't turn a hair. 'Now, have we got enough blankets? I'll move out of my bed and go into the small room—two of you can go in mine.' He's amazingly flexible. On the other hand, he blots anything he doesn't want to remember out of his mind at once. Any difficulty or sadness or failure. Bang! That's that! He never mentions it again. When we were children and had broken something, we always went to him rather than to my mother. He would say, 'Well, it's gone. You can't bring it back. Forget it.' "

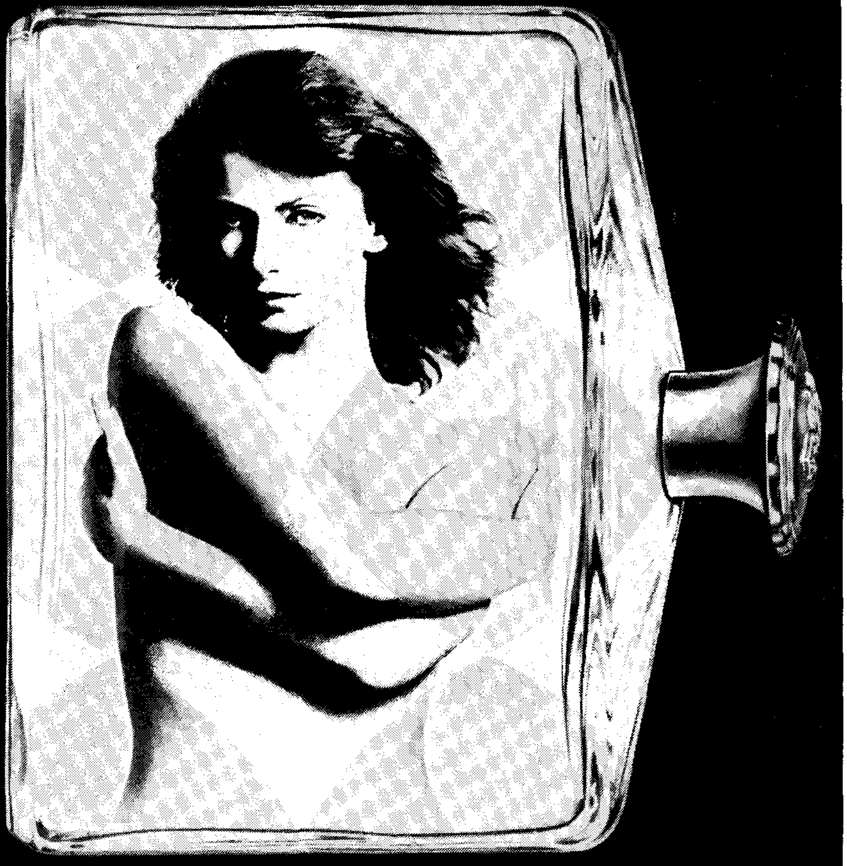
The Samuelsons' charming old house does not immediately suggest itself as an ideal place for someone who walks with difficulty, but Sir Robert negotiates its ups and downs successfully with assistance from any grandchild's shoulder that may be handy. His daughter says that he has a lot of pain with his arthritis. "He accepts it on the Tolstoyan principle that he must constantly fight against it. It's good to stretch the bad leg and exercise it, he tells the boys when they're helping him downstairs here. He takes no drugs for it. Until quite recently, he did everything for himself—except put on his socks, that is. We've had to do that for quite a long time. But he'll struggle on indomitably to get a leg into his trousers. Not long ago, having a bath became an acute problem. When Jackie was taking him for a little holiday to Cannes, we couldn't think how to manage it. He is such a modest chap. Then Jackie had the brilliant idea that he could put on a bathing suit for his bath, so it would be all right for her to help him."

BIRTHDAYS

LUNCH in the hall-dining-room at Mansfield Street. Mrs. Noble brings in the food and sits down herself. Sir Robert eats with appetite, but sparsely—consommé, a slice of ham. Spooning up the consommé, he says, "You've put sherry in this." "Only a touch," Jackie says, "It *helps* it." He drinks apple juice. He says that he used to love wine, but "suddenly the need went. Occasionally, I may have a glass, but I do what would scandalize a Frenchman—I *couper* it with water. As you get older, you eat less and less." "Except on the Queen Elizabeth going to New York in September," Jackie says. "You went to town then—caviar, the lot." He chuckles reminiscently.

The central heating is functioning again. It is a cold, wintry day, but the flat is very warm. Sir Robert looks summery in a (designedly) open-necked shirt, a cardigan, thin pale-blue trousers. He is in very good spirits. Jackie remarks that he came home at twelve-thirty last night, and the other night it was one-thirty. "I was beginning to wonder what had happened to you." He had a visitor this morning—an old friend, Gilles Lefebvre, the founder of the Jeunesses Musicales World Orchestra, of which Sir Robert is president, and which is backed by the Canadian government. Lunch is interrupted by a telephone call from a man in New York—a lengthy discussion of the possibility of setting up a Robert Mayer musical scholarship. Tonight, he is going to a concert. "So how about half an hour of Miss Muffet?" Jackie suggests. Miss Muffet turns out to be their pet name for his masseuse. But he remembers that today is her birthday, and he shakes his head. "If you are telephoning, give her my best wishes for a peaceful day," he says. This morning's newspapers announced that it is also the birthday of the Prince of Wales. Sir Robert chuckles again. "I saw him last week at a dinner. He was full of fun. 'What are you up to now?' he asked me. Jackie, I must send him a telegram, but first ring Lord Drogheda and ask him if he has already done so for us both."

After lunch, he talks about the Visitors' Book. This is a battered brown volume that was started by his wife in 1923. He likes looking at it. The first signature, on a page by itself, is small and spiky: "Béla Bartók." Hundreds of signatures follow—of Fritz Busch, Bruno Walter, Melchior, Artur Schnabel ("We were like brothers"), Britten, Ravel, Milhaud ("He rehearsed the first performance in England of 'Pierrot Lunaire' at our house"), and innumerable others, well known or not known at all, often with a few bars of music added as a grateful



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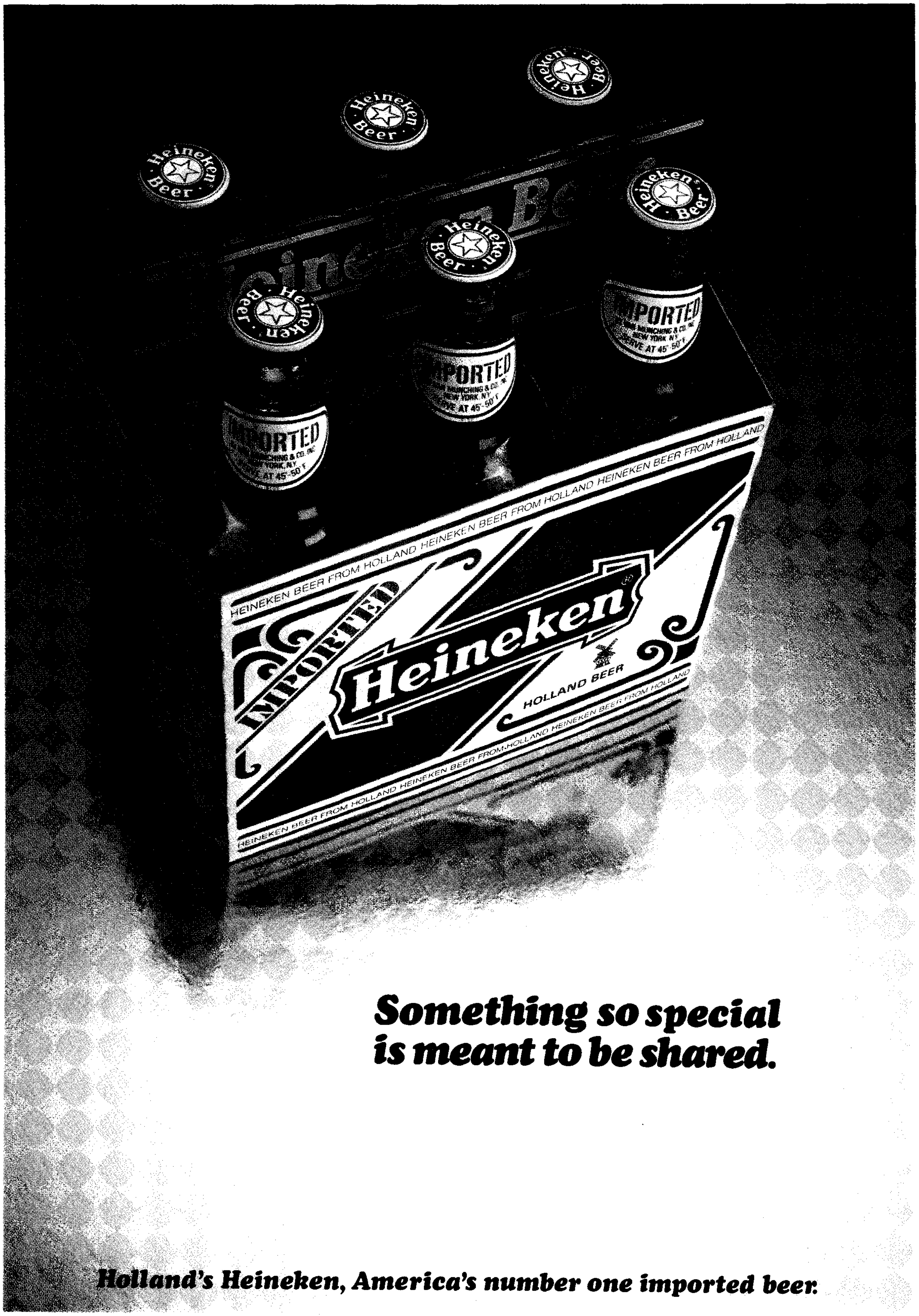
postscript. There are also menus of family events, such as his eightieth birthday dinner at Ugley (lobster, cold Norfolk turkey), an elaborate surprise for which he was told "Bring your evening clothes—a few people may be dropping in," and then a marquee mushroomed, and the cars began rolling up the rough road between the fields. "The book is a unique musical record," he says. "If my children agree, it should go to the British Library. Like so many things, it was my wife's idea."

Directions

HIS wife and Artur Schnabel, Sir Robert says, were the greatest influences in shaping his life. "Schnabel was a stocky little bear of a man—would shamble onto the stage and sit down at the piano not caring a bit how he looked. He had no platform tricks, either. I loved him. In my opinion, he was the outstanding musical thinker of his time. When he came to England, in 1925, he gave a recital of Schubert sonatas. Before that, strange to say, they were little known to concert audiences. He simply revolutionized programs by choosing to play certain things, and then other pianists had to follow along after him. I've just reread his life, and I'm trying to get a film made about him. The memory of Schnabel is a beacon in the darkness of today. It puzzles me. Why did the Omnipotent take him away, instead of using him as he is still using me?"

Since Lady Mayer's death, Sir Robert thinks with matter-of-fact certainty of a power to which he refers occasionally as the Omnipotent or the Final Force or, sometimes, God. "It really started earlier than that," Adrian Mayer says. "After ninety or thereabouts, he began asking himself questions. 'Why am I here? Why have I been left as I am, when so many friends have died?' " "He has a great sense of destiny," Bernard Levin says. "It's a very private thing—he doesn't say much about it. When he's talking about Dorothy, he may say casually, 'When I join her,' as though she were in Paris or somewhere, and he means it." Religion was a great part of Lady Mayer's life, but he never shared it with her. She had been a vigorous campaigner for votes for women. Later on, she became a Quaker and an ardent pacifist. "In the thirties, we had left Regent's Park and had a house in Hertfordshire," Sir Robert says. "She used to talk about peace at meetings on the village green. The village probably thought us crackers. Our son Adrian came back from America in 1943 and joined the Friends' Ambulance Unit. On Sundays after the war, I would drop her in the car at the Meeting House and pick her up again, but I never went in. It worried her. She used to say, 'I can't think how you tick without anything, Robert.' She died with marvellous courage. She had faith. We both had faith in music, in people, and in each other, but for a time after that I was lost. Then I began thinking. I thought, Here you are—you have survived to this great age *for a reason*. You are meant to go on living. I became convinced of the existence of a Supreme Being who had directed our lives and was still directing mine. There are no accidents. Hardly a day passes that doesn't bring me some confirmation that I am still being used."

Sir Robert likes thinking about the past, but he is much preoccupied with the future. The Mayer Concerts—still billed under his name, though they have been run by the BBC since 1973—are out of his hands altogether. Youth & Music, his other child, is twenty-six years old, and he loves it, but he can't help remembering what it was like in the early days, before it got bigger and there were so many people around. He thinks a lot nowadays about how to make London the world center for teaching music, to match its postwar transformation into a capital to which people come to hear performances. "He means to spend the next twenty-five years or so working out ways of doing it," Bernard Levin says. Three of London's large music schools—the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and Trinity College—are state subsidized; the fourth, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, is linked to them but financed by the City of London. What Sir Robert considers the shortsightedness of government ministers, who do not always seem to grasp the elementary fact that music is the basis of life, and that bringing more of it to the young should be expanded, not cut, sometimes depresses him, but he was much cheered by the Minister of Education's decision last autumn to boost the scale of music professors' salaries substantially. When he sat next to Margaret Thatcher at some function not long ago, he was tempted to expound to the Prime Minister his credo that music is the relatively cheap, universal answer to all the present-day problems of materialism, violence, apathy, and class warfare. "I wanted to tell her, 'With music you can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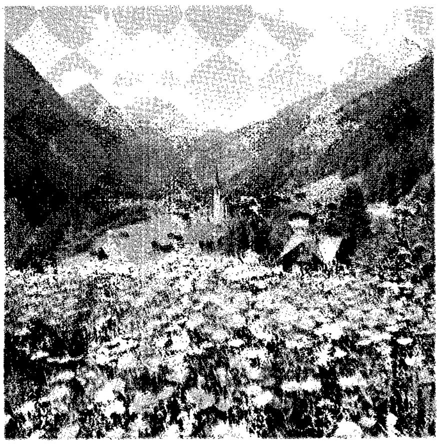

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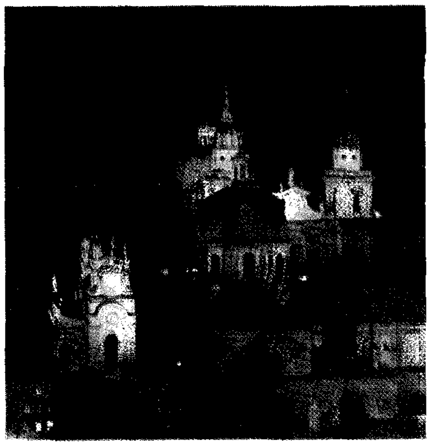

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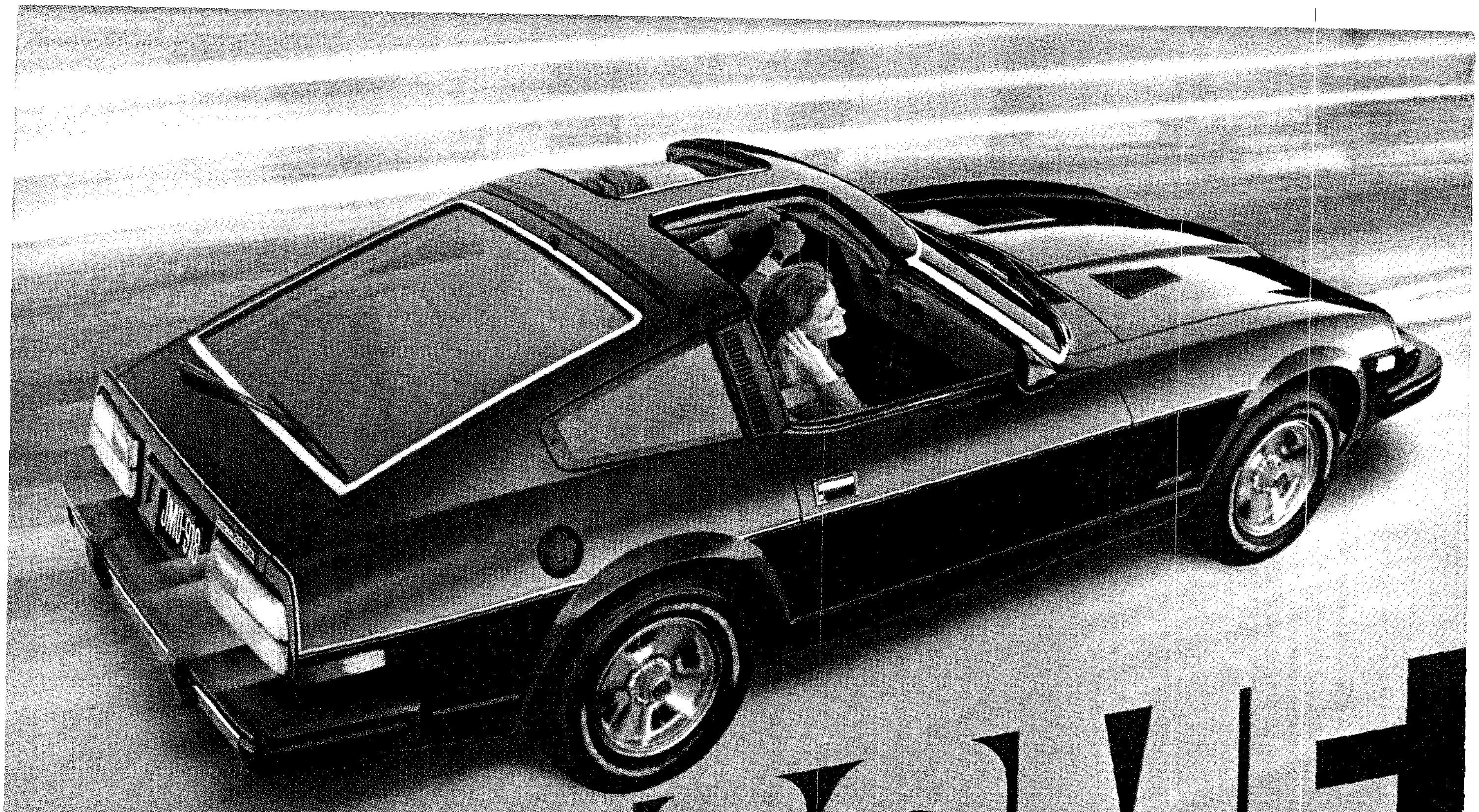

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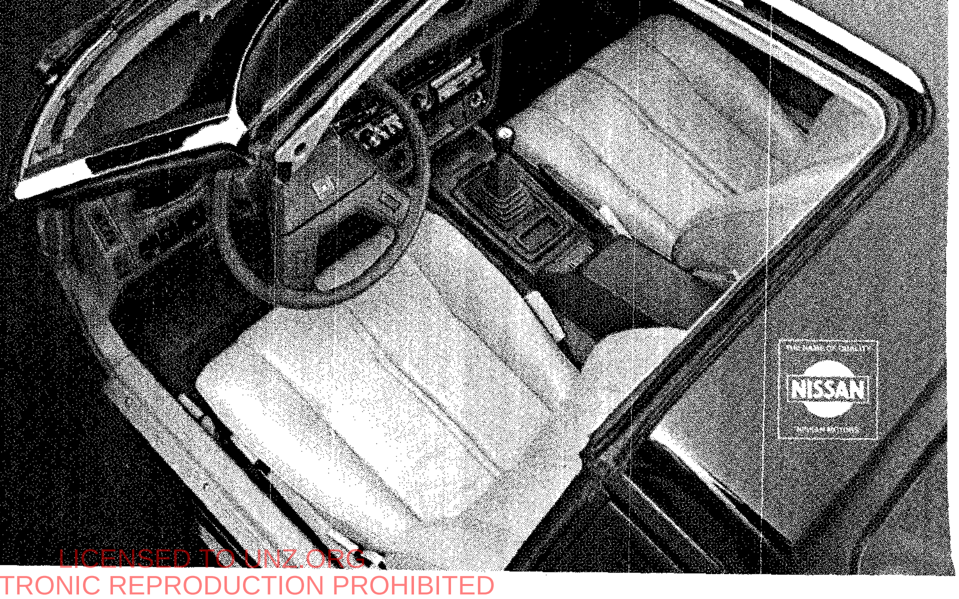

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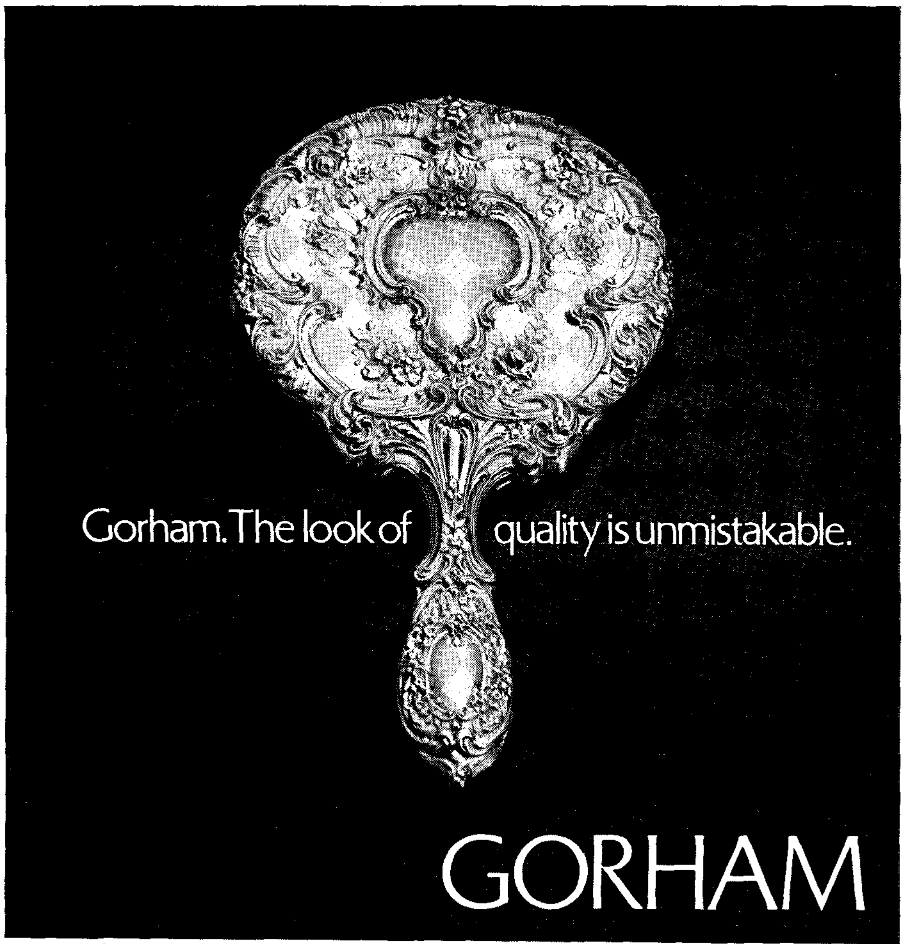
He talks nostaligically of the setup in pre-Hitler Germany, where musicians such as Fritz Busch and Artur Schnabel and Rudolf Serkin had their own schools and gathered their circles of disciples around them. After they fled from the Nazis to America, the system didn't survive. "America is too vast, too diffuse for such small but vitally important movements to be able to live in it," he says. "But one place there is my ideal—Marlboro, in Vermont, where people come to live, eat, sleep music, to practice and rehearse from morning to night. That is my ambition—to see more Marlboros all over the place, in America and here in Britain." He dreams that this might come about if only enough men with the right sort of vision, power, and big money came along to Mansfield Street and listened to some of the ideas he jots down in the small hours under the Anglepoise lamp. He still acts as though he were rich and generous in a world of his equally liberal peers. One of his colleagues complained not long ago, with a blend of affection and exasperation, "If we're in a financial crisis, he is apt to say in a lordly way, 'Leave it to me—I can get you twenty thousand pounds.' And, of course, he can't. Everything has changed since those days when he could, probably out of his own pocket. It's then that one has to remember the calendar."

Sir Robert's optimism remains undaunted. One of his favorite remarks is "It will come, but it will take time." Another is "You can't drive a motorcar looking down. You have to keep your eyes on the road ahead."

FRIEND

AT the time of what he calls "all the hoo-ha about my celebration," one or two photographs of Sir Robert with Lady Diana Cooper appeared in the press. It was even hinted that there might be a romantic attachment. Actually, it is a quite recent friendship that both sides find extremely agreeable. They lunch and go to the opera together, and Sir Robert, whose appreciation of an attractive woman is known to be undiminished, is often placed beside Lady Diana at big formal evenings. Lady Diana is eighty-seven, and her face, with its eyes the color of glacier water, has remained remarkable. She and Sir Robert met at dinner with Antoinette Sibley, the dancer, and her husband, Panton Corbett. "We got on well right away," she says. "It was a won-



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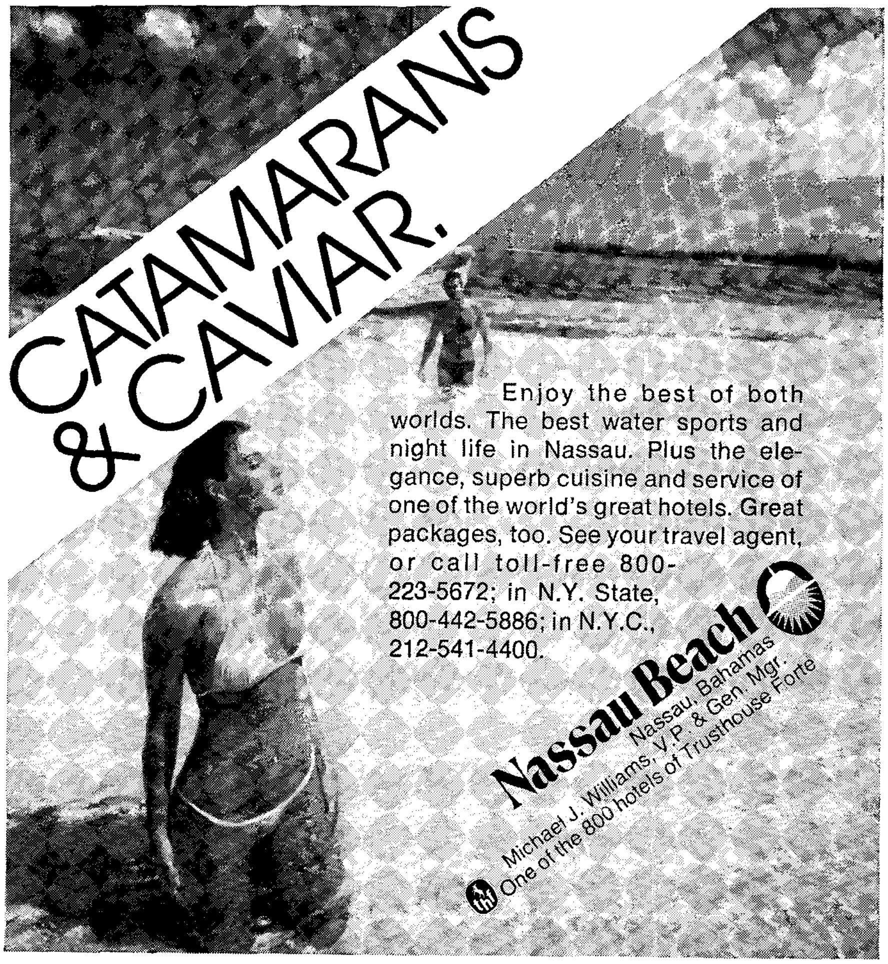
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derful get-on. We talked and talked. He has such vitality and humor. So I was asked to some of his birthday parties, and they photographed us together, and there were those silly stories about us—all my fault, really. I was so flattered to have a new admirer, especially one who is a hundred—my last was forty years younger than I am—and I always talk about my admirers as my 'lovers.' So these ridiculous rumors got around that we were going to be married. But I do love him dearly. He and Mrs. Noble fetch me sometimes in her Mini. It's almost as difficult for her to get me in and out of the back as it is to get him into the front, and then there's his chair or that walking thing to be stored away, too. I sit on the floor so that she can pull me out more easily. We manage it somehow."

During the intermission of the hundredth-birthday concert, Lady Diana went along to one of the rooms at the Royal Festival Hall to see the Queen invest Sir Robert as a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. It was crowded with people, and she did not immediately see anyone she knew. "Then, all of a sudden, a nice-looking little woman popped up beside me and said 'Hello.' I said 'Hello,' and we talked for a couple of minutes or so about what a wonderful occasion it was and how wonderful Sir Robert was. Two minutes is quite a long time. Suddenly I looked at her diamonds and thought how superb they were, and then the penny dropped. I tried to do a bob—difficult to do gracefully in a hurry when you have arthritis—and jumbled up too many 'Ma'am's into one sentence. I said, 'Do forgive me, Ma'am, but I didn't recognize you without your crown.' She didn't laugh. She said that she had decided at the last moment not to wear a tiara, because it was Sir Robert's evening, and she didn't want to take any attention away from him."

Music Is Magic

At a quarter to eleven on a fine, frosty morning in December last year, streams of chattering children are heading toward the Royal Festival Hall, skipping and racing along the different levels of overhead walks and stairways that connect the South Bank complex of buildings. They pour toward it from every side, as though following an invisible Pied Piper. Teachers or parents walk more sedately. It is the third concert of the fifty-seventh season of Robert Mayer Concerts, to which adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child aged up to thirteen. In the foyer, the children mill around excitedly, getting programs, losing their parties, queuing up to buy chocolate bars and Smarties for the surreptitious nibble between the bouts of culture.

Sir Robert sits in his wheelchair in the Royal Box, his camel coat over his knees. His guests are an American oil man, his wife, and their little girl, and an English woman friend with a young daughter of about the same age. Mrs. Noble suggests that the children sit together. When they are settled, they lean forward, keenly watching the London Mozart Players arranging themselves on the stage. "Rebecca has heard all the tapes of this morning's concert at school," one mother tells Sir Robert. "Good, very good," he says. "That's what we used to do. Before a concert, we had the teachers along, and everything in the program was explained to them." He leans forward, too, and looks down into the auditorium, which is packed from top to bottom with children in bright-colored sweaters and jeans or in school uniforms of every hue. They jiggle about, squirm, and bounce, so that the effect is something like a huge flower bed of annuals bent all ways by a stiff breeze.

Sir Robert sighs. "When Dorothy and I started the concerts, at Central Hall, Westminster, they were much smaller, of course. You could handle the children better. It was more intimate. Everything today has got too big." The conductor, Antony Hopkins—a slight man with a pleasant conversational manner—comes on, to applause, and talks for a bit about Haydn, the first composer. The overture to "L'Incontro Improviso" follows. Next, Mr. Hopkins tells a few jokey anecdotes about Handel, and asks the children to watch for the cuckoo in the Organ Concerto in F Major, "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale." There is another cuckoo and its friends, including a hen, in Respighi's suite "The Birds," and Mr. Hopkins dilates entertainingly on them. Some of the children stand up and copy his movements when the orchestra begins to play; others beat time with their programs or slump in their seats and chew their fingers.

Sir Robert shakes his head sorrowfully. "This is not one of the old Mayer Concerts. Too many stories. Too little participation. Music is magic, and we made the children join in. One should never talk about it without illustration—show them the instruments

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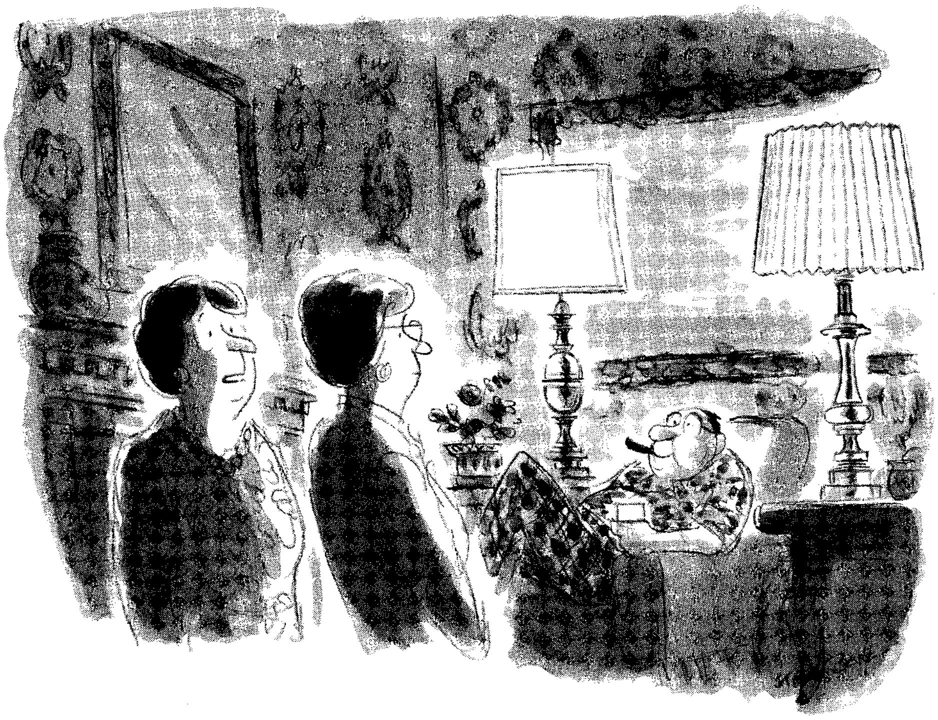

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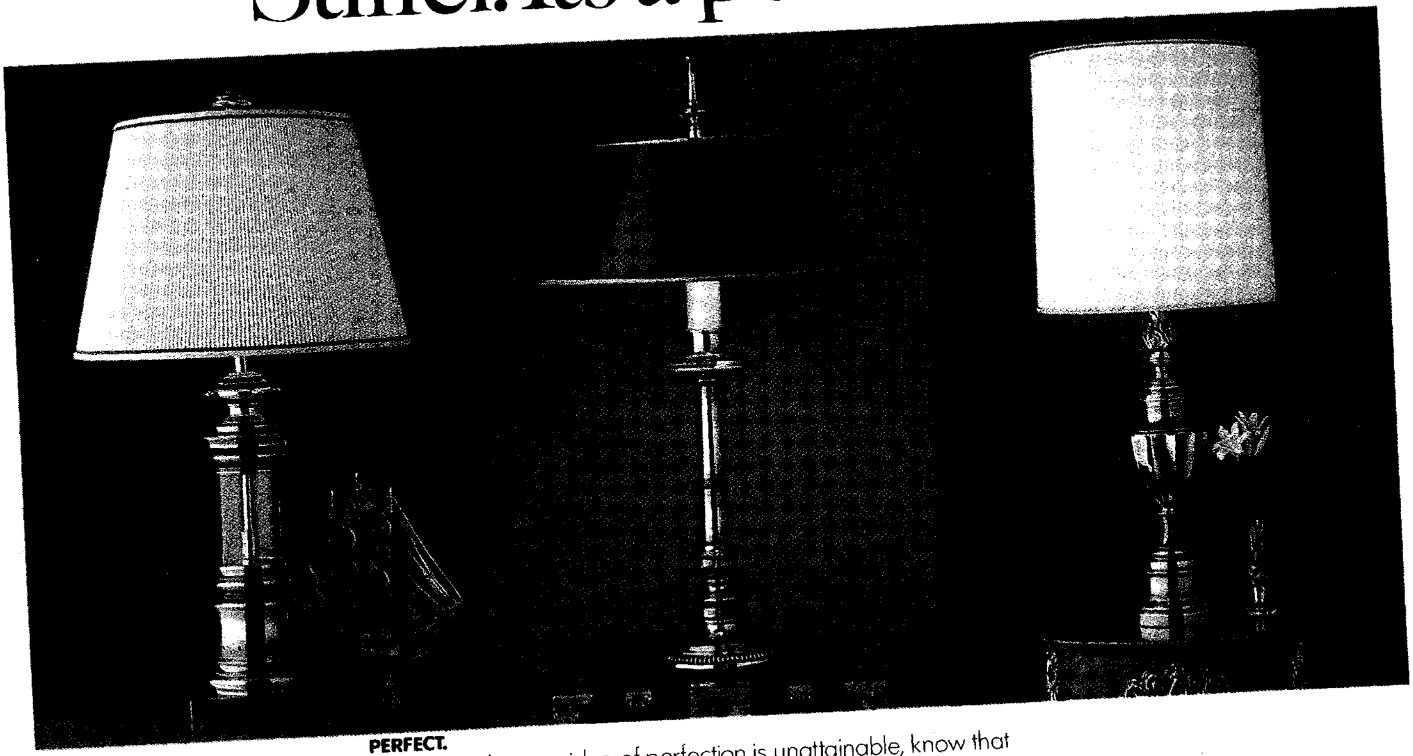

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and play them, one by one. Sometimes at Christmastime, when there were carols, we got them to *sing*. Participate! They never wanted to leave when *our* concerts were over." But of the introduction to the final Mozart—three little German dances, with a lot of rousing post-horn tootling and jolly sleigh bells—he is more approving. Mr. Hopkins asks the audience if they know what "sleigh ride" is in German.

HOPKINS: It's *Schlittenfahrt*. (*Delighted laughter.*) Now, then, all of you say it together: *Schlittenfahrt!*

CHILDREN: SCHLITTENFAHRT! (*Roars of amusement. The finger chewers are bolt upright and beaming.*)

Sir Robert laughs, and says, "That's it! Participate!"

Mr. Hopkins announces that the founder of the concerts is in the Royal Box, and invites everybody to call up to him "Happy Christmas, Sir Robert!"

CHILDREN: HAPPY CHRISTMAS, SIR ROBERT!

He stands up with an agility that many septuagenarians would envy and waves and smiles to all parts of the house. Then he and his guests go backstage to see Antony Hopkins. The conductor gives him a warm welcome and tells him about a trip he will shortly make to Hong Kong for some concerts with the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra. "We're going to give a few children's concerts while I'm there." "Good, good, excellent," Sir Robert says. Mr. Hopkins encourages two small children who are lurking in the background to approach the wheelchair and ask Sir Robert to sign their programs. He does so, craftily asking the little girl, "How old are you, darling? Ten?" Vigorous headshakes. "Nine?" Repeat performance, shrieks of delight. "I'm seven!" she says. "I'm five," says the boy. Mr. Hopkins tells them, "Sir Robert knew *Brahms*." They look at him noncommittally.

THE PATTERN

THE last honor that Sir Robert received in his centenary year was the one he likes best. On December 4th, the Queen Mother presented him with the Albert Medal, awarded each year by the Royal Society of Arts, formed in 1754, to a distinguished man or woman especially prominent "in promoting the arts, manufactures, and commerce." In the years since it was struck, in 1864, in memory of the Prince Consort, its recipients have included Ferdinand de Lesseps, Louis Pasteur, Thomas Edison, Mme. Marie Curie, and, in more recent times, Winston Churchill, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Walter Gropius, Dame Ninette de Valois, and Lord Olivier. The medal is gold, with Prince Albert's handsome profile in relief. The presentation was made at a private dinner at the Society's house, in John Adam Street, to which Sir Robert's family and Jackie Noble were bidden. His speech in reply was short—unusual for him, since when he is in full, enjoyable flow on his subject he is difficult to stop; he calls himself "an intolerant talker." He pointed out that he was neither a philosopher nor an artist. "I look upon myself as a musical bricklayer with architectural aspirations," he said. Doing his homework for the occasion, he dipped into a biography of the Prince Consort in which Albert was eulogized as Patron of the Arts, Promoter of Peace. It particularly pleased him that a German prince—coming as a stranger to an adopted country, like himself—saw that the two were indivisible. More and more of the arts—music, in his case—for more and more people, and the human animal will less and less feel its curious recurring wish to destroy itself. Simple but profound. "As you grow old, you begin to draw nearer to the truth, perhaps. You see the pattern."

The New Year, 1980. The Christmas holiday was quiet, because Sir Robert had a cold and did not make his usual visit to Ugley. Christmas is always celebrated first at Mansfield Street, when his children and grandchildren come and have a buffet lunch on Christmas Eve and open their presents. In a few days, he and Jackie will be off to Tenerife for four or five weeks. It will be pleasant to be in the sun, he says, but one gets the impression that he will be restless away from London—from the telephone with New York at the end of it, from the Youth & Music office, from a new production at the Coliseum, from new friends, arguments, comings and goings. He may fall into melancholy, as he does periodically. Then it seems to him that everybody is against him, that the philosophy behind the seeing and doing of his life and Dorothy's is not wanted in an increasingly deaf, materialistic age. Not long ago, listening to Lorin Maazel conduct the Vienna Philharmonic on a TV program of Johann Strauss music made him think of his early days in London at the beginning of the century, when his firm would send him to Berlin for the monthly meetings, held on Saturdays, of the International Zinc Syndicate. On Sunday night, he would take the train to Vienna for more meetings with

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metal magnates, and, the next day, to Budapest. Listening to Strauss, thinking of Vienna, its elegance, its opera house, its seductive women ("only just beating the charm of those in Budapest") was very affecting. "I realized that I had arrived at the end of the road," he wrote despondently to a friend. "A practically spent force now, probably already living partly in the great unknown lying ahead of me."

At such moments, having organized things all his life, Sir Robert may issue directions for the proper management of his death, as though it were another Mayer Concert at which he wants to make sure that the best artists will perform. Lord Drogheda was startled to get a letter from him outlining a few ideas for the program "after my number's up." "Robert said that he wanted everything very short and simple, like the Quaker service after his wife's death," he says. "Gerald Moore, the accompanist, who is a great friend of his, would see to the music. If there was to be any writing or speaking, Bernard Levin must do that. He wrote and said much the same thing to Bernard. I wrote back and simply told him not to be so silly. Bernard wrote and said that he, Robert, would probably be arranging *his* funeral. We didn't hear any more."

The downs do not seem to last long. "Laugh or cry. I preferred to laugh." Things are too interesting, too amusing, to allow oneself to be depressed more than is necessary. "How I enjoy fun!" he cries. It is a brilliantly fine morning outside in Mansfield Street. The telephone rings, and he answers it before anyone else can get there. "Hello! Yes, this is Sir Robert Mayer. . . . Full of beans! . . . How are you? What can I do for you?"

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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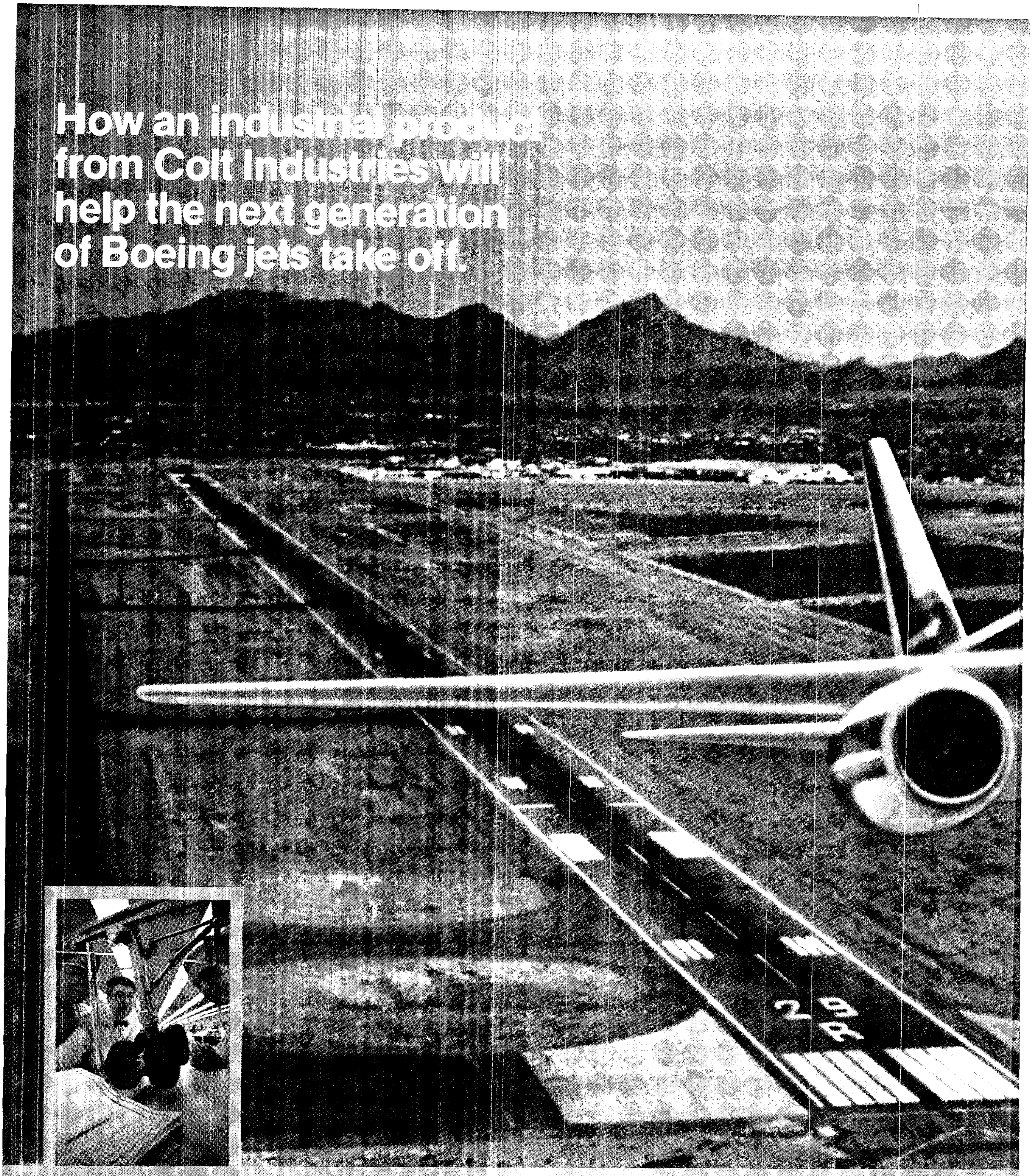

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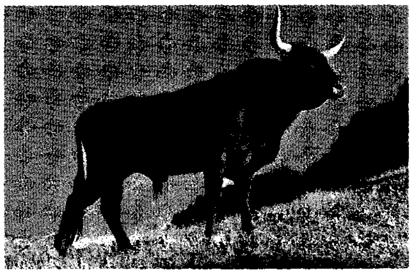

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THE THEATRE

The Age of Innocence

"MORNING'S AT SEVEN," at the Lyceum, is a new production of an old play by Paul Osborn. When it opened on Broadway, in 1939, it enjoyed only a brief run, and perhaps one of the reasons for its failure was that it was set in what was then "the present," and by the standards of that day it was already fairly old-fashioned—a well-made three-act play, with determinedly naturalistic dialogue and a cast of nine. In the current production, the time of the play has been unobtrusively dropped back to 1922, thus increasing its distance from us and permitting it the luxury of an honorable quaintness; if a prim matron in a prim, middle-class community speaks of having known the novelty of the telephone, then the novelty for her of learning that a "nice" young woman of her acquaintance has become pregnant outside marriage is also able to be taken seriously. "Morning's at Seven" is a comedy that possesses an unusual sweetness of nature, and it constantly skirts but rarely topples over into the dangerous shallows of sentimentality. One thinks of it as taking place in the Indiana of Tarkington, or even of James Whitcomb Riley ("Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"), and if it must be somewhat unsettling for Mr. Osborn, now in his seventy-ninth year, to discover that he has been transported for literary purposes into a period earlier than his own, no doubt he will find consolation in the most welcome fashion possible—by being the author of a hit. For it looks as if a failed play of the last year of the thirties might become the most successful play of the first year of the eighties; it is unexpected reversals of fortune of this kind that keep playwrights at their typewriters and Broadway angels at the ready.

Indispensable to the play's effectiveness is the Belasco-like robustness of the set, designed by William Ritman. It consists of two big gabled frame houses, presumably built in the nineties, that sit side by side on their narrow plots of land. The houses have back yards that we assume to be identical in their lack of interest, because sixty years ago the back yards of the Middle West didn't boast barbecues and swimming pools and brightly colored plastic chairs and parasols; families gave most of their attention to what took place in the street, stationing themselves in a whisper of wicker on their broad front porches in order to see and be seen. In one of Mr. Ritman's plausible, jigsaw-decorated houses live Cora and Thor Swanson and Cora's unmarried sister, Aaronetta Gibbs; in the adjacent house live another sister, Ida Bolton, Ida's husband, Carl, and their son, Homer. A fourth Gibbs sister, Esther Crampton, lives nearby with her husband, David, a grumpy thinker who holds his in-laws in such contempt that he has forbidden his wife to visit them. The only other character in the play is Homer's fiancée, Myrtle, whom Homer has been courting for many a long year now and is at last bringing home to be inspected for the first time. Her arrival causes a lesion in the long sequence of accommodations by which the Gibbs "girls" and their families have dwelt in comity, and by the time we approach what threatens to be—but isn't—the heartbreaking climax of the play, we perceive that the author's choice of a title (Browning's cry in "Pippa Passes": "Morning's at seven . . . God's in his heaven—all's right with the world") has its ironic overtones.

The assured and witty direction of Vivian Matalon (I say "witty" in part because I assume that such matters as the exquisite timing of Carl Bolton's gravity-defying fits are of Mr. Matalon's devising) has encouraged a perfectly chosen cast to play together with exceptional force and grace. Let me name them all, for the pleasure it gives me to do so: Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, Teresa Wright, Maurice Copeland, Lois de Banzie, Richard Hamilton, David Rounds, and Gary Merrill. And, much as if I were a judge of baked goods and preserves at a county fair, I cannot resist the temptation of affixing to Miss Marchand, Miss Wilson, and Mr. Rounds a ribbon reading, "Best Performance of Career." A similar ribbon might be affixed to Linda Fisher, honoring the costumes that have come from her hand and that are a match in evocativeness for Mr. Ritman's set; nor should I fail to praise the late afternoon and early morning of the lighting design by Richard Nelson. Once upon a time, there *was* an innocence at work (for good or ill) in American life, and we are lucky to have it embodied so charmingly in the dusky reaches of the Lyceum.

THE Phoenix Theatre is putting on a play called "Second Avenue Rag," by Allan Knee, and during the first act I kept thinking of the lines by Hopkins "No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief, more pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring." I left at the intermission, in the prayerful hope that next season the Phoenix, starting at so low a point, can pitch itself upward out of grief and wring no wilder pangs from my hard-pressed colleagues and me. There are plays that make our bones ache, and "Second Avenue Rag" is one of them.

—BRENDAN GILL

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JUDGING JOHNNY JONES

BLACK people in Miami responded to the troubles of Johnny Jones in a way that white people found puzzling. "They think, at best, that it's peculiar," T. Willard Fair, the president of the Greater Miami Urban League, said recently. In February, it was revealed that Dr. Johnny Jones—the Dade County superintendent of schools, the preëminent black public official in Miami—had signed a requisition for nine thousand dollars' worth of "top of the line" plumbing fixtures, some of them gold-plated. When Solomon Barnes, a black high-school principal who is a close friend of Jones's, called for the fixtures at the Bond Plumbing Supply company, the manager, instead of handing them over, phoned the school system's purchasing director (as well as a local television station) to ask what use a school system might have for a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sunken bathtub with gold-plated grab bars or a five-hundred-and-thirty-six-dollar gold-trimmed bidet. At first, what became known as "the gold-plumbing caper" seemed to amount to no more than a minor bureaucratic embarrassment. Jones said that as superintendent he had signed sixty thousand requisitions, not all of which he had been able to examine with great care. Solomon Barnes, who was in charge of a high school for students with disciplinary or learning problems, said he planned to institute a plumbing course and had thought that a display of top-of-the-line plumbing fixtures—not gold-plated ones, which he said were ordered as a result of a typographical error—might stir some enthusiasm among the students. The school board gave Jones a unanimous vote of confidence. The gold-plumbing caper, though, would not go away. A clerk at the plumbing-supply company said that Johnny Jones had previously accompanied Barnes to the store to select the fixtures—a charge that both Jones and Barnes denied. It was revealed that Jones was having a vacation house built in Naples, on the west coast of Florida. The State Attorney for Dade County announced that she was looking into the matter. Press accounts raised the possibility that Jones may have used the school system for free boat repairs and free camera equipment. To a lot of white people, what was going on was an investigation, by the authorities and the press, into whether or not the school superintendent had acted improperly or illegally; to a lot of black people, what was going on was the hounding of a black public official. A hundred picketers appeared in front of the Miami *Herald* and Miami *News* building one afternoon carrying placards that accused the papers of racism. The Dade County chapters of the N.A.A.C.P. suggested that the national N.A.A.C.P. convention scheduled for this summer in Miami be moved to another city for reasons that included "media attacks" on Jones and a "witch-hunting audit" of his office. In an editorial, the Miami *Herald* said, "The issue is not whether Johnny Jones is under a cloud because he is black. The issue is whether Dade's superintendent of schools, who coincidentally is black, knowingly initiated or condoned what is at the very least a misuse of the funds under his direct control." The next day, a column in the Miami *Times*, a weekly circulated within Miami's black community, said, "Once more we see the presses grind and the cameras roll as the media pushes another Black male leader against the wall. Dr. Johnny Jones is, in the final analysis, a victim of his blackness."

On a Saturday toward the end of February, a Dade County grand jury returned indictments for second-degree grand theft against Johnny Jones and Solomon Barnes; the school board held an emergency Sunday meeting the following day and voted, unanimously except for the one black member, the immediate suspension of Jones and Barnes. As the gold-plumbing caper unfolded almost daily in the Miami press—as Jones's contractor in Naples said that Jones had asked him to make changes to accommodate such fixtures and had later asked him to forget that the conversation had taken place, as Jones was quoted from depositions as saying that the down payment for the Naples house had come from a bequest his wife found in an unused fireplace of her uncle's house in Mississippi—a lot of white people in Miami simply took it for granted that Johnny Jones was guilty. It occurred to them that black people might reach the same conclusion, however sadly, and might even make some harsh statements about the possibility that Johnny Jones, the model held up to their children, had betrayed them. That was not the way most black people responded to Jones's indictment. They established a defense fund. They called mass meetings. They talked about double standards and media hysteria and lynch mobs. If the principal of an upper-middle-class white high school had ordered luxury plumbing fixtures, T. Willard Fair has said, a clerk would never have dared call school headquarters. If Jones were white, many blacks said, the public would not be treated daily to new details of his private life. Black people had a lot of questions. Was it merely coincidence that Jones's troubles began just after he announced his intention of implementing a school-boundary change that would result in a number of white students' being bused to school? What were the views on race of the people at the plumbing store? Since when does a supplier

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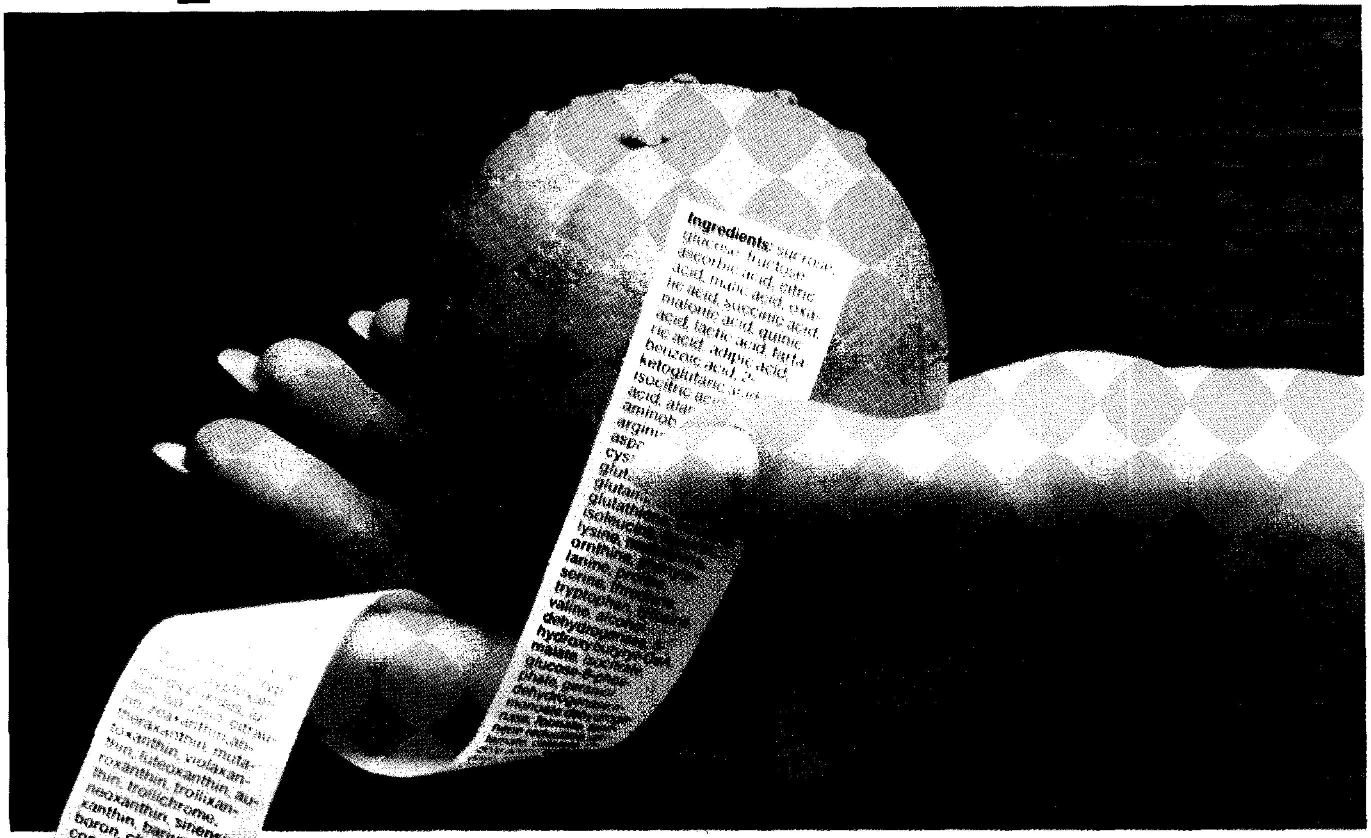
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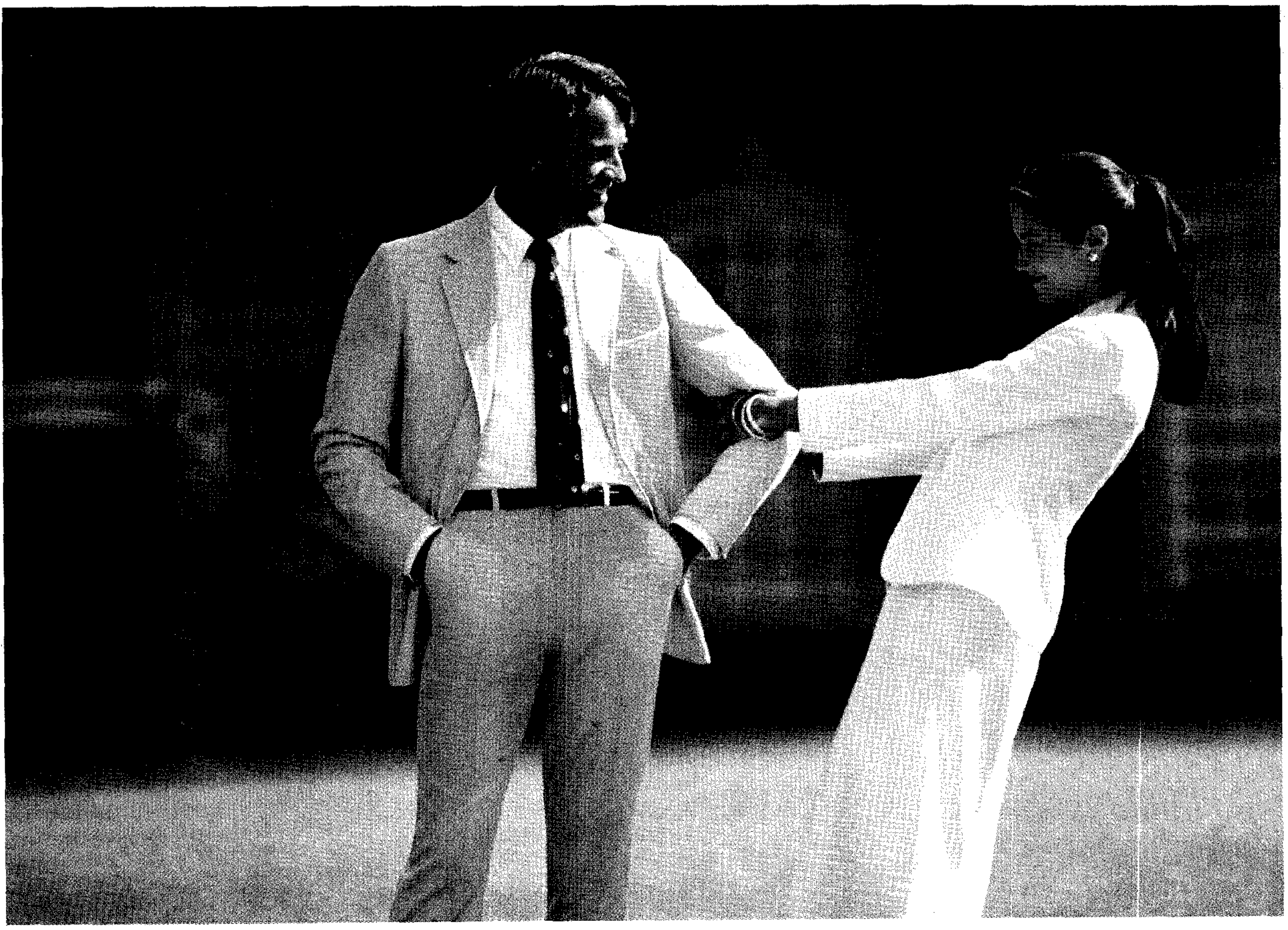

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turn down a nine-thousand-dollar order? Why did the grand jury, which seemed to move so slowly in indicting white policemen accused of brutalizing blacks, move so swiftly on a Saturday against a black school superintendent? Why did the school board meet on a Sunday, when Jones was still reeling from the indictment, to suspend him? The Naples contractor's story about Jones's asking for a change in his house plans struck a lot of white people as crucially damaging to Jones's protestations of innocence, but some black people who thought Jones was being persecuted saw the same story as raising one of the most significant questions of all: Had Jones's real crime been trying to move into a racist white area of Naples? Just after Jones was indicted, there was a lot of talk in the Miami press about the need to avoid polarization over the Jones case. There was also a fire at the Fort Lauderdale branch of the Bond Plumbing Supply company. The arson squad said that the fire was of suspicious origin.

BEFORE Solomon Barnes walked into the Bond Plumbing Supply company in February, the question of what the black community of Miami had to cheer about might have been answered with a single name—Dr. Johnny Jones. The school superintendent, a man who is rarely described in Miami without the use of the word "charisma," was the bright spot in a community that has been chronically dejected. The black community in Miami has always been fragmented; it includes, among others, people who are thought of as Bahamian blacks and people who are thought of as Georgia blacks. Compared to black communities in other cities the size of Miami, it has never amassed much economic or political power. Although Miami considers itself enlightened on racial matters compared to other cities in the area—one reason Jones's lawyers have been concerned about pretrial publicity is that a change of venue anywhere "south of Chicago" is not an option an attorney for a black defendant would welcome—it is not a city that has had the long-term working relationship between black and white leaders that exists in, say, Atlanta. The contact between blacks and whites in Miami is described by one resident who is interested in such contact as "episodic;" for long periods between riots or referenda in which black votes are required, the black community has sometimes felt itself almost literally forgotten.

In recent years, when attention has been given to a minority group in Miami it has usually been given to Latins. There are not many visiting reporters who find the crumbling storefronts of black neighborhoods like Overtown more engaging than Calle Ocho in Little Havana. In economic and political power, the blacks have over the years worked their way from second to third. Among the Cubans who came to Miami there were middle-class businessmen and professionals who have done well financially. They are now an important element in the Latin-American trade that is the basis of Miami's recent prosperity—a prosperity that does not seem to have touched unemployed or underemployed blacks. The excitement about Miami's emergence as a bilingual link between the Americas is not shared in the black housing projects on the Northwest Side. A black secretarial-school graduate who might have thought her handicaps in the job market would be limited to her color and an occasional problem with verb endings now has another handicap: she can't speak Spanish.

In the past year or so, the black community in Miami has been shaken by a series of police-brutality incidents—most notably the death of an insurance man named Arthur McDuffie, allegedly at the hands of Miami policemen in a violent frenzy. It has also been dispirited by the departure of a series of prominent blacks from public life under charges of corruption. In December, the one black member of the Dade County Commission was suspended while under investigation for running an illegal bingo operation. He had occupied what amounted to the black seat on the commission; its previous two occupants had been suspended under similar circumstances.

There was some check, though, on how low black morale could fall. Johnny Jones—self-assured, aggressive, impressively turned out—sat in the superintendent's office. He was not simply a politician occupying a black seat or a sinecure-holder appointed to placate black voters. He was a professional. He had credentials. The son of poor folks from Greenville, North Carolina, he had come up through the ranks in the school system by dint of his own effort. His reputation in education circles was national. The first mention of the gold-plumbing caper in the Miami *Herald* happened to come in an edition that also carried an item about his being on the short list of prospects for the superintendency of the Chicago public schools. There was talk

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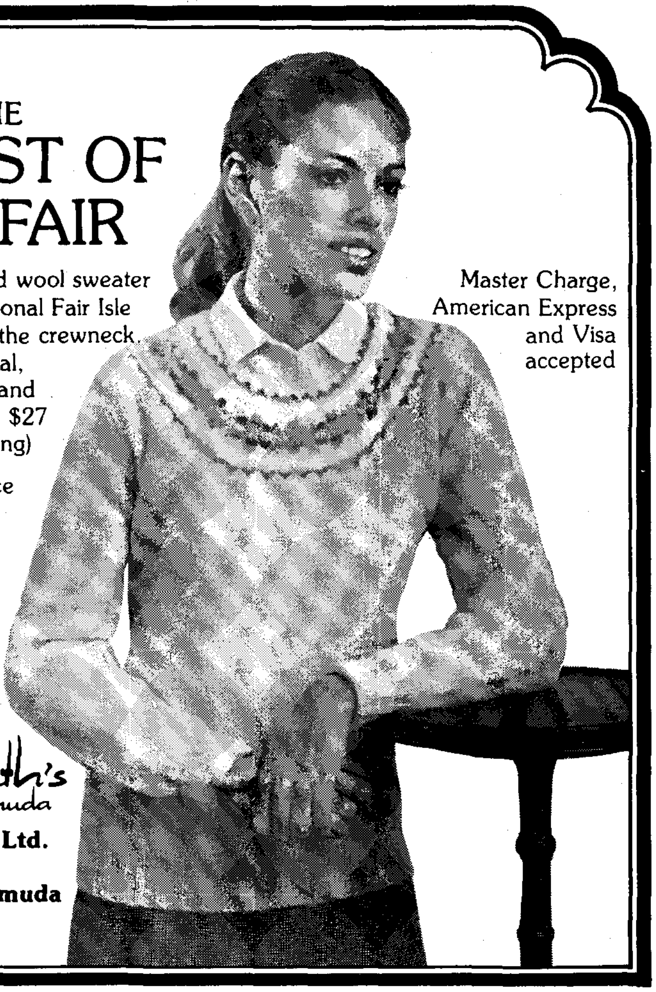

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in Miami about the possibility that Johnny Jones, already sailing along as the superintendent of the fifth-largest school system in the country, would someday be the United States Secretary of Education. "He was not only it," a white resident involved in Miami race relations said recently. "He was a hot-shot it."

He was not a school superintendent who happened to be black; he was, without apology, a black school superintendent. He presided over one of the largest political pies in Dade County—an institution that had a budget of more than half a billion dollars a year—and he had no hesitation about surrounding himself with black administrators, some of them promoted from far down in the system. He openly concentrated on inner-city education, explaining that unequal resources had to be applied to unequal schools. A special fund of more than a million dollars was at his disposal—a fund that made it possible for him to sign Solomon Barnes's requisition, described as "basketball uniforms and equipment," without weeks of paperwork—and he tended to use it to respond quickly to the needs of inner-city schools. "He was a take-charge person," a black college professor said recently. "And he didn't take charge with any humility. It wasn't just that a black had assumed that power; he had taken that power and used it to help black kids."

Among influential white people in Miami, Johnny Jones was the black star. He was a trustee of the University of Miami and a board member of the Opera Association and an associate member of the Orange Bowl committee. "His presence lent charm and subtle excitement to any gathering," John McMullan, the executive editor of the Miami *Herald*, wrote when the gold-plumbing caper began to come to light. "He was one of those rare individuals who seem to have been touched with something special. I am not alone in liking him immensely, and wanting him to succeed." It was said around Miami that Johnny Jones, who had been elected superintendent in 1977 by a vote of only four to three, had the school board in his pocket. Last fall, his contract was extended with a raise that made his salary $62,512 and escalated it to $79,270 in 1983. Although the *Herald* had run a piece or two about the sudden ascent of Jones's friends to positions of authority in the school system, there was word around the newsroom that a story critical of the school superintendent had to be able to with-

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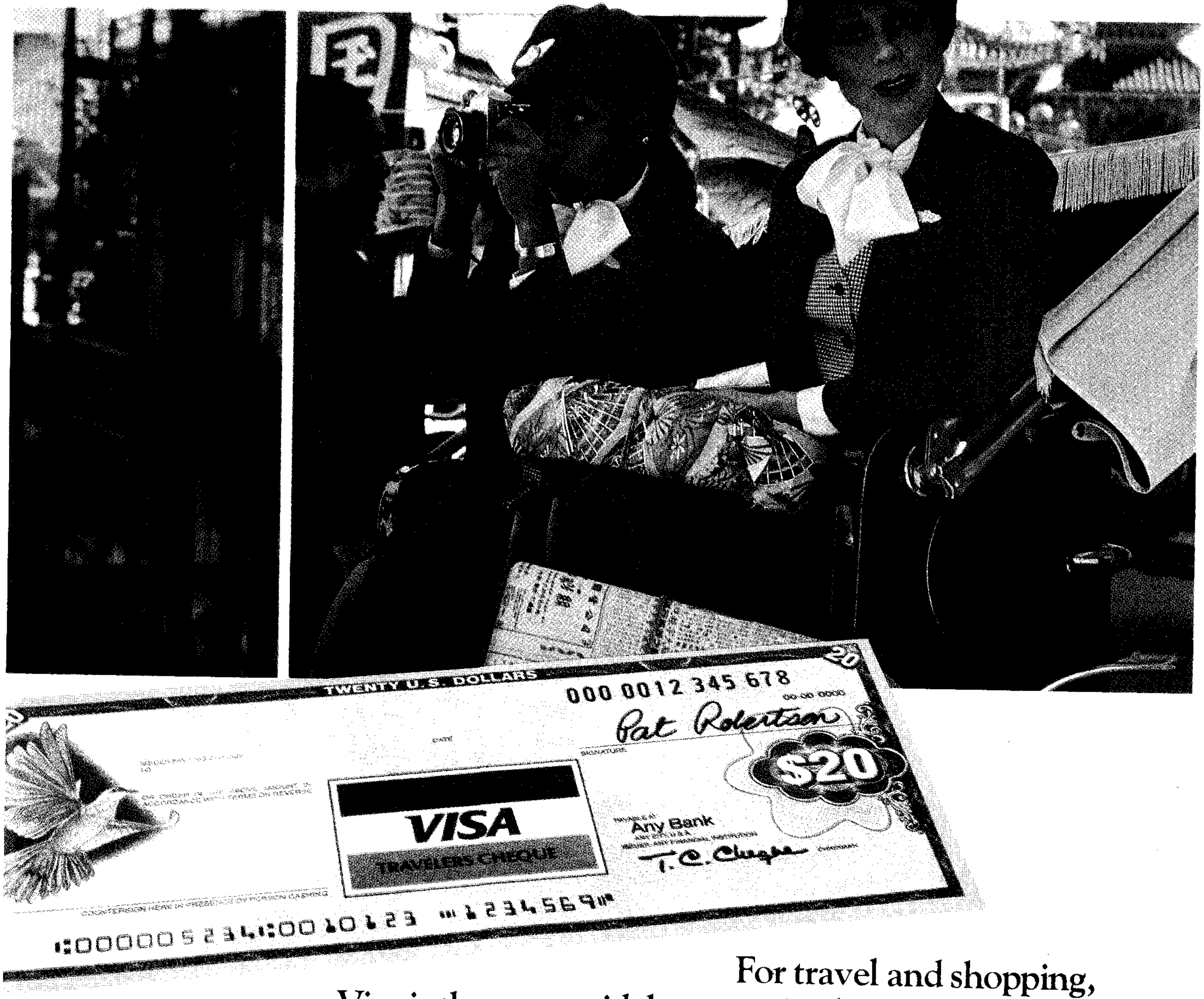
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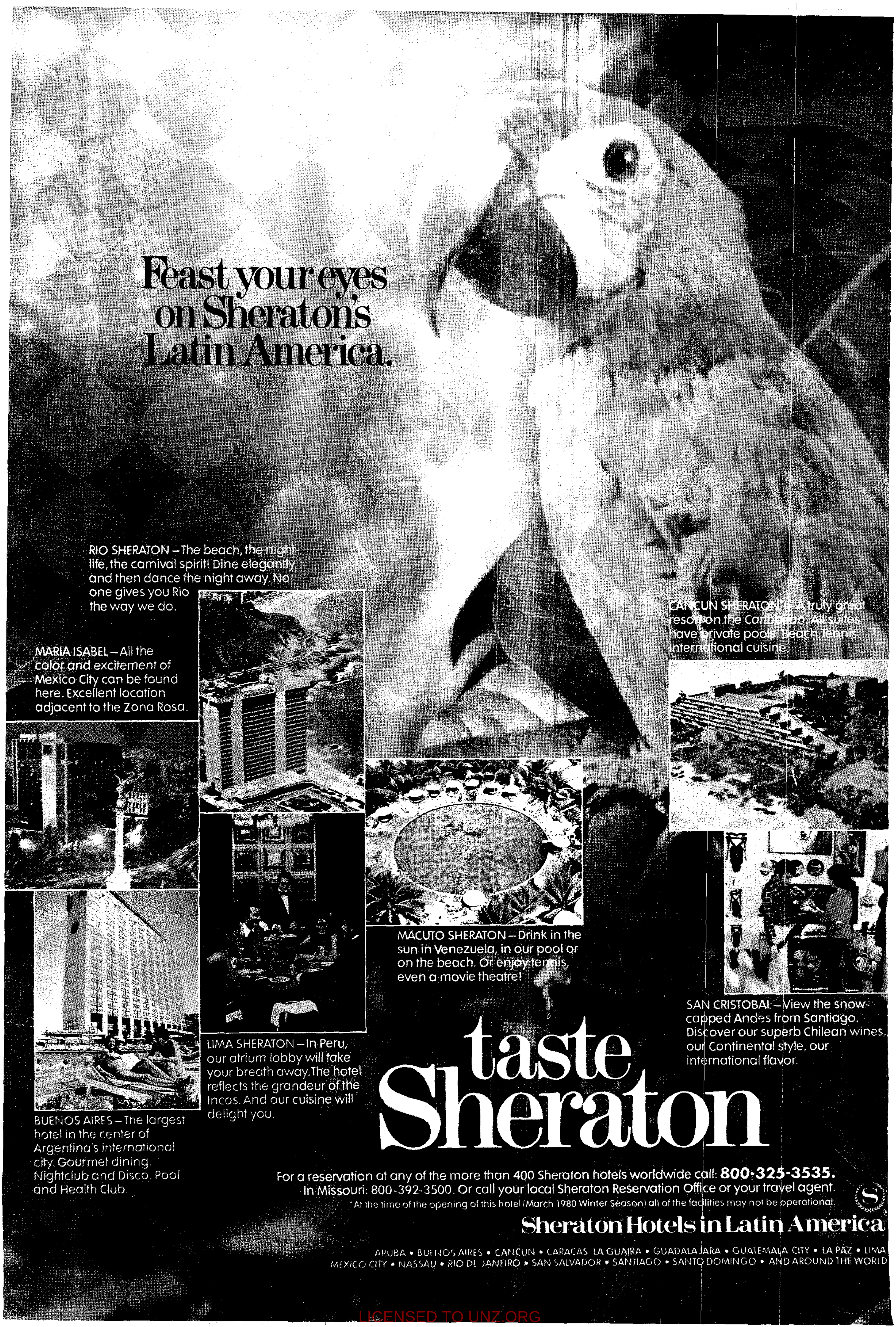

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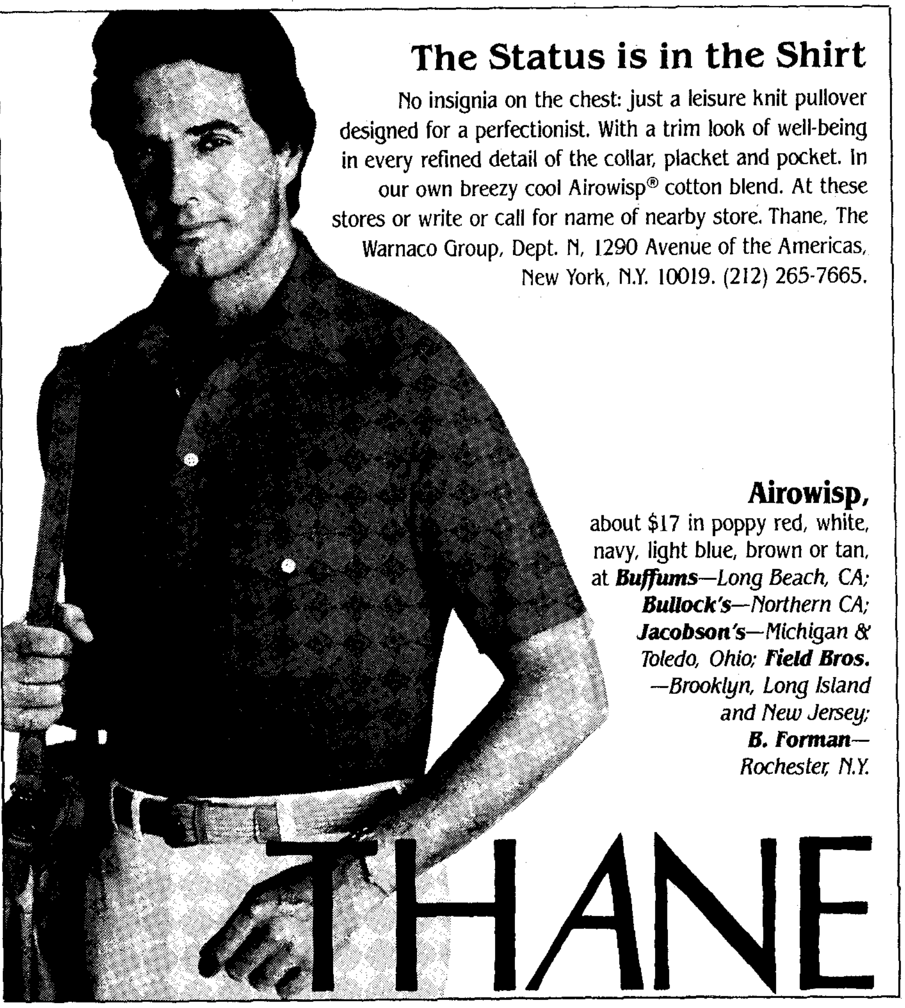
stand scrutiny of a particularly high degree before it found its way into print. For influential white people who treasured the notion of Miami's being an enlightened city, there was a double pleasure in having a black school superintendent who was also considered an effective and imaginative administrator. In the words of T. Willard Fair, of the Urban League, "It's like having Lena Horne as your secretary, only she can type."

FOR blacks in Miami, the sudden turnabout in the fortunes of Dr. Johnny Jones seemed to be the final blow. It is not unusual to hear his indictment compared to the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Some black people simply refused to consider the possibility that the charge against Jones could be true. ("Johnny's too smart to risk that job for chicken feed.") Some black people who began to find the evidence against Jones persuasive might have cursed him in the privacy of their homes, but a lot of them said that what he was accused of doing was the sort of thing white public officials had done routinely for years. Some black people suspected a specific conspiracy to set up Johnny Jones. Some of the reasons that Jones's departure was particularly painful to blacks—that he was one black man who moved powerfully and confidently among important whites, that he had control over a huge public institution, that he concentrated on helping black children—could also be seen as reasons for white people to have welcomed or even engineered his departure. Even those who didn't see a conscious conspiracy tended to interpret the events within the context of recent history: "Somehow or other, when a black gets into a position of power he's going to be destroyed."

The most ferocious defense of Johnny Jones came from the black professionals and public officials who are normally considered spokesmen for the community. They are, of course, his friends as well as his colleagues. As people who believe that a black in a prominent position can assume that there are a lot of people who would rather see him elsewhere, they have reason to identify with Jones's problems. For a time, black leaders seemed to be more exercised about the indictment of Johnny Jones than they were about the appalling death of Arthur McDuffie. As signs began to appear that the black community's initial burst of anger over Jones's indictment was waning—as contributions to the defense fund and attendance at public



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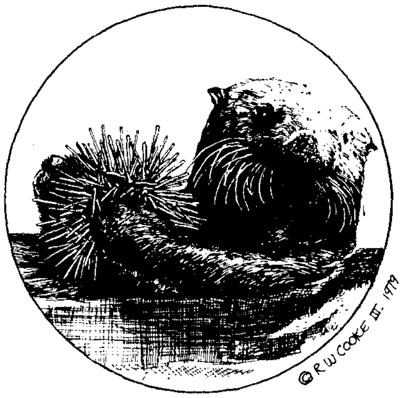

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meetings began to decline—black spokesmen may have been defending Johnny Jones with an intensity not necessarily shared by the people they have been accustomed to speak for. Lately, the spokesmen themselves seem to have grown less eager to volunteer public expressions of support for Jones. They insist that their concern has always been with fair treatment rather than guilt or innocence, but the distinction has sometimes been difficult to draw. "Let's say the people at the plumbing store are racists," a black who disagrees with the spokesmen's approach has said. "Does that make it all right to take the plumbing?" There are people who believe that black leaders—in their anger and their hurt and their personal loyalty and their embarrassment—may have chosen the wrong incident to define the city's racism. Only a couple of blacks have said so publicly, though, and they have been bitterly attacked. "You are as bad as the Africans who sold slaves to the white man," a college professor named Marvin Dunn was told in a letter to the Miami *Times*. "As bad as 'niggers' helping to catch runaway slaves."

Thinking about the gold-plumbing caper recently, a white resident of Miami said that the anger of black people might have burst out in charges of racism partly because black people simply found it too painful to consider the possibility that their anger should be directed at Johnny Jones for letting them down. Neither she nor others who have seriously considered it, though, would be likely to argue that race had no role in Jones's departure—or, for that matter, in his appointment. (In 1977, Jones was, among other things, the black candidate; when he was not named interim superintendent during the search for candidates, the president of his black professional fraternity said the decision revealed "a smoldering fire of bigotry.") There is no doubt that the population of potential whistle blowers and tipsters and embarrassing-memo leakers goes up rather sharply in a basically white bureaucracy taken over by an aggressive black administrator. There is no doubt that a lot of white people in Miami are relishing Johnny Jones's problems—enjoying the fall of a black man who seemed too successful, competing to top each other in plumbing jokes.

Most newspaper reporters in Miami don't think the *Herald*—the most influential news organization in Miami, and the one that has been most criticized by blacks—has gone after Jones because he is black or even because of some irritation about the possibility of having been bamboozled by him in the past. The *Herald* is an enterprising newspaper that happens to have the resources to send two reporters to interview Jones's contractor on the other side of the state ("BUILDER: 'JONES ASKED FIXTURE CHANGE' ") and to send another reporter to interview neighbors of Mrs. Jones's uncle in Goodman, Mississippi ("NEWS OF JONES' WINDFALL STUNS MISSISSIPPI TOWN"). The *Herald*, its editors would argue, showed the same enterprise in stories that eventually stirred the authorities to investigate the possibility that what killed Arthur McDuffie was not a fall from a motorcycle but a homicidal beating by a gang of white policemen. A lot of what a white editor might consider neutral reporting, though, strikes black readers as racist. The word "plush," for instance, is an old standby for any newspaper-headline writer faced with the need to describe a relatively expensive house lived in by a public official; the use of the word "plush" to describe the house Jones was having built in Naples—after stories had been run about his boat and his sports car and his cameras and his snappy suits—struck one black supporter of Jones as a way of saying "The nigger tried to live like us! The audacity of this guy to get a weekend retreat in a place like Naples!"

The very name "the gold-plumbing caper"—originally used by a school-board member who was dismissing it as inconsequential—hits blacks as part of what one black writer calls "one more attempt to make black people feel bad." It might as well have been the pink-Cadillac caper. Every time the name was used, it was possible to see white racists smiling and nodding and saying that a black Ph.D. with money was no different from a black light heavyweight with money. (The day after Jones's suspension, a story in the Miami *News* said, "Many here remember that the day he was elected superintendent he was wearing a velvet suit.") It was as if an Italian school superintendent of impeccable reputation had turned out to have been slipping the school carting contract to a cousin in the mob. It was as if a Jewish school superintendent who seemed to be perfection itself had been secretly lending his deputy superintendents money at usurious rates—in what had become known as the Shylock caper. It was what they said when you left the room. Because the incident seemed to confirm an ugly stereotype, there are black

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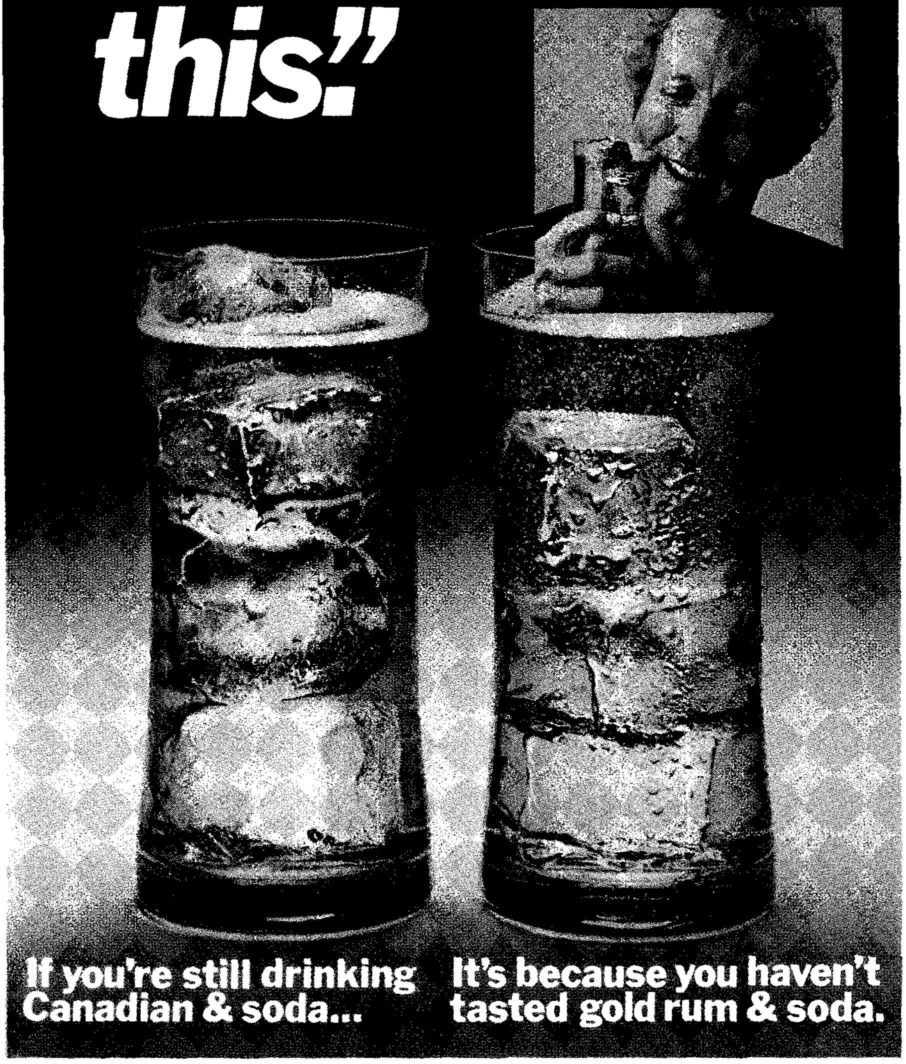
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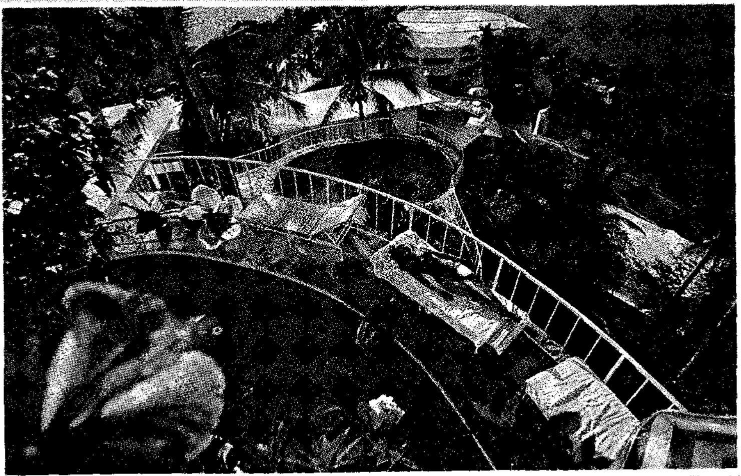

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people in Miami who say privately, "If it's true, it's unforgivable of him." There are also people who see the constant references to gold-plated plumbing and money in fireplaces as a sort of public flagellation. "Some people think of it as being like the experience of Kunta Kinte," Robert Simms, who is executive director of the Dade County Community Relations Board and is black and is a friend of Jones's, said recently. "If you remember, when Kunta Kinte escaped and they caught him, they didn't simply punish him. They whipped him in front of all the slaves until he finally said his slave name, Toby. Some people see this as an effort to punish Johnny Jones in the presence of the black community until he hollers Toby—so no one else will escape."

THERE have been some efforts in Miami to control the hostility and anger caused by the troubles of Johnny Jones. Some prominent white friends of Jones's have contributed their names as well as their money to the defense fund. Partly because it is considered important to make certain that there can be no question of whether or not Jones has been properly represented in court, arrangements have been made to replace his original lawyer with a defense team that includes one of the best-known attorneys in Miami. A trial is set for the end of this month, but it is not expected to be the end of judging Johnny Jones—unless it ends with Jones revealed as patently and irrefutably guilty or as what one Miami lawyer calls "aggressively innocent." Some people believe that Miami does not have the resources or the history to do much about easing the bitterness and mistrust caused by the gold-plumbing caper. "There is no history of meaningful contact between races here," one white human-relations professional said recently. "There is no continuity of trust. What happened was a trauma. There's no other way to think of it except as a trauma. We may be a community that has trauma but no trauma-treatment center."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Thomson McKinnon Technical Analysis*]

For the past five weeks, negative cyclical pressures have weighed heavily on the market. Although residual pressures will continue until the Dow moves out of its downtrend channel (820 this week, 810 next), we believe their peak downward intensity crested last week.

THE AIR

Fred Wiseman's "Kino Pravda"

AS with the work of many serious and obstinate men, the nonfiction films of Frederick Wiseman have a certain obsessive quality, though in his case the obsessional note is of a rather unexpected sort: not so much a concentration of effect as a diffusion; not so much a sense of drive as a seeming absence of intensity. Indeed, his films share a tone of gray matter-of-factness (reinforced, but not altogether produced, by the black-and-white cinematography) that is as individual, and as deliberate in its way, as Billy Wilder's wit or Ken Russell's baroque artifice. Unlike a work of the entertainment cinema, however, a Wiseman film seems at virtually no point in its unreeling to defer to—or even to acknowledge—the frivolous impulses of the audience. Not only does it unwind casually and naturally, as it were, upon the screen—unaided by music or sound effects, or even by narration—but the theme of the picture is usually so unfocussed or unemphasized (or perhaps anti-thematic) as to be almost nonexistent. In this respect, Wiseman's nonfiction resembles certain modernist musical compositions: the work is clearly not without artful design and interior structure, but both design and structure appear to be unfamiliar ones; the notes, of course, are the same as always, yet here they form unusual chords, which proceed in what seem to be eccentric progressions—not necessarily jarring but somehow unsatisfying to the untrained ear.

Thus, in Wiseman's films, though there is no lack of brief episodes and vignettes, there are few of those little self-contained dramas that seem to turn up so conveniently before the cameras of other recorders of actuality. When Wiseman uses a conventional event as a basic framework for a film—as in his recent television release, "Manœuvre," which is ostensibly an account of a United States Army battalion that is transported from Louisiana to West Germany for two weeks of North Atlantic Treaty Organization maneuvers—he makes almost no attempt to adapt the basic framework into a conventional story. It isn't that "Manœuvre" consists only of disconnected or impressionistic situations (such as nowadays are often linked by the grammar of fast-cutting into a pointed, dramatic design) but that the filmmaker seems uninterested in the welding of dramatic connections—in the forging of an attractively unified whole out of the separate elements. There is the case, for example, of a certain battalion commander, a lieutenant colonel (one knows he is a lieutenant colonel only by his insignia), who appears at several points in the film—and not randomly, either, not by happenstance, for he is clearly the man in charge of a particular (though, to us, vague) sector of the mock battle. We watch him give several briefings; we watch him chew out his company commanders; we watch him in conversation with other officers. His is obviously an important role, but the "story" it belongs in is only hazily defined; the lieutenant colonel is *there*, before our eyes, but he is not positioned in the flow of film in any causal way; he is a figure not without "weight" but without linkage. The same is true of a certain also nameless tank-company commander, who appears even more frequently in the film. We see this captain con-

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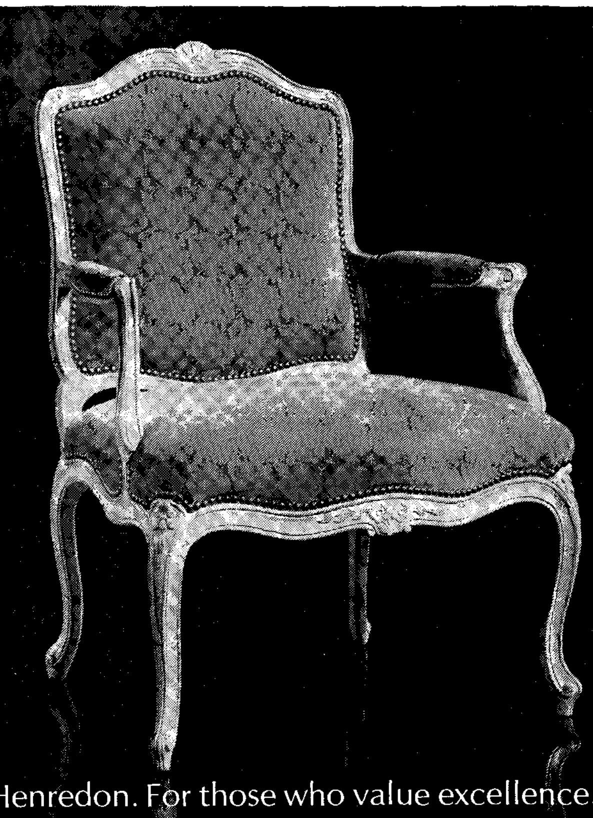

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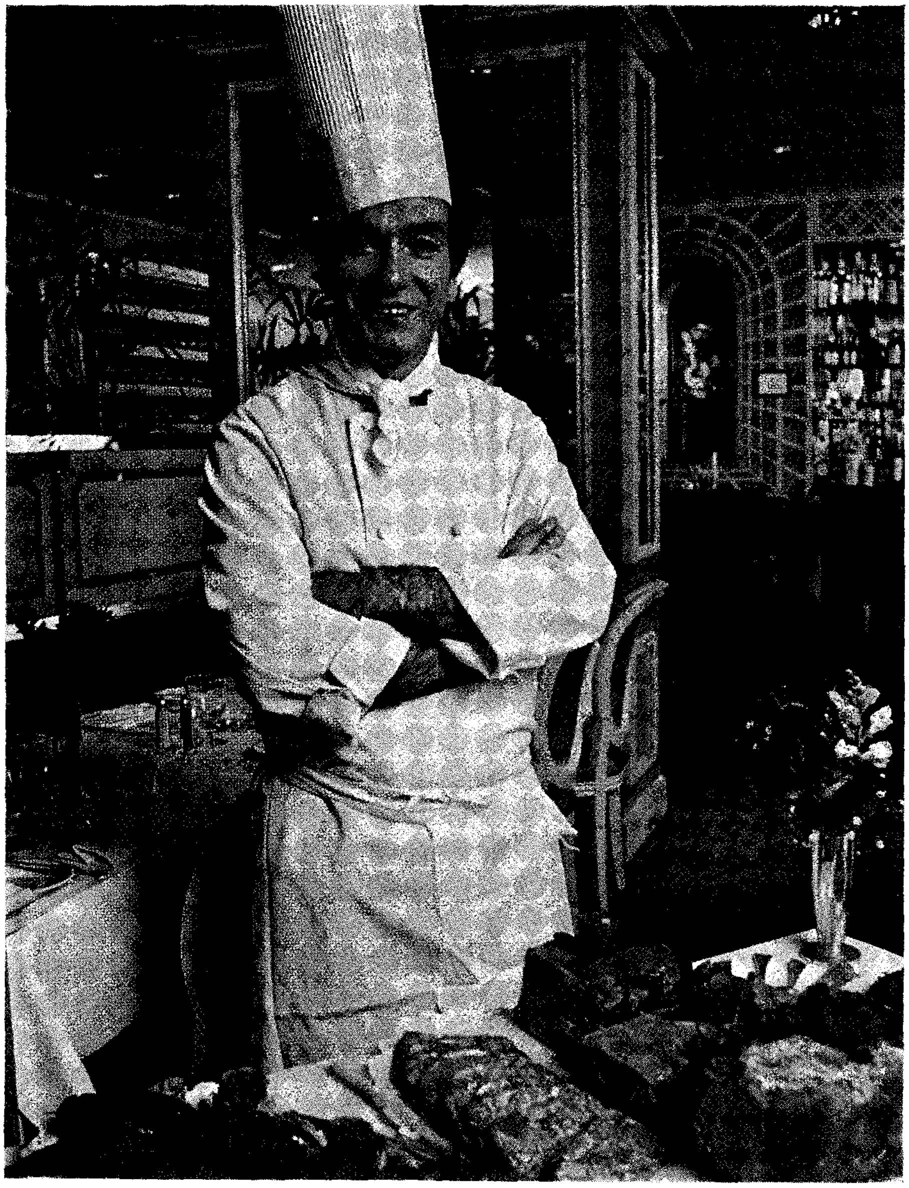
ferring with his sergeants, and giving instructions to some men, and observing an "enemy" assault through binoculars. We become familiar with him—with his face and with his voice—but we never "know" him. Is he a good commander or a bad commander? What does he think of defending Western Europe? Of his battalion commander? Such questions are never asked and never answered, for the captain is never *followed*, according to the accepted documentary manner; there is no "One Day in the Life of" a tank-company commander. Once again, the man is *there*, undeniably real—not at all one of those lighter-than-air characters who inhabit the made-for-TV movies—but something appears to be missing from his portrait: a touch of drama at the most; at the least, a note of personality. We watch him, as we watch much of the non-narrative in "Manœuvre," and wait for things that never happen. When General Alexander Haig, the commander of NATO, has lunch with the troops on their arrival, one imagines that surely he will somehow bump into the young captain—praise him; admonish him; perhaps talk about football or baseball with him, in the way that generals do. But no such meeting takes place; at least, if there is a trigonometry that connects the lieutenant colonel, the captain, and General Haig, it is not a trigonometry observed by Wiseman's camera.

There have been times when Wiseman's avoidance of an ordinary story line has been so unyielding as to seem downright perverse. I am thinking, for example, of his three-hour film "Canal Zone," in which scenes of boats passing and lock gates opening and closing and nameless men working unidentified machines succeeded one another in a near-stupefying parade of actuality. What *is* Wiseman trying to do, I have often wondered. The by now well-worn phrase "*cinéma vérité*" is not much help. Of course, he is after truth—everyone in film is after truth of some kind. Wiseman himself has provided some modest explanations from time to time, speaking gravely in interviews of his interest in "American institutions." Perhaps "*cinéma institutionel*" is what he is up to; that would account for all those locks and levers and whatnot in "Canal Zone," but one would still be hard pressed to describe "Manœuvre" as a report that made much sense of the institutional aspects of military life. Maybe Frederick Wiseman is just a guy with a camera and a lot of black-and-white film who likes to travel about the world making movies about things and people. Maybe so. A few afternoons ago, at any rate, I thought I would run through "Manœuvre" once again on my Betamax and see what clues turned up. There was one sequence in particular that interested me, about two-thirds of the way through the film. Essentially, it was a scene of three or four soldiers standing in a field and talking about a certain aspect of the ongoing but largely invisible maneuvers; in due course, the group shifted, with some of the men drifting away and the others being joined by two men who appeared to be military observers and who began talking about some quite different, though equally routine, military matter. There was little that was notable about this footage; indeed, what had struck me originally was its seemingly total lack of notability. When I watched the film for the first time, I had assumed at the outset of the group discussion that the men were telling us something significant or, at least, relevant about the maneuvers; but this didn't seem to be the case, for the situation was unexplained, and the terminology was mainly technical, and none of it was ever made any clearer. Then I had imagined that the soldiers themselves must have some causal bearing on the rest of the film, that they fitted into it in ways that would soon be apparent: one of the soldiers would move one of the tanks as a result of the discussion, or the observers would inform the tank commander that the latest segment of the exercises had gone well or badly. But none of these things happened. As with a lot of Wiseman's footage, the logic of it was perplexing. It was not *without* logic; so much was clear. Wiseman's films are neither artless nor unedited. His technique, if somewhat more informal than, say, Cecil B. De Mille's, is not as random as that of a blind man throwing darts. But what had been the point of this scene? I ran it through once again: American men in combat fatigues and steel helmets standing in a West German field and talking perfunctorily about such matters as fields of fire and weapon ranges. The discussion rather droned; the men seemed rooted to the spot; the camera also seemed rooted to the spot, patiently giving us a closeup of now one man, now another man, now part of the group, now the whole group. I felt myself becoming bored, impatient. Perhaps the point was to show the American troops in relation to Europe, to the European countryside, but Europe and its countryside were not



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really visible: some faraway gray fields and gray trees, but they might have been anywhere. I played the scene again. For the third time, the plain-spoken Americans reappeared, speaking their same casual military-technical words about events and processes that had not been referred to before and were not to be referred to again. Was this merely the flotsam of *vérité* film-making? One knew that this discussion had actually occurred, but had it *merely* occurred? As I watched the patient closeups, I began writing down the dialogue, partly for something to do, partly in a final attempt to find the dim logic of the scene; and as I scribbled the words while watching the faces on the screen I found myself suddenly less conscious of the words—the droning, strangely textured discussion—and more mindful of the faces: ordinary American faces. Was this the point? To show the ordinariness of faces? I looked harder, for there seemed to be something behind the ordinariness of the faces. And then I saw it, for it was so simple, really, so plainly there to be seen; in fact, I had been making such an effort not to see it! What Wiseman's camera had been giving us was not so much a glimpse of "ordinary men" (as are now seen cinematically virtually everywhere: in movies, in television entertainments, and maybe especially in television commercials) as a look at *men without masks*. The soldiers in the field, after all, were not actors contriving cleverly to appear to be soldiers, to have the "look" of soldiers. Nor were they real soldiers who gave any evidence that they were presenting themselves, even unconsciously, for the camera; at least, given Wiseman's methods, it seemed unlikely that his subjects had been in any way nudged with tactful requests to "be soldierly," or even to "be themselves"—indeed, to "be" anything. (One should acknowledge here that a criticism that was originally directed against a certain loosely made and self-important style of *vérité* filmmaking—namely, that the camera's presence has a tendency to distort the "truth" of particular scenes—has lately become rather gratuitously expanded into an all-embracing cliché to the effect that *any* camera *inevitably* distorts, and thus renders "untrue," *any* human environment it appears in. Sometimes even Heisenberg's rigorous uncertainty principle has been put forward in expert support of this opinion, as if subatomic particles and human beings brushed their teeth in the same way. A more reasonable

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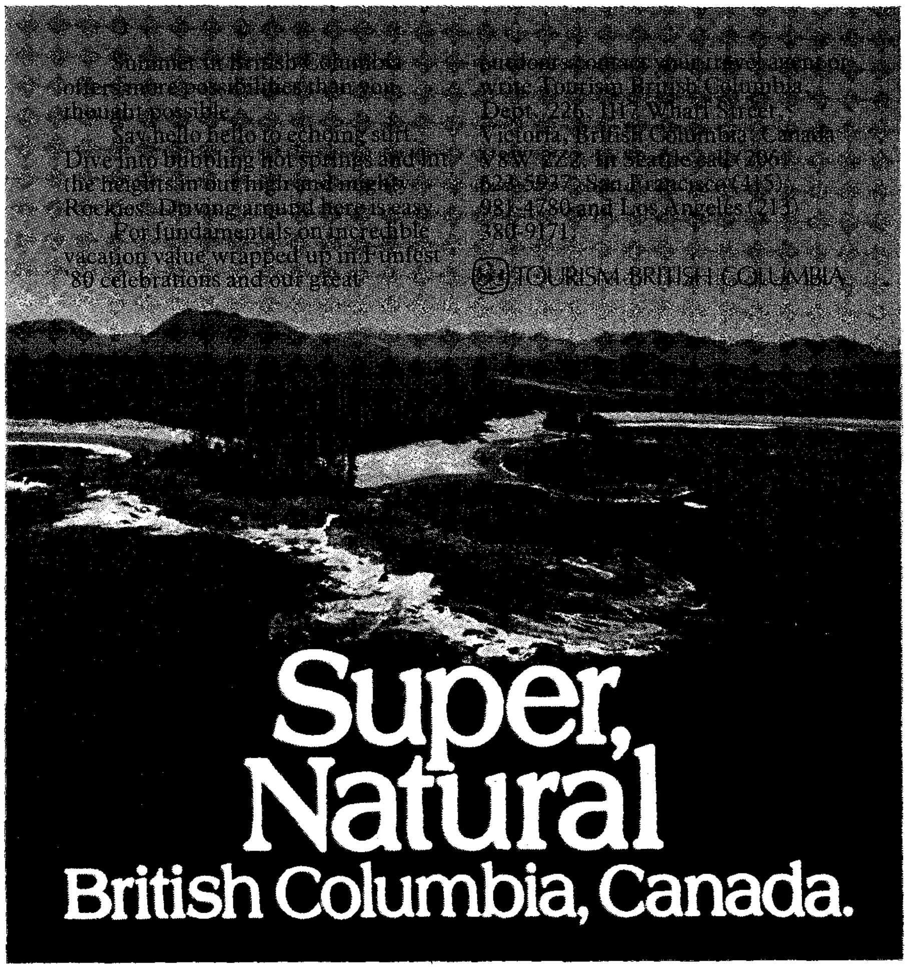

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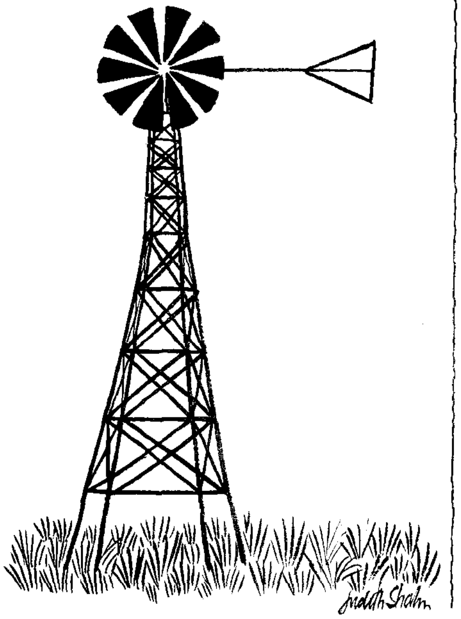
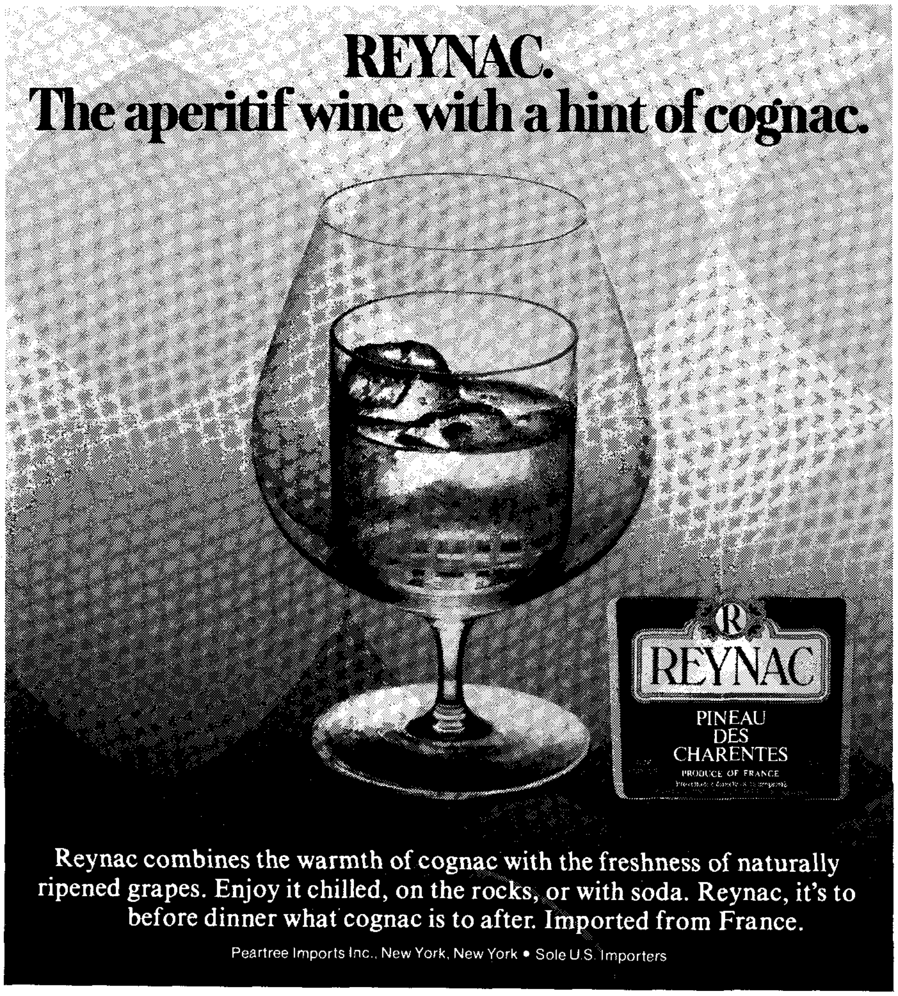
view, one imagines, would be that a camera held by a cameraman is not all that unlike—in intrusive social effect—a notebook held by a reporter; that is, in both instances, provided there is care, patience, self-effacement, and a willingness to be bored to death, a record of actuality may be obtained whose distortions, as a result of even unconscious "acting," will prove to be negligible.) At any rate, it seemed a measure of Wiseman's dogged logic that one's sophisticated, entertainment-prone contemporary eye should be so eager to resist him. For what Wiseman had clearly done was to take these soldiers—and all the other soldiers; all his other subjects—and deliberately try to strip them of the masks and reference points and self-conscious attitudes that men and women continually and almost implacably present to the world; and my instinctive response had been to attempt to resupply (in my own mind, at least) what he had taken away. Conditioned not merely by entertainment fiction but by nonfiction, too, even by so-called *vérité* filmmaking, to expect narrative, drama, incidents that always lead somewhere, information that is always directed to some useful or striking point, I had searched Wiseman's film in vain for purpose and dramatic focus, for unity and narrative cohesion, and, finding them wanting—possibly mislaid—I had become restless and bored, in the manner of an impatient child raised on sweetened, fizzy drinks who is suddenly asked to drink clear mountain water and finds it tasteless.

Granted, my "discovery" about Wiseman's work is a personal response, and one of no great subtlety. Of course, one realizes, he is trying to show us without our masks—we who

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are almost all of us actors (governed by a President-actor; thrilling to the exploits of athlete-actors, receiving information through newsmen-actors, etc.), living in our self-conscious, theatrical era of easily manufactured identities and appearances. Still, it has given me renewed respect for his films. No, it is more than respect, for I have never begrudged Fred Wiseman admiration. In film after film, beginning with "Titicut Follies," in 1967, and continuing with "High School," "Law and Order," "Hospital," etc. (with each new release being presented by WNET/13, in the stouthearted manner of an old-fashioned publisher who publishes his author's œuvre, volume by volume, no matter the commercial ups and downs), he has clearly been doing something important, something altogether untrivial, something surely admirable. Even in the case of the overlong and repetitive "Canal Zone," it was hard not to feel respect, if sometimes only for the single-minded obstinacy of the attempt. Perseverance and seriousness were everywhere in evidence. Only emotion was what sometimes seemed in short supply: the emotional tones and colors in which our popular fiction filmmakers, and even some of our nonfiction filmmakers, bathe their subjects (as on a stage set) in order to make them more appealing and accessible. But where obstinacy lurks it is likely that not merely emotion but passion will be close behind; it is bound to be there somewhere. And it is this passion of Wiseman's not just for being quiet and playing the faithful recorder but for stripping bare and building anew—for disassembling our conventional musical scale and fashioning a new music out of the same notes—that appears to be finally making itself plain.

THERE is, in fact—or so it seems to me—some of the same obdurate, against-the-grain, though ultimately passionate, quality in Wiseman's films that may be found in the work of the pioneer Soviet realist Dziga Vertov. It would not be entirely a coincidence that this were so, for Vertov was properly the founder-theoretician of the cinematic-reality movement that came to be known as *cinéma vérité*. That is, before the French avant-garde gave a French translation of the slogan "film truth," it had already been codified and practiced by Dziga Vertov in the early nineteen-twenties as "*kino pravda*"—also "film truth." (In homage to Vertov, the screen credits on Jean-Luc Godard's late-sixties films listed them

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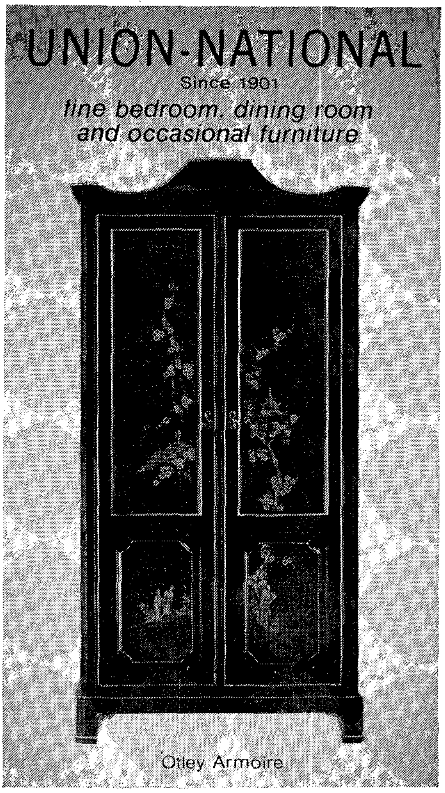

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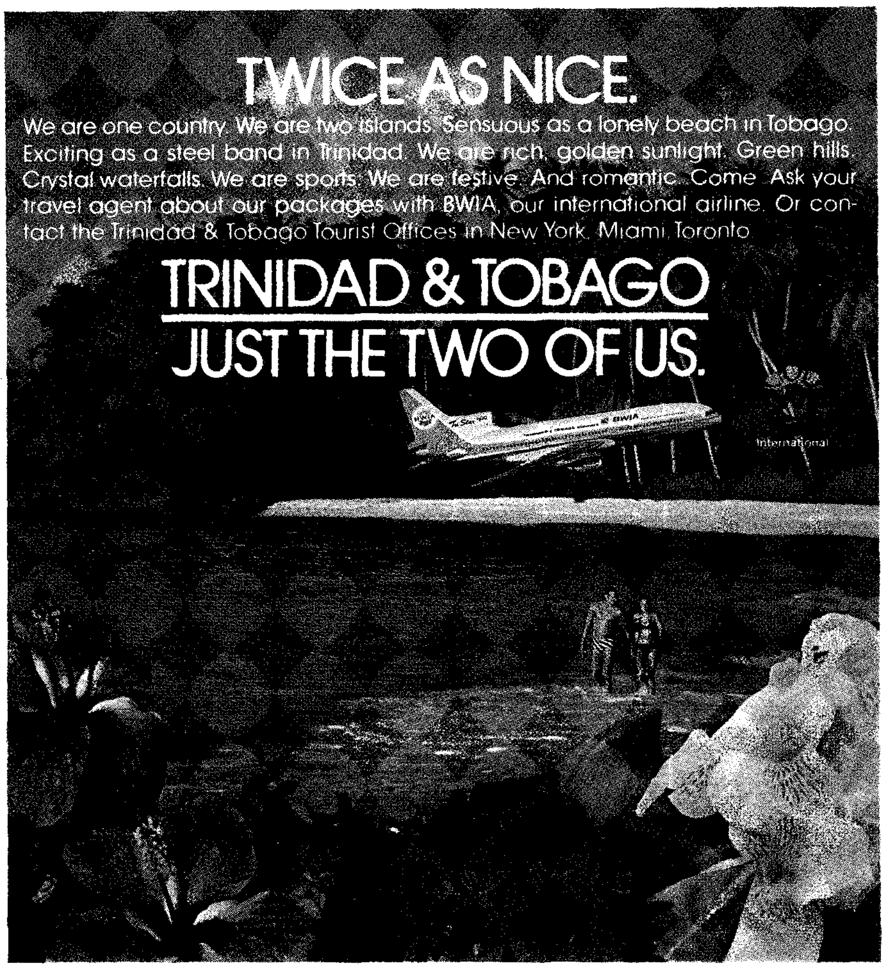
as being produced by the Groupe Dziga Vertov.) Vertov was clearly a remarkable man, although infinitely far from Wiseman, one would imagine, in background and the surfaces of personality. Vertov comes through to us today (by means of a few surviving films and a few surviving notebooks, which I read recently) as above all a child of the great 1917 Revolution—so youthful and enthusiastic, though already with a certain manic quality to his temperament; one of those children who wanted not merely to destroy their Fathers but to make things new again: to become, instantaneously, their own fathers. This much is known. He was born in 1896 in Russian Poland. Before he changed his name to Dziga Vertov, it was Denis Arkadievich Kaufman. (The first thing one destroys is the father's name.) As a youth, he seems to have been hyperactive, with literary ambitions. In his notebooks, he reported simply, "I began early." He wrote "various fantastic novels," as well as sketches, epigrams, and satirical verse. At the time, he was what we call a teen-ager. For a while, he experimented with sounds and language, attempting to reproduce in words and letters "the sound of a waterfall, the noise of a sawmill." By the coming of the Revolution, he appears to have found his way into film work with the recently established Moscow newsreel bureau, on Gneznikovsky Street; he was twenty-one years old then and worked under the celebrated editor and director Lev Kuleshov, who was nineteen. Years afterward, Vertov wrote in his notebooks, "Nineteen-eighteen. I moved to Gnezdnikovsky #7. Did a risky jump for a slow-motion camera. Didn't recognize my face on the screen. My thoughts were revealed on my face—irresolution, vacillation, and firmness (a struggle within myself), and again the joy of victory. First thought of the *kino*-eye (camera eye) as a world perceived without a mask, as a world of naked truth (truth cannot be hidden)." During the period of civil war that followed the Revolution, Vertov travelled the countryside with a "war photographic unit," turning out a series of forty-three newsreels and such combat documentaries as "Battle at Tsaritsyn," "The Trial of Miranov," and a twelve-reel "Anniversary of the Revolution." By 1922, having made a thirteen-reel "History of the Civil War," and now head of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee's Cinema Department, Vertov entered the period of his most fertile and in-



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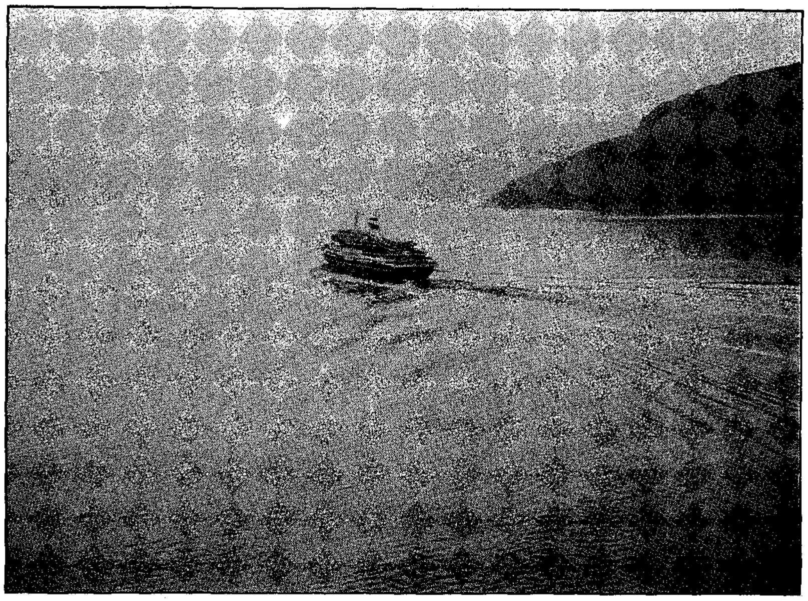

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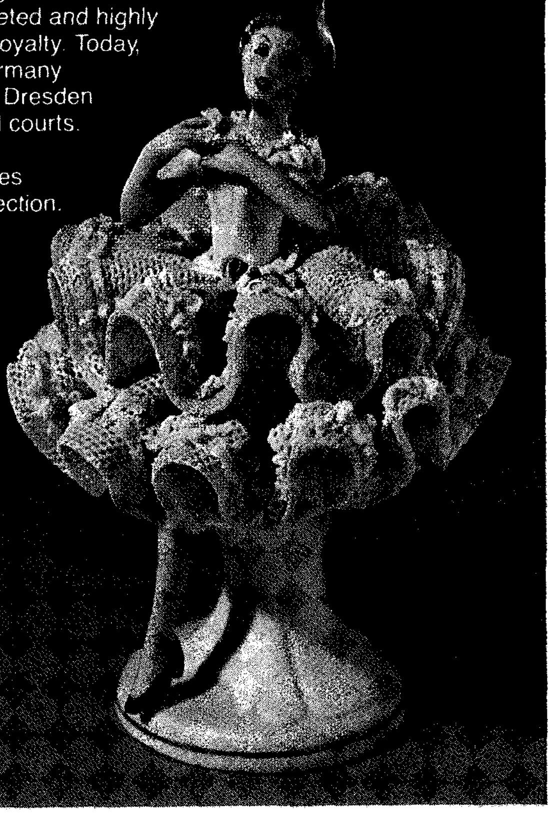

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novative work: a second newsreel-documentary series, called by him "Kino Pravda," in which he began in earnest to try to introduce his ideas about cinematic truth and the "camera eye" into what was already an established orthodoxy of the newsreel film.

Vertov was not exactly what one would call a conciliator: a proponent of smooth transitions, an accommodator to the past. "I would just like to establish that all we have been doing in cinematography up till now was a 100% muddle and diametrically opposed to what we should have been doing," he once wrote. Another time, he declared in a manifesto to Soviet cinematographers: "The organism of cinematography is poisoned by the frightful venom of habit. We demand being given an opportunity to experiment with this dying organism, with an objective of finding an antitoxin." Vertov's antitoxin was the "*kino* eye"—"the utilization of the camera as a cinema eye." But the point was not simply to have the camera mimic the human eye. "To this day we raped the movie camera and forced it to copy the work of our eye," he wrote. "And the better the copy, the better the shot was considered. As of today we will unshackle the camera and will make it work in the opposite direction, further from copying." Only the eye, he believed, "enters life simply," but the human eye is tricked and distracted by false perceptions, impressions, movements. When the eye "obeys the will of the camera," however, there is a new possibility created, "of a fresh perception of the world." There was no telling, in Vertov's opinion, what a liberating and invigorating sense of life—what "unusual freshness"—might result from the truth-telling resources of this "*kino* eye." It would be, he wrote, "a 'candid camera,' not for its own sake but to show people without their makeup on; to catch them through the camera's eye at some moment when they are not acting; to capture their thoughts by means of the camera." As he saw it, the "*kino* eye" was "a means of making the invisible, the obscure clear, the hidden obvious, the disguised exposed, and acting not acting. But it is not enough," he added, "to show bits of truth on the screen, separate frames of truth. These frames must be thematically organized so that the whole is also truth. This is an even more difficult task."

It is hard today to imagine Vertov. There are the few notebooks that have been translated into English. There are a very few surviving films. There is a glimpse of Vertov himself in one of his extraordinary later films, "The Man with the Movie Camera": a youthful, angular, Slavic face, with quick, intelligent eyes and a broad forehead partly concealed beneath a jaunty cloth cap, such as even Soviet filmmakers appear to have worn in 1929. Unfortunately, the twenty-three "editions" of "Kino Pravda" seem no longer to exist—at least, anywhere in the West. Lenin, who set the pace, as it were, in making things new, is reported to have once said, "For us the cinema is the most important of the arts." Another time, he issued a directive—so Vertov mentions in one of his notebooks—which "pointed out the necessity of changing (i.e., raising) the proportion of fact-films on film programmes." In the heyday of "Kino Pravda," Vertov spread a network of documentary camera crews across the Soviet Union. Mobile processing labs were established wherever work was being done. Afterward, special propaganda trains carrying the "Kino Pravda" newsreels travelled across Russia, stopping to show them wherever audiences might gather. How to conceive of such an audience, and for such a *cinéma vérité* train, stopped of an evening in the smoky provincial station of the township of K——, not far from the city of N——? Alas, Vertov's days of glory—or, at least, of official acceptance—did not last long. Doubtless his aversion to propaganda, coupled with Stalin's probably never very great enthusiasm for fact films, served to diminish Vertov's popularity in Soviet film circles. At any rate, by the middle of the nineteen-thirties he was being officially accused of "Formalism," and, in what might be described as the original instance of movie blacklisting, was deprived of creative filmmaking functions; he passed roughly two decades in near-anonymity editing official Soviet newsreels, and died in Moscow in 1954.

Luckily, however, what may well be his masterpiece survives: "The Man with the Movie Camera," one of whose original prints is in the tender care of the Film Study Center in the Museum of Modern Art. By contemporary production standards, it appears somewhat crude and amateurish, and even a bit odd: a black-and-white film, without sound, without sets, without plot, without narrative structure, without progression. Technically, it is in fact a virtuoso performance, a 1929 compendium of cinematic technique: long shots; closeups; fast-cutting; speeded and slow motion; overhead shots; low-angle shots; montages and

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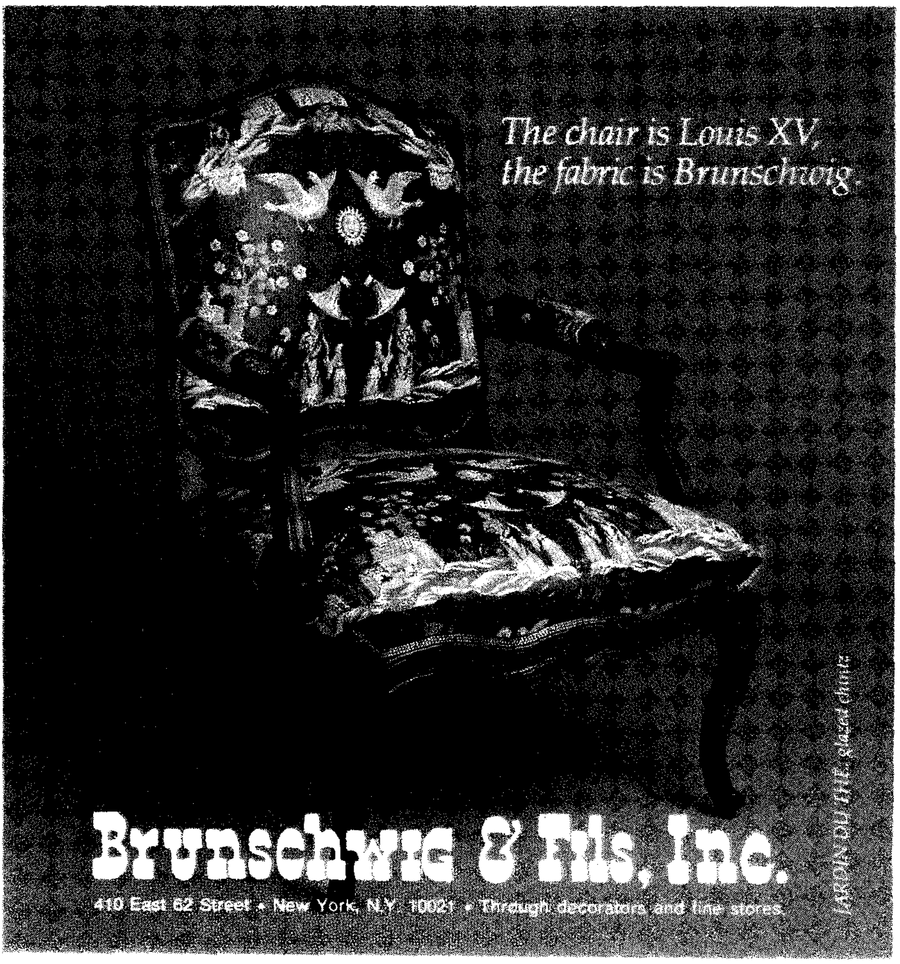

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multiple exposures; fades and dissolves; split-screen effects; and so on. But what makes it so vital and eloquent, even today, is its remarkable feeling of exuberance about the most commonplace details of life. For once, the Soviet Union is shown devoid of the rosy tint of self-glorification as well as of the deep hues of the National Epic. Instead, the film is participatory, almost lighthearted, and above all forthright. That is, it is neither unsubtle nor uncomplex (and not at all sentimentally lyrical, in "The Family of Man" tradition), yet it has the over-all effect of great simplicity and penetration. It is certainly one of the first and finest films about what one might call the Camera Age, for not only does Vertov's Man with the Movie Camera (actually Vertov's younger brother, the cinematographer Mikhail Kaufman) go *everywhere* with his sturdy, tripod-mounted camera—crowded city streets; a factory; a room where a girl is dressing; a coal mine; a bathing beach; a sidewalk where children are watching a magician—but it is clearly the camera itself that is the main actor. Indeed, two of the most telling scenes are a wonderfully playful and carefree moment when the movie camera, with its spindly tripod legs, is shown positioning itself in a kind of dance, and even walking about, unaided by human hands, and then a more ominous sequence when a long shot of a strangely quiet and distanced city street suddenly reveals in a corner of the frame the silent, almost eerie presence of the same camera—swivelling, peering, looking, all-seeing. Thus, in 1929, did Dziga Vertov foretell our media era in both its key aspects—on the one hand, the brash, self-confident energy of the camera: Look at me! Aren't I great?; on the other hand, its unsettling nonhuman, sometimes threatening quality: what *does* the camera eye see?

I DON'T know if Wiseman ever studied Vertov. On the whole, I would rather doubt it, for Wiseman, who was born the year after "The Man with the Movie Camera" was made, and who trained as a lawyer, and even taught at Boston University Law School for two years, seems to have come into filmmaking with his own kind of freshness—walking in off the street, so to speak, and not from film school. And Wiseman, of course, employs none of Vertov's technical flashiness. Wiseman's technique is very good, very sure, but it is quieter, less self-conscious; some of those battles have been won, after all. But in the special kind of passion that each man has brought to nonfiction filmmaking, I suspect, a close and sympathetic bond exists between the work of these two realists—these two unlikely cinematic kinsmen. For, despite Wiseman's by no means insincere self-explications of his interest in "American institutions," what he has been doing all along is to dare to show us ourselves without masks—to let the camera strip us bare, so that the camera may build us anew; in short, he has been working with the *kino* eye. What an adventure it must be! And what obstinacy must be required to pursue it! A British film director, Thorold Dickinson, once described Vertov as "probably the most obstinate film personality of all time," and told of how, when Vertov attended the presentation of his first sound film, "Enthusiasm," in London in 1931, "he insisted on controlling the sound projection. During the rehearsal, he kept it at a normal level, but at the performance . . . he raised the volume of the climaxes to an earsplitting level. Begged to desist, he refused, and finished the performance fighting for possession of the instrument of control, while the building seemed to tremble with the flood of noise coming from behind the screen." Frederick Wiseman's passion, one imagines, is of a less manic and obdurate variety, but maybe it will prove to be more durable. He hangs in there, at any rate, not so much looking at us as letting his camera look at us, and neither "coldly" nor "hotly"—in other words, not confusing the human eye with the camera eye—but letting the camera see whatever it sees. Perhaps he is *our* Man with the Movie Camera. It is not an altogether easy job or a widely popular one, this stripping bare, this rearranging of the old scale in order that we may hear a new music, but, as Dziga Vertov showed a while ago, it is a way of relating to life that is simple in the noblest sense, and brave, and by no means without love.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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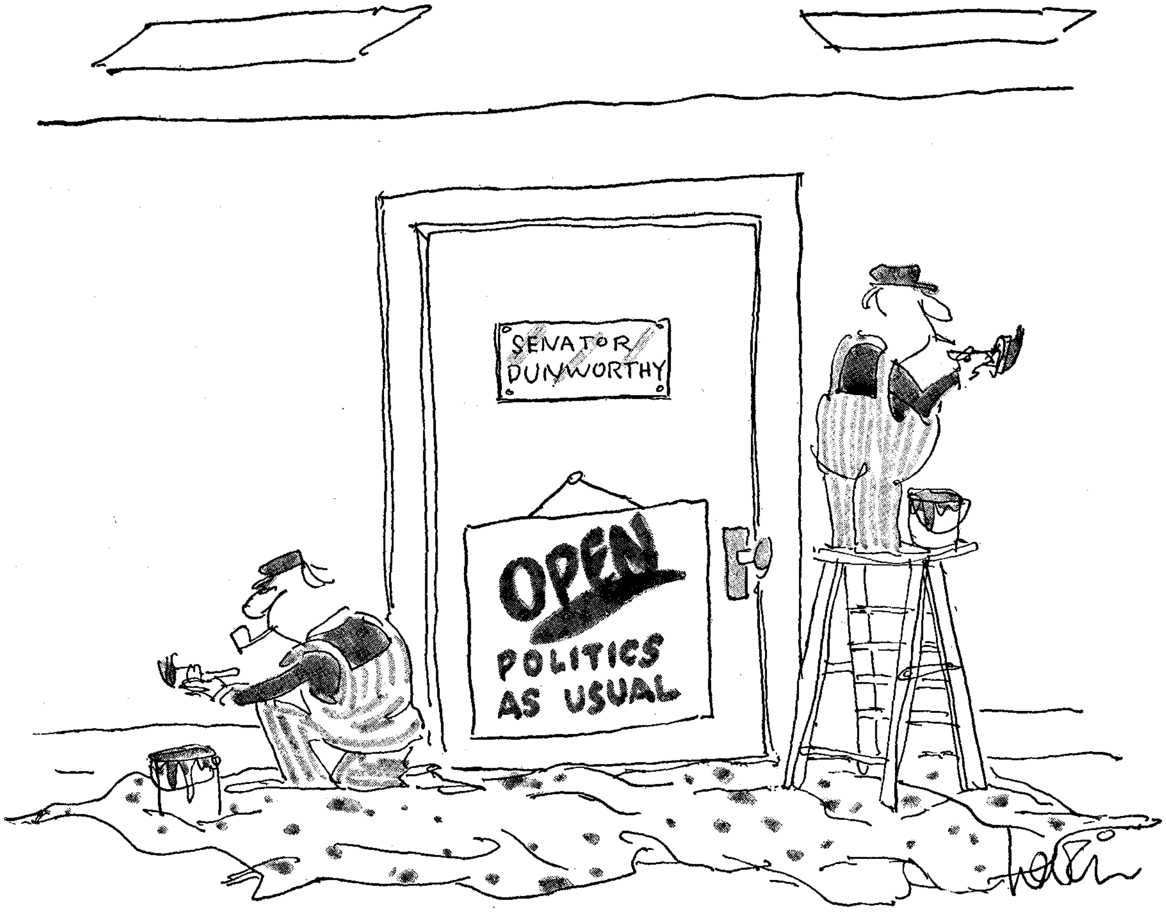
THE CURRENT CINEMA

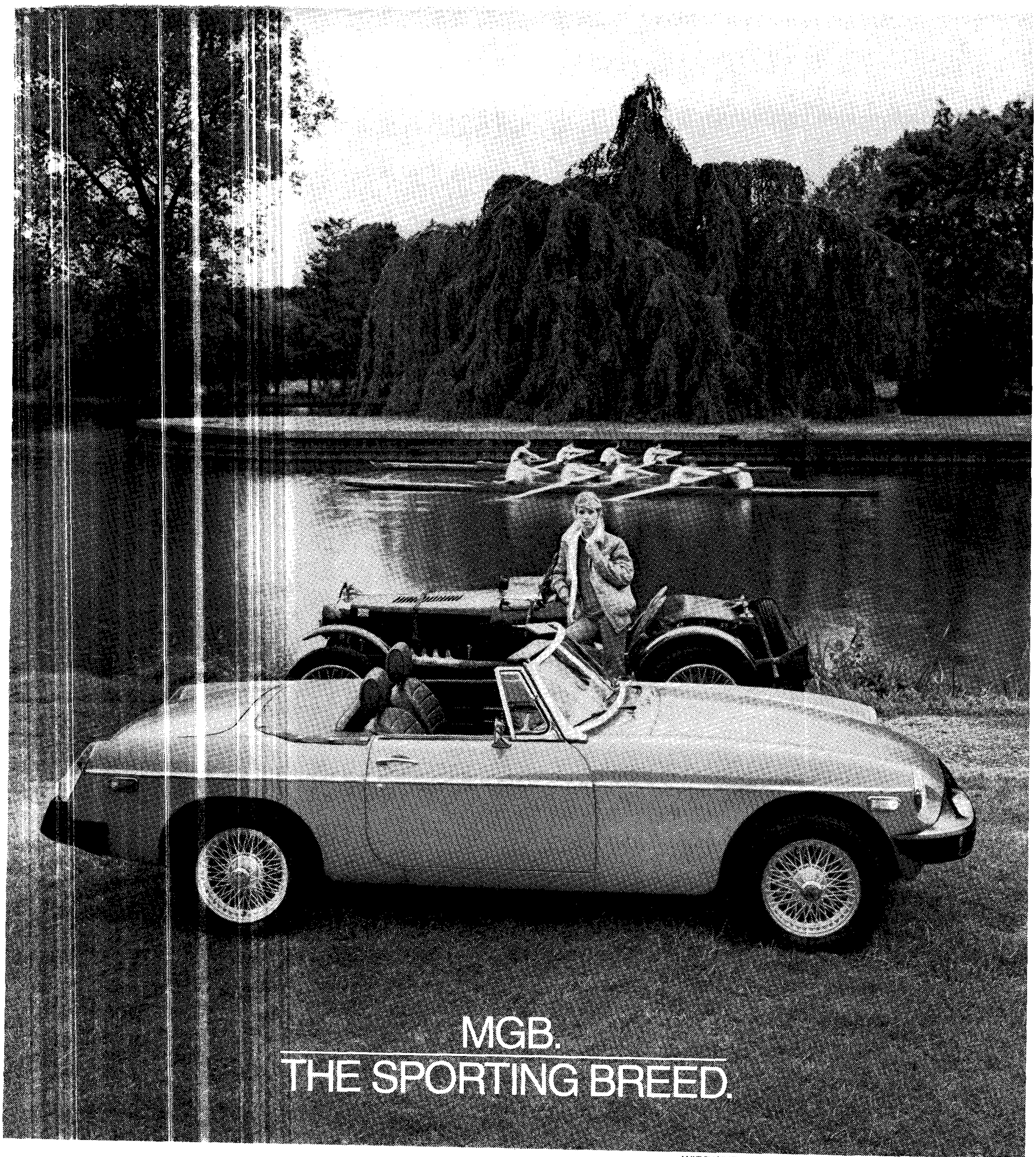
The Eye of the Basilisk

"THE TIN DRUM," Günter Grass's epic novel about the rise and fall of the Third Reich as seen through the eyes of a child (and what a child!), is just over twenty years old and has long since come to be considered one of the classic works of fiction of the second half of our century. Bearing the same title, a harshly comic, sometimes brutal, and sometimes terrifying movie has been wrested from the book, and it, too, promises to become a classic. The novel is long and complex and the movie is long and simple, and the establishment of this calculated disparity between the two works amounts to an act of genius on the part of the authors of the screenplay—Volker Schlöndorff, who also directed the movie; Jean-Claude Carrière; and Franz Seitz. (Mr. Grass is acknowledged to have contributed to the screenplay, especially in respect to some additional dialogue.) The first voice we hear on the soundtrack startles us. It is high, piping, and curiously hard: the voice of little Oskar, the creepy hero of "The Tin Drum," before whose unblinking basilisk eye every significant action of the movie will take place. With the suave self-assurance of a child tyrant, Oskar introduces us to his grandmother, whom we meet as a young woman picking potatoes in a bleak field somewhere in the Polish countryside. A fugitive comes bounding across the furrowed field to her, pursued at a distance by two policemen. The fugitive begs her to conceal him under her ample four skirts, and she consents to do so, crouching as if seated on a stool, and munching on an ill-roasted black potato as the police approach. Even as they are suspiciously seeking information, the fugitive succeeds in achieving intercourse with her; nine months later, Oskar's mother is born. It is a conception and birth that parody Greek myth, and there are further parodies to come: Agnes, Oskar's mother, grows up to be a pretty girl in the bustling port of Danzig in the years following the First World War, and is loved by two men—one a stolid and conventional German, the other a romantic Pole. Agnes marries the German but sleeps with the Pole as well, which gives Oskar, when it comes time for him to be born, the benefit of two fathers.

We are granted the gruesome privilege of first glimpsing Oskar in the womb, his eyes already open and filled with disdain. Emerging bloodily into the world (there are several sickening sequences in "The Tin Drum," and if you are as squeamish as I am you must be quick to avert your eyes), he finds it so little to his liking that on his third birthday he hurls himself down a flight of stairs and accomplishes his secret purpose—to remain a child forever, incapable of physical growth. He discovers another happy consequence of his "accident": when he screams, which is often, the sound is so penetrating that it has the power to shatter glass. Goblets are the merest trifle; with a slight effort, Oskar can send every pane of glass in every window of a great public building cascading into the street below. Oskar's constant companion over the years is his toy drum, which he carries with him everywhere and plays on every occasion, however inappropriate. Born in 1924, he grows up to take part in the opening stages of the Second World War; when the first shots of that war are fired in Danzig, Oskar is there among the dead and wounded, observing and surviving. He is fifteen, but he is also three. He will pluck from the world whatever it pleases him to acquire; the rest he will regard with a candid revulsion. As much as we need to know, and perhaps as much as there *is* to know, is that somewhere in the world there will always be a potato field and a young woman with four skirts, whose fate lies hidden under them.

Plainly, a movie like "The Tin Drum" succeeds or fails according to the success or failure of the actor who plays Oskar. David Bennent is sensationally effective in the role. He is neither a dwarf nor a midget but a boy (twelve years old at the time the movie was made) suffering from a condition that has curtailed his growth. He has taken Mr. Schlöndorff's direction superbly; he makes the act of seeing—of seeing *anything*, no matter how innocent—appear to be a form of diabolical possession of the thing seen. His mother and joint fathers are ably played by Angela Winkler (what passion she pours into a love scene that lasts less than a minute!), Mario Adorf, and Daniel Olbrychski, and Charles Aznavour has a small, touching role





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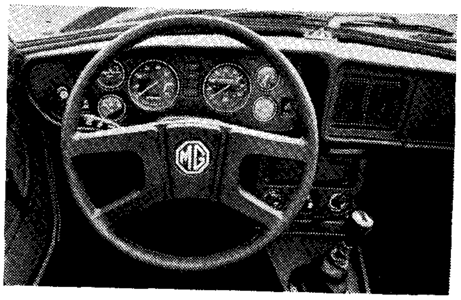

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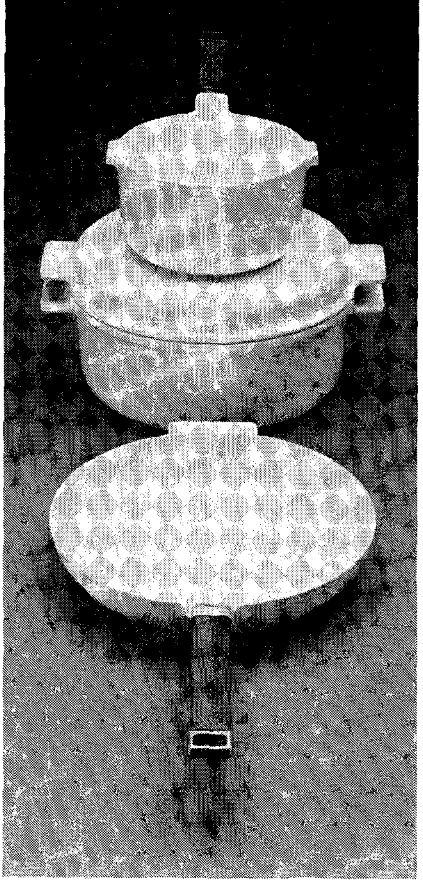

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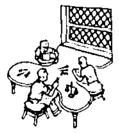
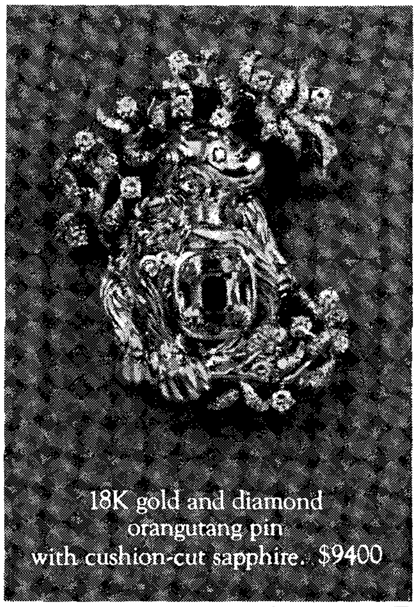
as a Jewish toy merchant. The director of photography was Igor Luther, and the original music was composed by Maurice Jarre. Much of the movie was shot in Danzig, and as the camera pans across its rooftops and stormy, twilit skies, the murderous goose-steppings of the Third Reich seem very near indeed.

“Soupçon” is a charming little French movie, written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who also wrote and directed “Cousin, Cousine.” In a number of brief scenes, fitted together like a bright-colored mosaic, it tells of the often comic, often rueful adventures of a middle-aged married couple who, to the dismay of their children, announce at a party celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary that they have decided to separate. The children are indignant: How dare elders behave in this free and easy fashion without first seeking a word of advice from their juniors? If the long-tested tedium of married middle age is not sacred, what on earth is? The parents remain adamant; they are under the impression that they have much living yet to do, and not in each other's company. The husband, played by Jean Carmet with an informal coziness, is especially optimistic about his future; he wishes to experiment with a variety of new relationships, and not only sexual ones. The wife, played by Marie Dubois, takes a youngish lover, whose only drawback is that he spends most of his time either going to movies or talking about them; it is always distressing to be reminded that youth can be as tiresome in its pursuits as age. In the end, the intricate little cat's cradle of a plot is resolved by an adroit tug or two; one shakes one's head and murmurs, not for the first time and not for the last, “*C'est la vie*,” scarcely noticing that it has been not like life at all but odder and merrier. The movie, photographed by Georges Lendi, affords us many ravishing glimpses of pearly-skied Paris and has a musical score by Gérard Anfosso.

“Serial” is a hilarious account of mischief-making in Marin County, California, and “Sitting Ducks” is an equally hilarious account of mischief-making here in New York. It was written and directed by Henry Jaglom, and I found every single second of it gratifying. “Serial” and “Sitting Ducks” have in common an openness in regard to what I may call the vocabulary of the body, as well as to





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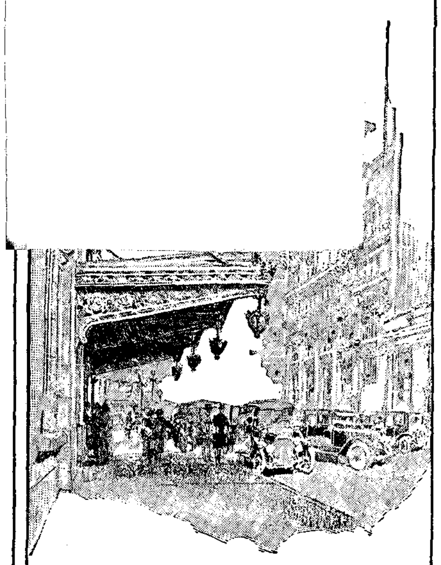

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the vocabulary of speech, which would have been unthinkable even five years ago. We have grown more and more at ease with our appetites of late, and we deal with them in a fashion that until recently would have been held to be pornographic. What a pleasing Mediterranean culture we are at last learning to practice in this Mediterranean latitude of ours! And a suitable vessel for our newfound pagan joy is, among other vessels, vulgar comedy. "Sitting Ducks" is noisy and raunchy and preposterous, and yet back of the slapstick and tomfoolery of the plot it says very clearly that life is a fine thing and well worth the living.

Michael Emil and Zack Norman play a pair of crooks who figure out a way to steal three-quarters of a million dollars from the unnamed New York mob for which they work. They stuff the loot into the tires of a Cadillac limo and set off for a remote beach on the Florida coast, where a plane from Costa Rica is expected to meet them and carry them to safe retirement in that far country. Almost at once, they fall in with two women: one (Patrice Townsend) has an exceptionally pretty face and an unappeasable sexual zeal, and the other (Irene Forrest) has a great many teeth and a soul full of woe. Many peculiar things happen to this unlikely foursome, and I won't deprive you of the satisfaction of learning them all for yourself. Suffice it to say that Mr. Jaglom is endlessly inventive, and that the manic energy of Emil and Norman sweeps every implausibility of plot aside. The music in "Sitting Ducks" was written by Richard Romanus, who also sings it, and the photography is by Paul Glickman. The journey depicted is supposed to have extended from New York to Florida, but I have a strong suspicion that that big black limo was heading for (and never got past) Patchogue. —B.G.

•

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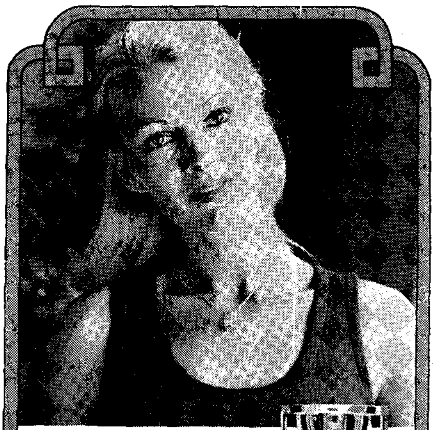

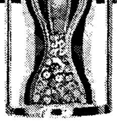

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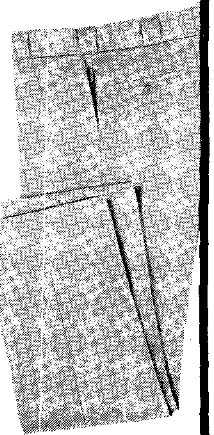

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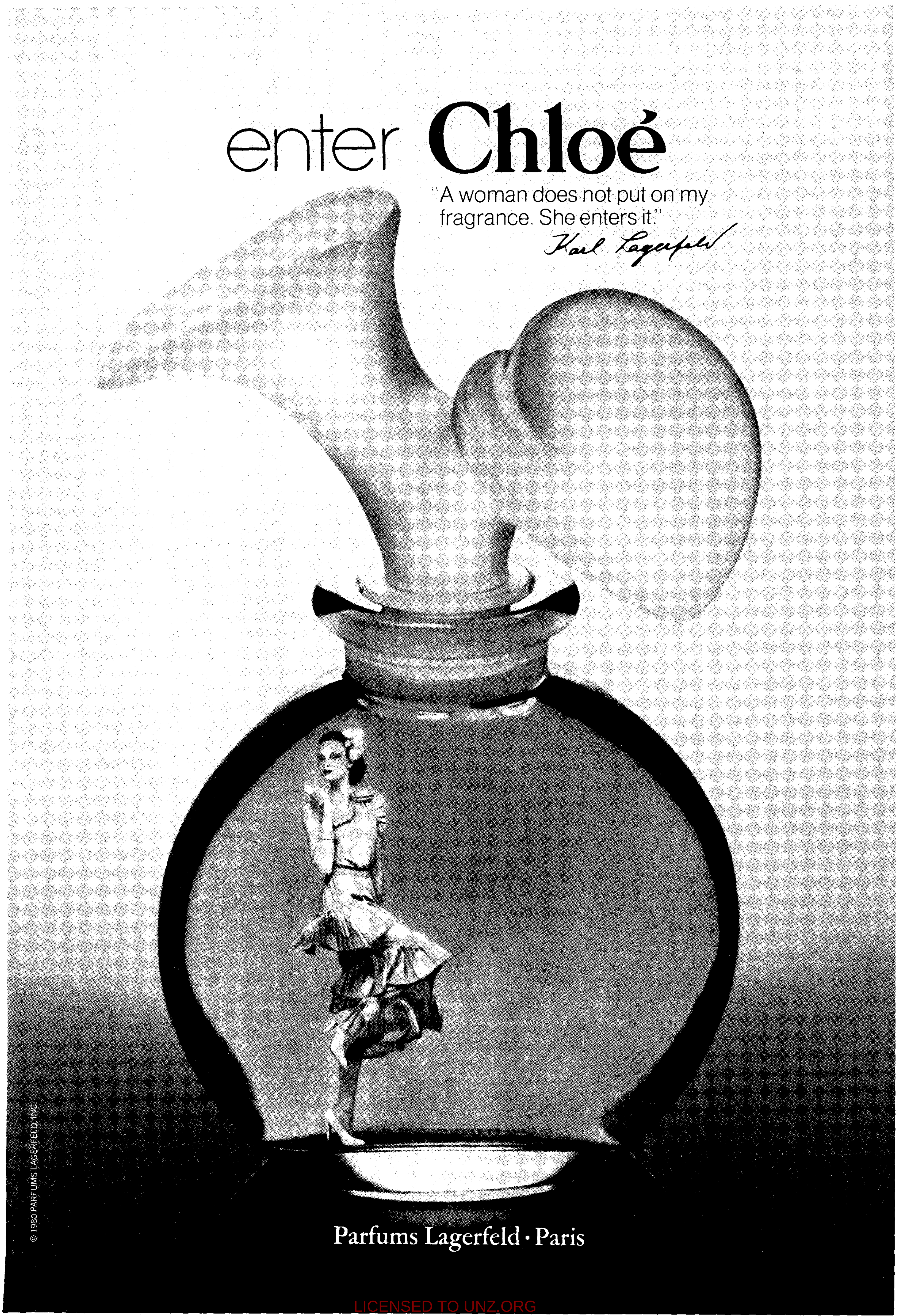
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Passions

THE music of J. S. Bach is difficult to avoid in New York. Within the space of a week, I have heard the St. John Passion echoing across Central Park (the accompaniment to a curious barefoot dance on the grass); the Three Part Inventions played on a homemade electronic keyboard at Columbus Circle; a fragment of the B-Minor Mass included in a service at St. Patrick's Cathedral; and a solo-violin Partita performed in a shop doorway on Fifth Avenue. For the Bach enthusiast, there is more—much of it provided free. Organ recitals up and down the city feature Bach's music (the programs of the current Twilight Organ Interludes in Tully Hall are built around his works and those of his contemporaries). During the fall, there was a series of free Bach-cantata concerts in the St. James Chapel of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, directed by Richard Westenburg—the one I attended was so crowded that the audience spilled over into the cathedral aisles and chancel. At Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, on Central Park West at Sixty-fifth Street, a season of "Evenings with Johann S." has just finished; these weekly services, which each year are held from October to Easter, present a Bach cantata in the framework of Lutheran Vespers, and provide one of the most constantly rewarding experiences in New York's musical life.

Around Easter, there was even more generous measure, including several performances of Bach's Passion settings. At Avery Fisher Hall, Mr. Westenburg conducted his Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in the St. Matthew Passion; on Easter Sunday, Sergiu Comissiona directed the same work in Carnegie Hall as part of the American Symphony Orchestra's series. The St. John Passion, in a taped performance by Karl Richter and the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, was broadcast on public television; Holy Trinity Church did the two parts of this Passion on successive Sundays before Easter. Mr. Westenburg's forces were almost exactly right. There were two chamber orchestras, a small double choir (and a boys' choir in Part One), and two continuo instruments. Moreover, his musicians were well chosen: the singers had a precision of attack, a clarity of line, and a full, direct tone that set them far above other choral groups I have encountered here; the orchestras were firm in ensemble, sharp in articulation, and ready to respond to Mr. Westenburg's demands. It was those demands that were so odd; they turned the concert into an enervating experience. Where the music demanded fast, fierce performance, Mr. Westenburg was mostly successful; the "Lass ihn kreuzigen" choruses, "Sind Blitze, sind Donner," and all the outbursts in the second part of the Passion were solidly exciting. But not much of the St. Matthew Passion is very fast, and whenever the music implied a slower tempo Mr. Westenburg was reluctant to let it move at all. The soprano aria "Blute nur" should flow gracefully through its syncopations; but the conductor added an expressive accent on the last beat of the first bar, the second and last beats of the second bar, the last beat of the third bar, the second and last beats of the fourth bar—it seemed a wonder that the vocal entry was ever reached. The orchestral bass lines were never allowed to breathe; in the bass aria "Gerne will ich," in the tenor aria with chorus "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen," and in the opening chorus the offbeat notes were not lightened, making a weary trudge out of music that should move purposefully. The chorales, which should provide solid, simple affirmations in the midst of the drama, were treated as opportunities for a display of "deep feeling": rallentandos sometimes started three lines before the end, and tempi were almost always too slow. "Bin ich gleich," which follows "Erbarme dich," is confident, powerfully harmonized; Mr. Westenburg made it drift. In "Wie wunderbarlich," he took twenty seconds over the third line (roughly twice as long as on the most "romantic" recording of the work I possess). The impression that Bach's music was being unnaturally manipulated was sealed by the two-bar chorus "Wahrlich, dieser ist Gottes Sohn gewesen;" its miraculous effect depends on its being sung in a single breath, rising and falling in a tiny natural curve, but here there was a weighty pause on every note. An enjoyable feature of the performance was Charles Bressler's light, lithe Evangelist, who narrated as if he were speaking, not singing. The soloists were hampered by the conductor's tempi, though Linn Maxwell

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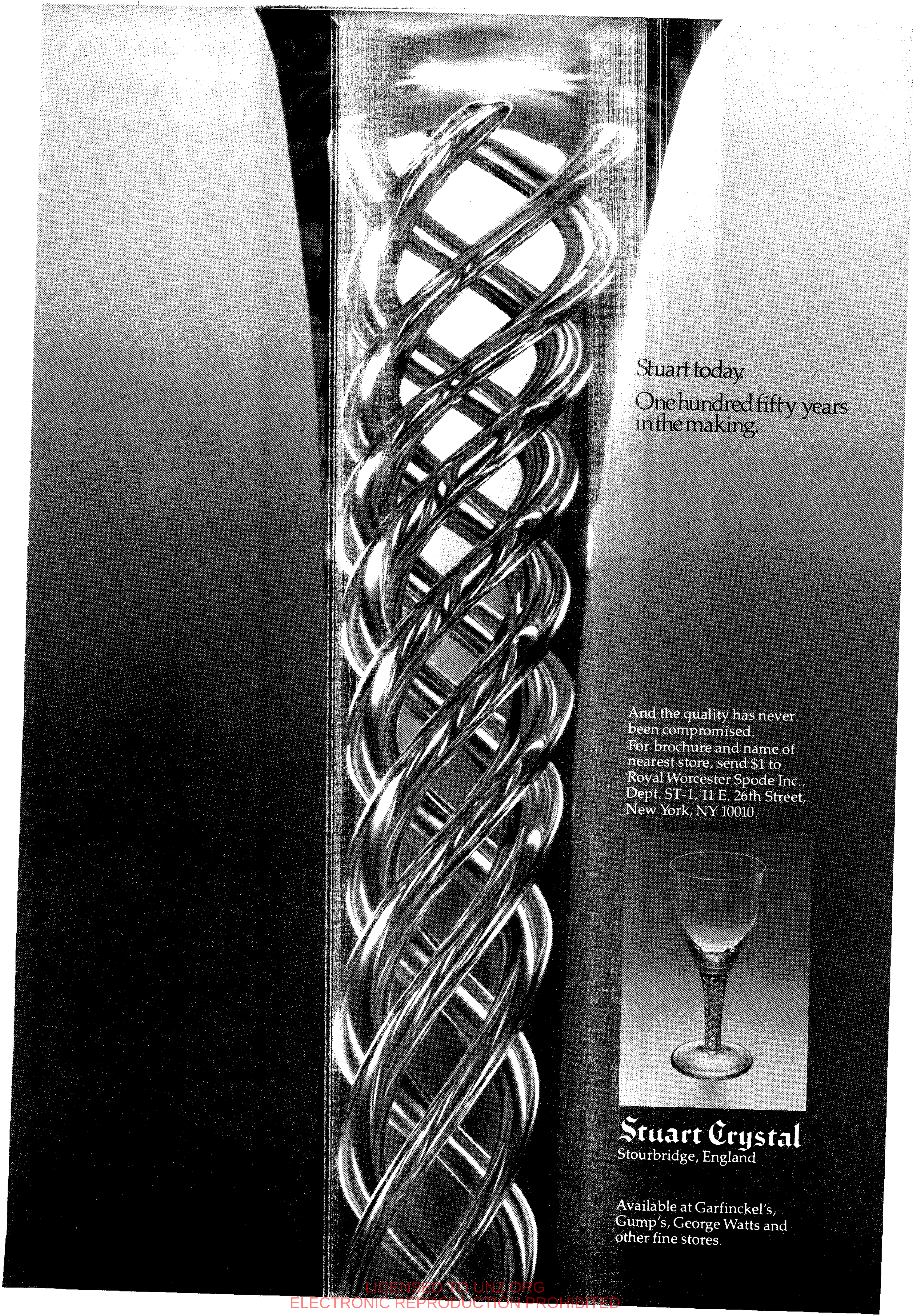

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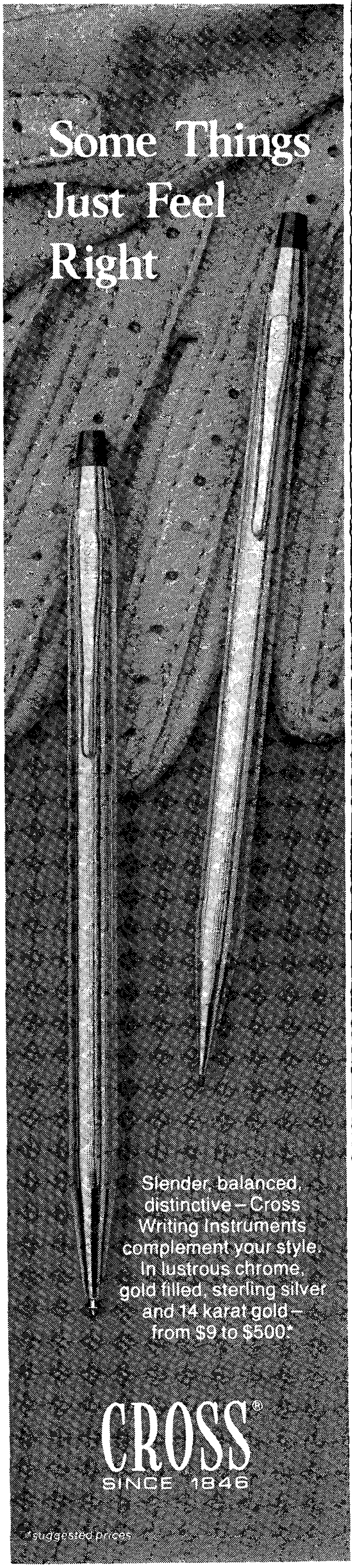

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contributed an affecting "Erbarme dich." William Fleck's Christ was cloudy and unintelligible.

Mr. Comissiona's performance of the same Passion had everything against it: large choral forces, an orchestra unused to Baroque style, soloists who had to fill the spaces of Carnegie Hall. Yet I enjoyed it, at least in part. From the opening bars, it was clear that Mr. Comissiona was going to let the music flow naturally and was going to shape it well. He showed a responsive feeling for the rhythms and the pace of the score; he treated the chorales quite straightforwardly. Yet the cumbersome apparatus took its toll: much of the orchestral writing was inaudible (the inner parts, and even the top-line flute parts in the choruses), and the lively voices of the New York Choral Society never achieved a transparent clarity that would let the counterpoint tell. (It might have helped to respect Bach's single- and double-choir indications more faithfully.) The arias went slowly; dance rhythms are an important background to "Ich will Dir mein Herze schenken," "Gerne will ich," and many other movements—even the great final chorus is essentially a saraband, and should flow like one. Irene Gubrud was a tremulous soprano; Sandra Walker a warm yet well-controlled alto in "Erbarme dich;" Richard Cross a rich, unclear bass; and Gene Bullard a beefy tenor—his aria "Geduld, Geduld" showed all the contradictions of the performance, with its fine, crisp viola-da-gamba obbligato from Fortunato Arico and its unsteady, unrhythmic vocal line. Robert White was the Evangelist; he did not have an easy, ringing tone at the top of the range, but he projected the words well. David Arnold was an intense and boring Christ. In both Mr. Westenburg's performance and Mr. Comissiona's, a harpsichord was used to accompany the Evangelist. That Bach on a couple of exceptional occasions used this instrument in church does not alter the fact that his normal continuo instrument was the organ; sensitively played, with short, unobtrusive chords, it provides the best possible support for the narration. A second organ should be used for the Choir II material—but not, please, ever again, the electronic instrument in Carnegie Hall that disfigured Mr. Comissiona's performance. Soloists should stand with the orchestral group that accompanies them; continuo bass instruments should be grouped with the keyboard. (The coördination in Carnegie Hall was not good.) Final-

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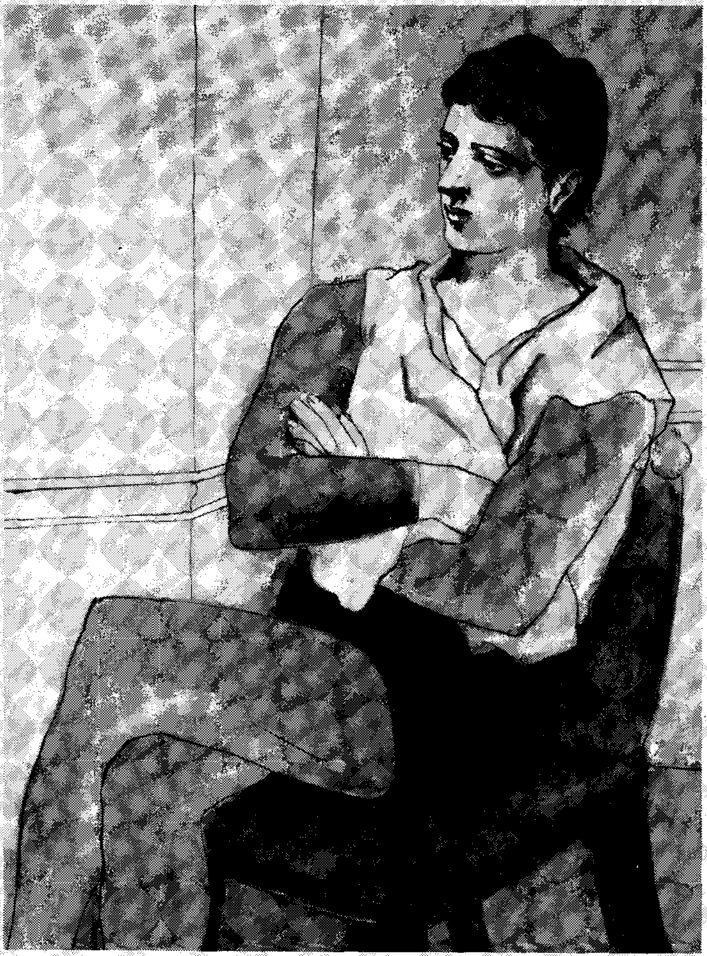

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ly, perfect cadences should not be played as if they offered some vision of the spiritual meaning of the Passion story: the string parts that accompany Christ's words in the St. Matthew Passion are unusual in themselves—they do not need to be overstressed.

I had hoped that the television broadcast of the St. John Passion by Mr. Richter's forces would provide some pointers toward idiomatic Bach performance in a modern style. Over the last couple of years, Mr. Richter has lightened his approach to the composer considerably, and there are some fine new cantata recordings available on Archiv. But this performance turned out to have been taped some eight years ago, and showed Mr. Richter at his most assertive. The choral singing was vigorous and sometimes ill tuned, with solid German staccato articulation. Tempi were deliberate. Mr. Richter played a massive harpsichord, to which was added a heavy, sustained bass line. There was exceptionally fine solo singing from Helen Donath and Julia Hamari. Peter Schreier, an impeccable Evangelist, treated the words slowly and carefully without ever losing a sense of narrative movement. Ernst Gerold Schramm, as Christ, sang to a ponderous beat of one syllable a second, with a beautiful tone, giving a nonsensical extra weight to selected words: "Ich habe allezeit gelehret in der *Schule* . . . da alle *Juden* zusammen kommen." The television direction was confusing. We never saw the entire musical forces. There were isolated closeups of singers, players, and conductor which bore no relation to one another (except when a violent sweep of the camera suddenly raced from a row of sopranos to the conductor's hands). The break between the first and second parts was taken in the wrong place. Over the final titles, Martin Bookspan added a brief program note. He claimed that both Bach Passions followed "the format adopted by Schütz," in which the words of Christ were accompanied by "a three-part instrumental ensemble." Neither Bach's St. John Passion nor any one of Schütz's three Passions uses this technique; Bach's St. Matthew Passion derives it from Schütz's "Seven Last Words."

At Holy Trinity Church, I heard the second part of the St. John Passion, which was included in Vespers. During this service, the congregation hears an organ prelude, sings the responses, joins in a hymn, and listens to a short homily. The performers are in an organ loft at the back of the

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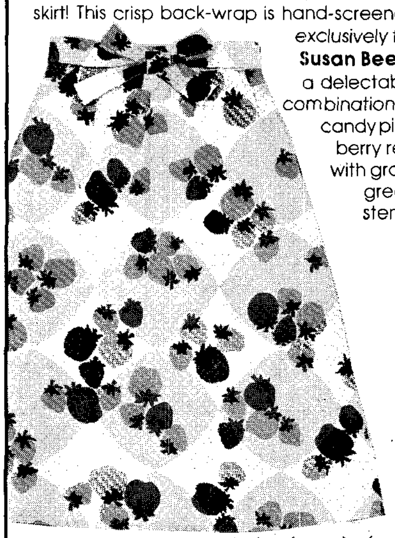

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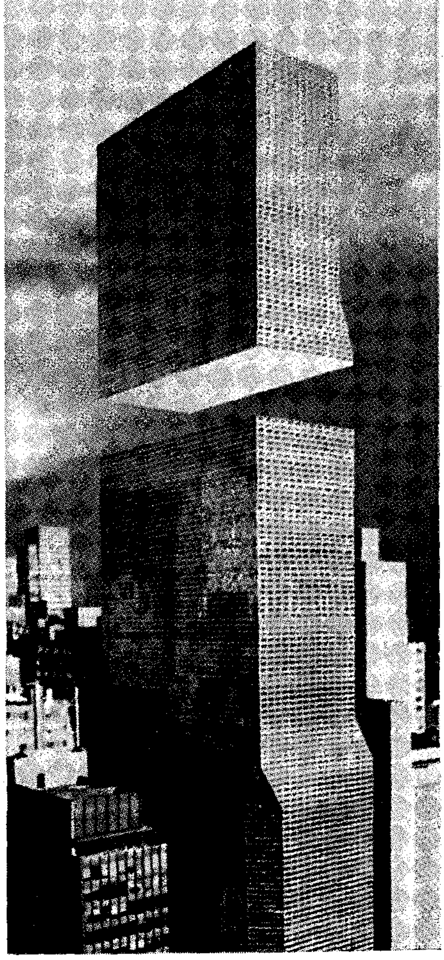

church. The aim is musical rather than pastoral. The choir is small, only sixteen voices, as is the orchestra (a viola substituted for a missing gamba in "Es ist vollbracht"). I was surprised, then, that ensemble was not neater; when I irreligiously looked around to see what was happening, Frederick Grimes' direction seemed a little slack. But this was the only fault. There was a distinguished Evangelist from Gene Tucker, who never strained for the high notes; the choral singing was lively; tempi did not flag. When Part Two is heard alone, the symmetrical arrangement of the movements around the chorale "Durch dein Gefängnis" is very striking; Mr. Grimes paced this sequence effectively. The concision of the St. John Passion, its small-scale drama, and its lack of sentimentality were all made evident. Unfortunately, the forward-looking optimism of the final chorale was destroyed by a sentimental lowering of the church lights and a return to the Passion Chorale to close the service. I cannot think that the use of dimmers helps to realize Holy Trinity's aim of re-creating "the liturgical atmosphere of an 18th-century German church." Apart from that, the context for the music seemed precisely right.

ONLY two Passion settings by Bach survive in full. A libretto survives for a St. Mark Passion, and the music has been reconstructed. A St. Luke Passion included in the old Bach *Gesellschaft* is not Bach's work, though he may have added the sinfonia and the accompanied recitative that begin its second part. An obituary of Bach mentions a fifth Passion setting, but this has not survived. Five Passions is a very small number from a composer who was cantor and director of music in Leipzig for twenty-seven years. In 1729, when Bach had been in Leipzig only six years, he virtually abandoned writing new church music. (Joshua Rifkin has put forward a controversial case for dating the St. Matthew Passion 1727, not 1729, and that would make even more remarkable the concentration of Bach's original work in his first years in Leipzig.) The researches of Andreas Glöckner have shown that Bach turned to other composers' settings for Leipzig Passion music, rearranging them and making pasticcios as necessary.

Georg Philip Telemann worked much harder. He had turned down the Leipzig post in 1722, to remain in the more fashionable town of Hamburg, and produced a new liturgical Passion setting almost every year for half a century, along with oratorios based on the Passion story (which were heard in concert halls as well as in church). In Boston, at the end of March, Banchetto Musicale revived Telemann's St. Luke Passion of 1744, under Martin Pearlman, and provided the only really stylish and idiomatic performance of a Baroque choral work which I have heard this season. The music shows a typical Telemann mixture of styles: bright, attractive, theatrical arias; dignified but very simple chorales; striking short choruses; a conventional narration with accompanied sections for Christ. Nothing here to weary the Hamburg bourgeoisie, and much to charm them. Some might have exclaimed (with a lady overheard by Bach's pupil Gerber in 1732), "God help us! 'Tis surely an opera comedy!"—especially during the soprano solos, which were perhaps designed for a particular Hamburg singer, and were here sung with delightful purity of line by Susan Larson. But in the small, wood-panelled Jordan Hall, with a chorus of sixteen and a tiny orchestra of original instruments, the work came across as surprisingly powerful—the music not of a genius but of a master craftsman. Karl Dan Sorensen was a quiet, perfectly focussed Evangelist; James Maddalena as Christ was eloquent both in recitative and in aria. (The collapsing, dislocated setting of his words "Vater, ich befehle meinen Geist" marks the emotional climax of the work.) Mr. Pearlman directed without fuss; the result had a flexibility, an airiness and grace, that made me eager to hear more from this accomplished group.

A FINAL Passion performance—this time of music from an earlier century—demands mention. In its concert series at Grace Church, on Broadway at Tenth Street, the New York Motet Choir, under Stephen Sturk, gave a quietly intense account of Christoph Demantius' St. John Passion, of 1631. This is the last of the short-lived genre of the "through-composed" Passion, in which the whole text is set for choir. Using just six voice parts, it manages to create a wonderful variety of textures—imitative, homophonic, polychoral—and is full of bold harmonic touches. There are only two non-Scriptural sentences, at the start and at the finish. The short setting of the final plea ("Wir glauben lieber

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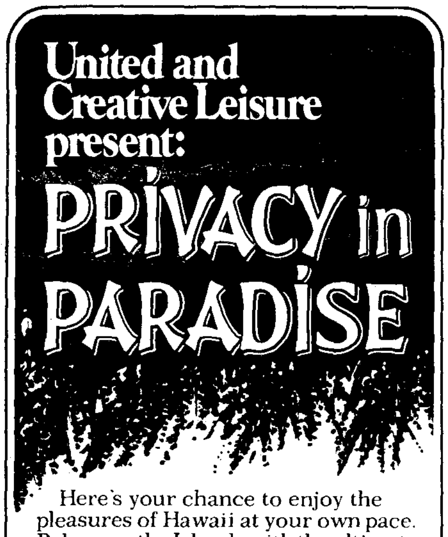

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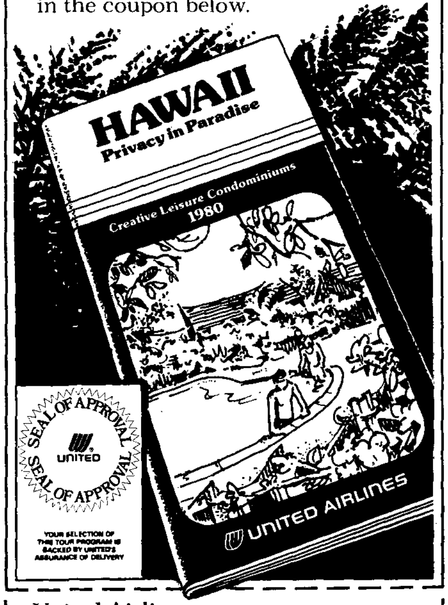
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HANDEL's "Messiah," an ideal work of Easter celebration, was also given some hearings in the city. At St. Thomas Church, on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street, the boys and men of the choir joined forces with a small orchestra to give a sprightly, bouncing account of the choruses; I was less happy with the use of boys en masse for the soprano solos. Gerre Hancock directed cautiously, but the sound had a good, natural exuberance.

At the Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta directed a baffling performance: it was full of stylish ornamentation, with excellent soloists in Margaret Marshall, Florence Quivar, Henry Prince, and Benjamin Luxon, and reliably professional choral singing from the New York Choral Artists, yet it missed the spirit of the piece by miles. The music flowed happily, expressively, even quite gently. The result was plush and sophisticated, without a trace of excitement. —NICHOLAS KENYON

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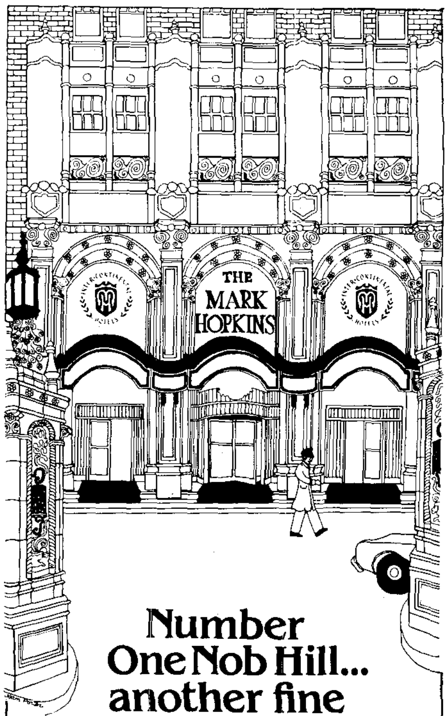

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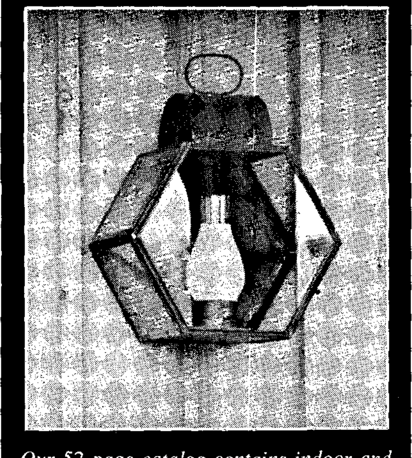

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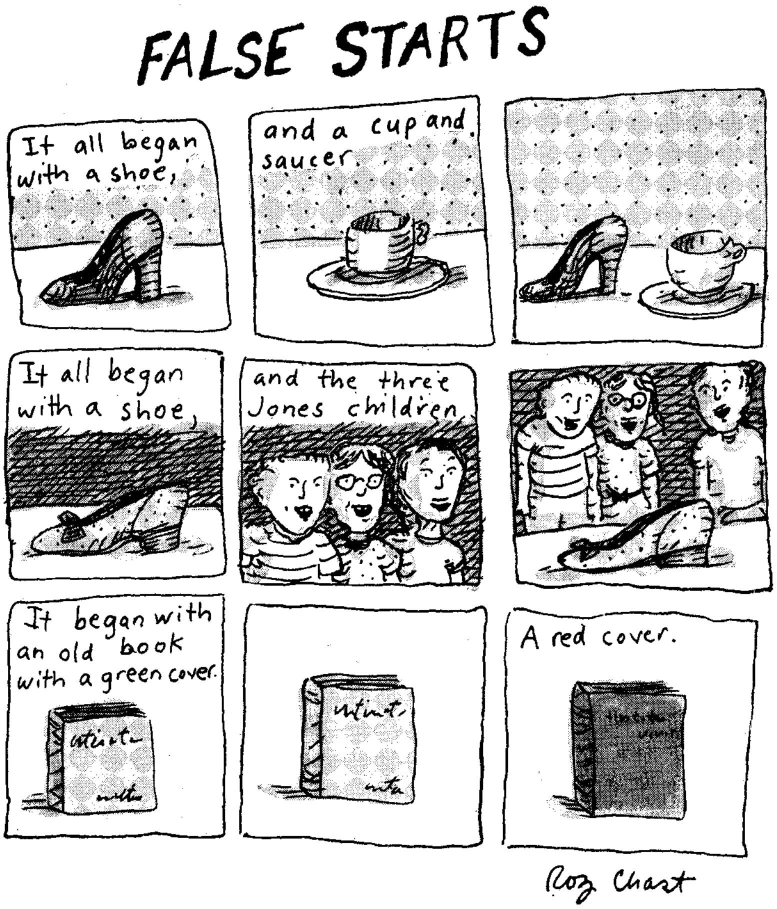
DANCING

Murder, He Said, Said He

AS thirty-nine-year-old suicidal Jane in a disaster-prone show called "When We Were Very Young," Twyla Tharp played a part that fits the way she looks and dances. The hellbent energy, the comic, hard-boiled defensiveness, the quizzical temperament, and the beautiful, sexy legs were accommodated in the role of a furious child-woman whose motor races all the way to destruction. Accommodated but not released. The show, as staged by Tharp herself from a script by Thomas Babe, was so shapeless that although she worked very hard as Jane, she only seemed to be getting started when the curtain came down. Worse, there was no room in the script for dances; Babe's playlet and John Simon's music, both commissioned for this project, were bereft of dance cues. Tharp supplied the dances anyway, and the brusque, driven style she used sat oddly with the vagaries of Babe's text—the dances looked like a series of assaults on meaning. Only one or two of them were set pieces that carried their own life. The result was that a ninety-minute "dansical" choreographed and staged (and christened) by Twyla Tharp for her company's first season on Broadway had less dance interest than one had a right to expect. Except for her own role, which was the only substantial role and which was largely a sketchy, uncoordinated farrago of bits, there was not a thing in the show that needed to be seen by an enthusiast of Twyla Tharp's.

As for having any other kind of interest, the show was thick enough with episodes of clamor and violence to seem a familiar spectacle to a Broadway audience. Toward the end, there was the obligatory reconciliation episode (called "Reconciliation" in the program); we could recognize it by feel, the way we recognize the penultimate moment in a TV drama we're only half watching. The show had these conventional textures, but it also had an unconventional structure, with the action skipping back and forth in time, scrambling the characters' identities or layering fantastic events on top of actual ones, and this may have seemed important, original, even avant-garde. In fact, scene after scene was plunged into confusion, but if that bothered the audience at the Winter Garden, it didn't let on. At both the performances I attended, this audience, which was not a partisan dance audience but a genuine, pleasure-seeking Broadway crowd, behaved as if being up to its eyes in murk were perfectly normal. When the curtain fell (a bit early for a Broadway show, but that may have been an advantage in the transit strike), the theatre was filled with the sound of hearty approval. People who have mistrusted Tharp's success from the beginning are taking this latest hit as evidence of yet another concession to glamour and commerce. The fact that it's a weak show that will probably never be done again apparently makes no difference—it's the judgment of Broadway that matters. But if it had flopped the show would still have been a failure, not least because it tends to confirm the things Tharp's detractors have been saying. Tharp, in this one misadventure, has indeed gone Broadway, and she needn't have.

Tharp's work—I am not familiar with Babe's—has often had a naïve look, though it is far from naïve in substance. The look came from her use of folk and popular music and dance forms, from her precocity of invention, and from her affection for past eras of popular entertainment. She has had her "Broadway show" in the works for some time; last year excerpts were previewed in her season at the Brooklyn Academy, where they played more excitingly than they do in the actual production. This was long before Babe came into it. One might expect her vision to be the dominant one, but it isn't—her vision isn't even her own. From those previews, there was no way to guess that what was germinating was a musical about parents and children who may unexpectedly take each other's places. If this was Babe's contribution, it is not at all a bad idea for a show that was to be played entirely by dancers. But Tharp seems to have been thinking in Broadway terms from the start, in loud colors, cute bits of business, cheeky attitudes. The naïveté in this case is all in the staging; she simply hasn't known how to put the thing across. And was it worth putting across? We got flashes of something genuine in the discontinuities that at times made Jane the same age as her son. Twyla Tharp belongs in a children's musical; I'd love to see her in some version of "Oz" playing a scowling half-pint combination of Dorothy and the Wicked Witch. "Deuce Coupe," her ballet about teen-agers in the sixties, and "The Bix Pieces," her dance "about remembering," are next of kin to "When We Were Very Young." But there wasn't much of a family resemblance. The staging wasn't in the light, lyrical style of "Deuce Coupe" or "The Bix Pieces"—it was in a broad, tough, clodhopping style. When a moment of direct lyric emotion occurred, it looked satirical. Maybe it was satirical. This is the hard-edged Tharp that many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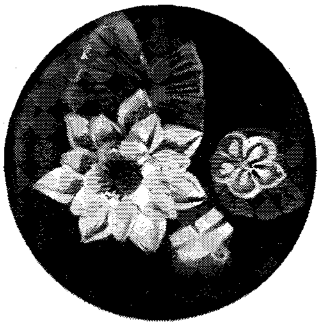

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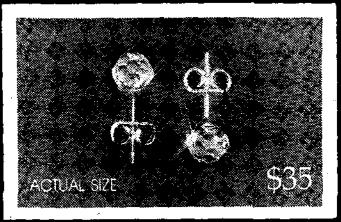

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people find unpleasant. She has used the style before (in parts of "Ocean's Motion," the fifties counterpart of "Deuce Coupe," and in "The Fugue," to mention two examples in the Winter Garden repertory), but she's never used it ambiguously. If the movement wasn't self-explanatory, it was explained by the music. Away from her usual mode of concentration on movement or on movement to music, Tharp seems lost. She commits all kinds of boners. Playing children, her dancers stood around like hulks with their toes turned in. She distinguishes between the chorus, in anonymous white leotards, and the characters, in baggy pants and hair curlers, and then blurs the distinction constantly by having the chorus dancers alternate with the character dancers in the four character parts (mother, father, daughter, son). Jane's wardrobe of flower prints, outsize tea gowns, a bathrobe, a raincoat, a baseball cap is in the clunking Lotte Goslar tradition of eccentricity. But what is the meaning, if any, of Jane's *black* leotard? Have alter egos ever worked in dance? Has a narration that has to be shouted over orchestral climaxes ever been heard? And where have we ever seen narrators suspended on platforms high over the stage? (Santo Loquasto's set has ladders, but they're never used.)

Collaborating with Babe, Tharp seems to have taken what she wanted from his text and let him keep the rest. Jane's tragedy is that she's unfit for life as a grownup. We're told that she died in a hospital after a fire, but there are also implications of suicide. Anyway, Jane dies in her fortieth year and goes to Child Heaven, Babe's point being, I suppose, that only children who grow up are really dead. As a father telling the story of Jane, his mother, to his small daughter, Babe narrates the play, filling the air with sentimental ironies and phrases like "the green straight light of the springtime." The script sounds like high-contrast radio dialogue for the Softie and the Shrewdie.

Narrator: Dead. Deceased. Went away.
Child: Grew up, you mean?

Sitting up in their aerie (which Jennifer Tipton has lit like a radio booth), these two are the ones who dominate the show. The child actress Gayle Meyers, with her impatient attack, her glib way with profanity, and her impeccable mike technique, may be Babe's caricature of Twyla as a moppet. But, unlike the script for "The Bix Pieces," which turned the performance into

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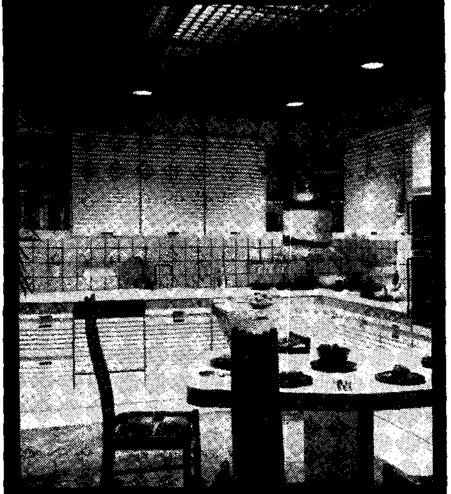

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The score has no songs. John Simon has provided mood music, and his moods come out of a can. His best contribution is a disco dance, but not even the ingenious slow-rolling choreography can turn it into theatre music. "When We Were Very Young" isn't a musical; it isn't a dansical. Like so many shows that are being produced today, it's a booksical. Unlike so many of those, it doesn't have a big costly set. Perhaps thinking to make art of adversity, Tharp commissioned a "poverty" production from Loquasto—motley street clothing, dancewear, a set made of cardboard cartons. I've never seen this normally resourceful, elegant designer at such a loss. Loquasto has not so much designed a production as provided building blocks for one. The point of using cardboard cartons, surely, is to show how economically they do the work of expensive scenery, but there are so many cartons on the stage of the Winter Garden as to make no appreciable difference when they're rearranged from scene to scene. Anyway, isn't it too late to try and make the tacky budget-production idea work? Poverty as a theatrical idea lost its validity the minute the audience started showing up in denim. Cardboard cartons are the equivalent of the police sirens and Klaxons that we hear in Simon's score when the scene changes to a street (and a little flag drops down saying "Street"). Klaxons in 1980!

"When We Were Very Young" is the clumsiest attempt to do something new and different that a gifted choreographer has made since Jerome Robbins' "Watermill." Next to Robbins, Tharp looks like a true kamikaze. His problem was strained seriousness; hers is strained kitsch. "When We Were Very Young" ran in repertory with a number of her other pieces, all of them superior artistically and vastly more entertaining. Tharp has never had to struggle or dissemble for her work to have popular appeal. She drew full houses every night during the three-week engagement, no small achievement in a theatre the size of the Winter Garden. "Brahms' Paganini," the other première of the season, was the only work set to music that wasn't jazz or pop or rock; like all the others, it was cheered to the echo. Tharp has choreographed both books of Brahms' piano variations. The first book, danced non-stop by one male soloist, is a tour de force comparable to the Baryshnikov solo in "Push Comes to Shove." In the second half, the spectacle of autonomous virtuosity is replaced by the

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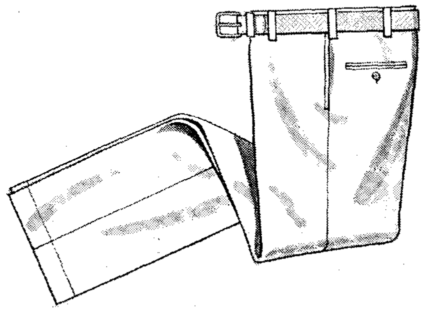

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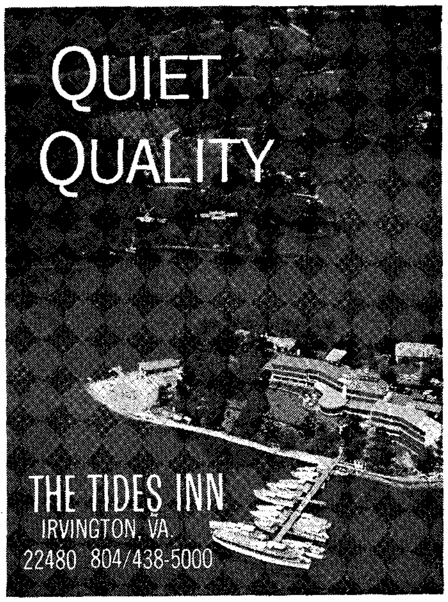

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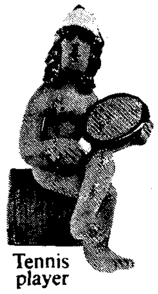
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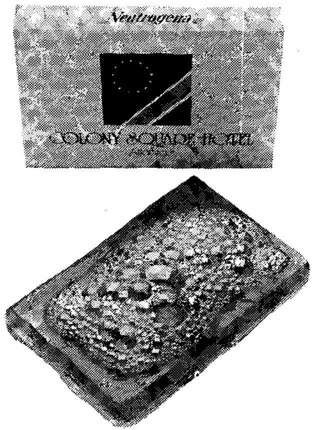
spectacle of interdependent virtuosity in a group. Two couples run close, fast changes on the theme of body leverage, linkage, manipulation, and displacement in space. It's sudden-death acrobatic partnering—the dance as corrida. Shelley Washington with Kurshals and Shelley Freydont with Carrafa display a brash precision; in the second cast, Christine Uchida with Anthony Ferro and Miss Freydont with John Malashock are only marginally less formidable. A fifth dancer (Jennifer Way) turns occasionally through the scene without joining in, a reminder of the first dancer's autonomy. "Brahms' Paganini" is an overwhelming confirmation of Tharp's skill at her true craft, choreography. In the solo, danced with tenacity by Richard Colton or with calm assurance by William Whitener, we see her picking up new steps (scratch-spins—from John Curry?), remodelling old ones, and making connections between steps mean something, too. The new virtuosity seeks continuous expression, not intermittent dazzle. In the quartet, the dancers' precision mitigates the presence of danger. So does the style of the choreography, which mingles lucidity with perversity and bravura with burlesque. Depending on your tolerance for what it does to Brahms, it can seem overproduced—like using Seurat's technique to do "L'il Abner." Like Pop Art, which in fact it is.

Astonishing to think that when Tharp made "Deuce Coupe," seven years ago, she knew almost nothing about partnering. Her company now dances the piece in the Joffrey Ballet version, including the parts that were originally composed for Joffrey dancers. In "Wouldn't It Be Nice," the girls' point technique is still advancing, but this is a company that has extended its range to include classical dancers like Whitener without losing—indeed, while strengthening, authoritatively through Shelley Washington—its "folk" identity. The ballerina role is given full-fledged interpretation by Rose Marie Wright, who looks in her clouds of white tulle like an enormous out-of-scale mother swan. When she leads on the other dancers in "Cuddle Up," she seems to be taking them all under her wing. Wright is a veteran Tharp dancer dancing a Tharp role that happens to be couched in the ballet vocabulary. There's no break in her style between the regulation ballet steps, which she does, and the steps everybody else does. I think this is what Tharp intended all along. Sara Rudner was back to dance her solo better, possibly, than



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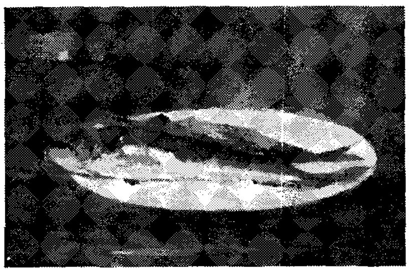

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she'd ever danced it before. The only false note in the production was the sixties political slogans painted on the backcloth by "graffiti" artists, which weren't in keeping with the subject of the ballet. The painting itself was fine. Programming "The Fugue" in between "Eight Jelly Rolls" and "Deuce Coupe" took nerve, and, as it turned out, this austere trio performed in silence on a miked stage took a while to seduce the audience. But I thought Tharp minimized its chances by casting three men in roles made for three women. With the men (Rawe, Kurshals, Carrafa) stomping about like disconsolate stagehands, the piece loses all its wildness and incongruity, and nothing takes the place of the tension that comes into it when it is danced, as it was a few seasons ago, by a woman and two men.

Now that Tharp knows partnering, does she know all? Has she taken choreography as far as she can go? "Brahms' Paganini," for all its brilliance, compounds known strengths. The quartet is more extravagantly wrought but not greater than the duets in "Baker's Dozen," which was new last year. The solo is way out there, but it is Tharp challenging the dancer, not Tharp challenging herself. I think she may have undertaken the unaccustomed risks of "When We Were Very Young" out of a need to find and develop a fresh area of expertise. She gets nearly everything wrong, and when she's right—for Broadway—she's terrible. Is it merely accidental that this début in Robbins-Fosse territory should have found her technically unready but dead on pitch in less tangible matters of attitude and tone? At first, the surprising thing about her work here is its absence of tone. She misuses tight dance continuity to bind heterogeneous story elements, for example, which produces a tonelessness characteristic of the amateur. But Tharp's work also has the manic-depressive tonelessness, the directionless anger, the mordancy we feel throughout our theatre today I haven't seen this much bile in Tharp since she first began choreographing. Fifteen or so years ago, she was going in for outrage—invading the audience, throwing props around. A lot of people were doing that then. But Tharp was madder than most. At the same time, she was funnelling her energy into "conceptual" structures that would have totally neutralized emotion if structures were capable of such a thing. As she progressed in technique, her rhetoric became emotionally more per-

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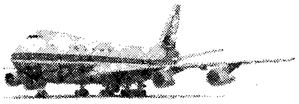

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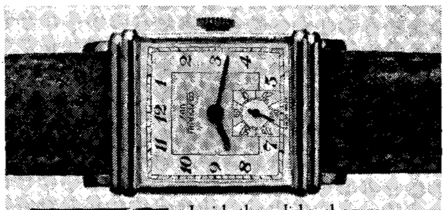

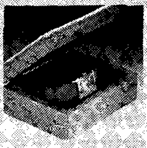

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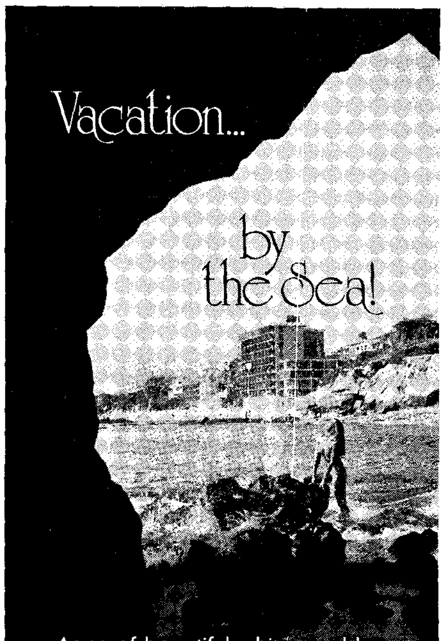
missive. But her own emotion had lightened a good deal by then; she could be neutral even when her work wasn't. "When We Were Very Young" represents a first attempt in an unfamiliar field, a floundering, self-conscious attempt to declare herself a dramatic personality. Technically, she's back in the period when she choreographed her tantrums and smashed chairs on the stage. How, looking at the shambles she has made of this latest upscale venture, can anyone call her work slick? It's as raw as a new wound. How can anyone, looking at that last big solo she dances, not see the murder in her eye as she launches the manège to a musical pickup that sounds like the start of "Oklahoma!"? No, this isn't the Judson Church, it's the Winter Garden. And this is the Tharp of 1980, swimming with the tide and willing to go under, all over again.

THE greatest acrobats I've ever seen were in the Shenyang troupe that came from the People's Republic of China to the City Center for the briefest of stands several years ago, during the Ping-Pong era in American-Chinese relations. The Shanghai Acrobatic Theatre, which has just left the City Center to begin a three-month cross-country tour, is, I understand, no relation of Shenyang. All the more amazing, then, that it should be just as impressive, if not quite as spectacular, and in a wider variety of tumbling, balancing, juggling, and illusionist tricks. The Shanghai acrobats are for the most part very young, with pliant young bones and sinews. The contortionists don't have the forbidding knotty muscularity that usually makes this specialty, to me, so unattractive. All the bodies look smoothly conditioned and show a springy grace. Apparently, there is good gymnastic training to be had in Shanghai and good dance training as well.

Occasionally, the show falls short in suspense. An incessant orchestra gives away the payoff of every stunt. And the young women who spin plates atop handfuls of bamboo sticks and who keep on doing it even while rolling completely over on the floor never let us see, even for an instant, that the plates aren't *fixed* to the sticks—that they *can* stop twirling and even fall. In "Circus Techniques," by Hovey Burgess, the chapter "Spinning a Plate on a Stick" warns the neophyte, "It is important not to panic just because it is wobbling. A gyroscopic object's tendency to stay in place is incredible." Even so. Those cool maidens could be



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performing in a science fair. The Jolly Cooks used, instead of hand-held sticks, poles, which they stood on end. They'd get the rice bowls going and then forget all about them until one would start to topple, then another, then another. Somehow, the fact that there were enough cooks to tend the bowls made all the frantic rushing and shrieking funnier than if there'd been only one. The Jolly Cooks did everything at top speed. For a finish, they fired a stream of plates across the stage at one poor cook, who just managed to keep himself from being cut in half by catching them in a stack.

Whether to come within an eyelash of disaster or to remain serenely secure is not always left to the performer. Those acts that involve hurling people through the air onto each other's shoulders need no dramatization. Neither do those in which pagodas of objects are built on noses or foreheads. The man who performs this feat in the Shanghai company makes a fine tall stack of trays of glasses and trays of vases and trays of assorted unidentifiable but obviously breakable objects, and at the end the whole teetering thing lights up like a chandelier. At the *very* end, still balancing, the juggler braces himself between two ladders and climbs them. This man, Zhang Guoliang, must be among the world's most skillful practitioners of object-upon-object balance juggling. But he did not drive from my mind his counterpart in Shenyang, a small woman who looked to be about fifty. (Zhang Guoliang is also of middle years, which suggests either that the art is dying or that it takes that long to master it.) Along with her name, I have forgotten what all she piled on top of her nose, but it made something altitudinous. I do remember that a tray holding four bowls of water was at the bottom and a tray holding four eggs stood on end was at the top. And what the lady did was take a baton and whap the side of the pagoda once. Whap! and all the intervening objects flew away, leaving the four eggs to plop into the four bowls of water. It is not known for how many minutes they boiled.

—ARLENE CROCE

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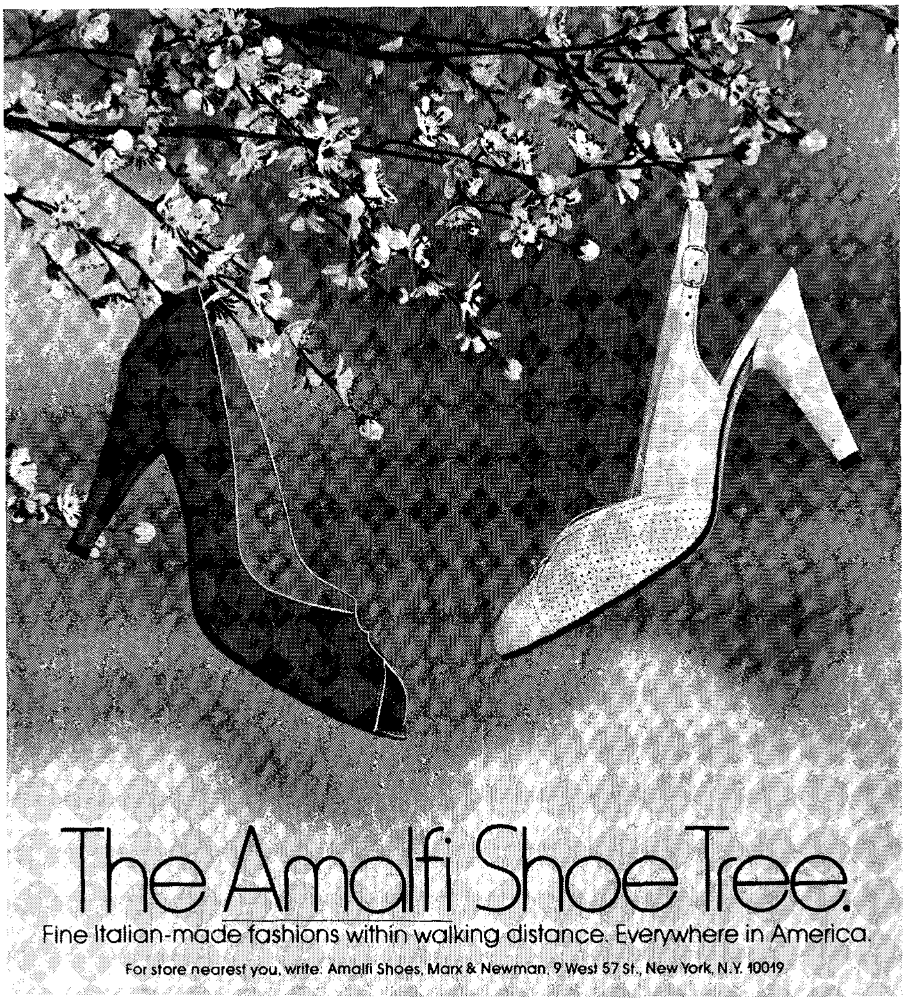

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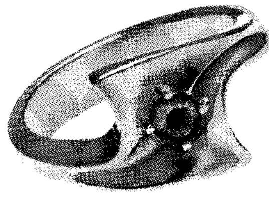

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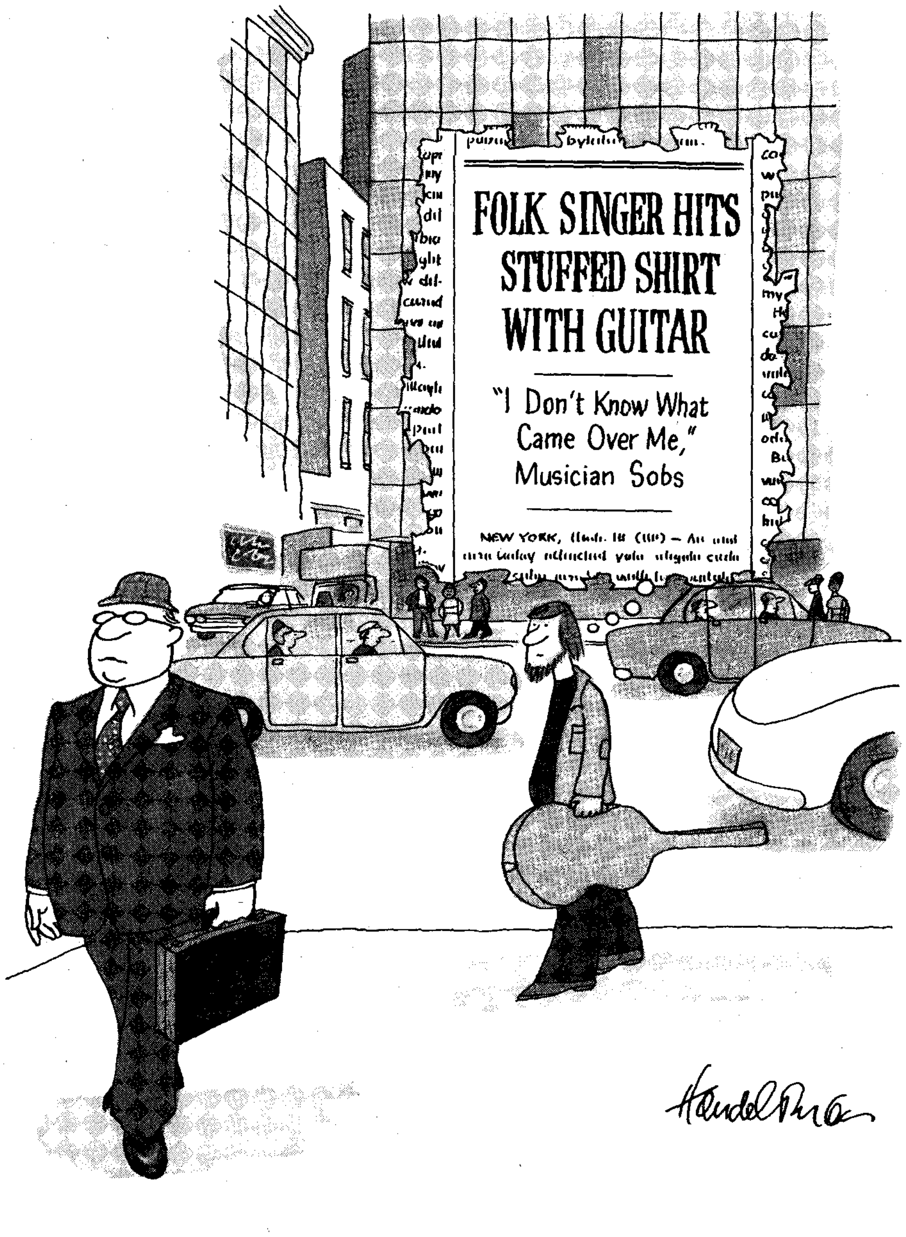
BOOKS

Disaffection in Deutsch

THE West German literary magazine *Südwestfunk* has in its wisdom decided to give an annual prize to a work "depicting with great literary seriousness the human experience of alienation." The first winner was Gerhard Roth's short novel "Winterreise," which now, as if alienation were what America needs more of, has been prettily published here by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($9.95), in a translation by Joachim Neugroschel that is not always felicitous and that somehow skipped across the title: "*Winterreise*" means "winter journey." Mr. Roth, born in Austria in 1942, has written among other things several children's books. His hero, Nagl, has been a teacher of young children and, during his bleak winter wanderings through Italy, often thinks of childhood, his own and his students':

> He recalled how stupid he had felt as a child in school. He had learned arithmetic like a machine, he had written like a machine, without knowing why. He had only felt an inescapable constraint, a hopelessness, which struck him mute. "It makes no sense," he had often thought when giving up, as if what came next would have made more sense. He had raised the children to keep quiet and make no waves, because he believed that would be best for them.

Alienated at the kindergarten level, Nagl progresses through the wastelands of religion, sex, and sightseeing with uniformly high marks in apathy and detachment; the only real trouble with this book about him is that it feels too conscientiously determined to carry off the alienation prize.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"Winterreise" begins on the last day of the year, a calendrical downer. Nagl is about to go to Italy. He says goodbye to his classroom and his mistress. She is a policeman's wife whose boot has lost its heel. Their soggy parting occasions single-sentence paragraphs, an infallible sign of philosophical distress:

> "I'll drive you home," said the woman as she sat down, placing the empty plastic sack [formerly containing the heelless boot] at her side. When he shook his head, she drove off.
>
> It was a cold winter day.
>
> It was the last day of the year.

He witnesses a veterinarian's funeral, which introduces the theme of umbrellas: "Since it had rained that morning, the farmers carried folded umbrellas." In his room, he looks at an antique "silver peasant watch" that he has inherited from his grandfather and leafs through a book of color photographs of volcanoes. Volcanoes are his favorite thing: "Sulfurous efflorescences in front of the ice wall of the Torfajökull Glacier in southern Iceland, the white-hot lava flow from Mount Kilauea in Hawaii, geysers in Yellowstone National Park, lava with a blue, glassy surface in Idaho, violet ash deposits on the Lipari Islands, and a view into the crater of Vesuvius, with pale billows of smoke rising from inside." Then he calls up a girl called Anna, "who had been unfaithful to him," and she consents to come along, because she is "naturally frivolous" and her father is an optician. Then the cuckolded policeman comes by, somewhat drunk, and to show that he is "serious" shoots himself in the hand. Nagl tells him to go to a doctor and heads out the door with his valise. Naples, here we come.

Ever since the German tribes ranged themselves against, and eventually conquered, Rome, the southern half of Europe has appeared to the northern half as a tray of goodies that might make you sick. Dürer went to Venice to learn from the art of Mantegna and Bellini; Mann's writer Aschenbach went to Venice to discover his homosexuality and die. In his "Roman Elegies," Goethe wrote, "Still do I mark the churches, palaces, ruins, and columns, As a wise traveller should," and buses of boisterous Teutonic tourists still seek in the sunny sights of Italy relief from their own gray skies and, of a potentially corrupting sort, education. Nagl, that nail in the world's cof-

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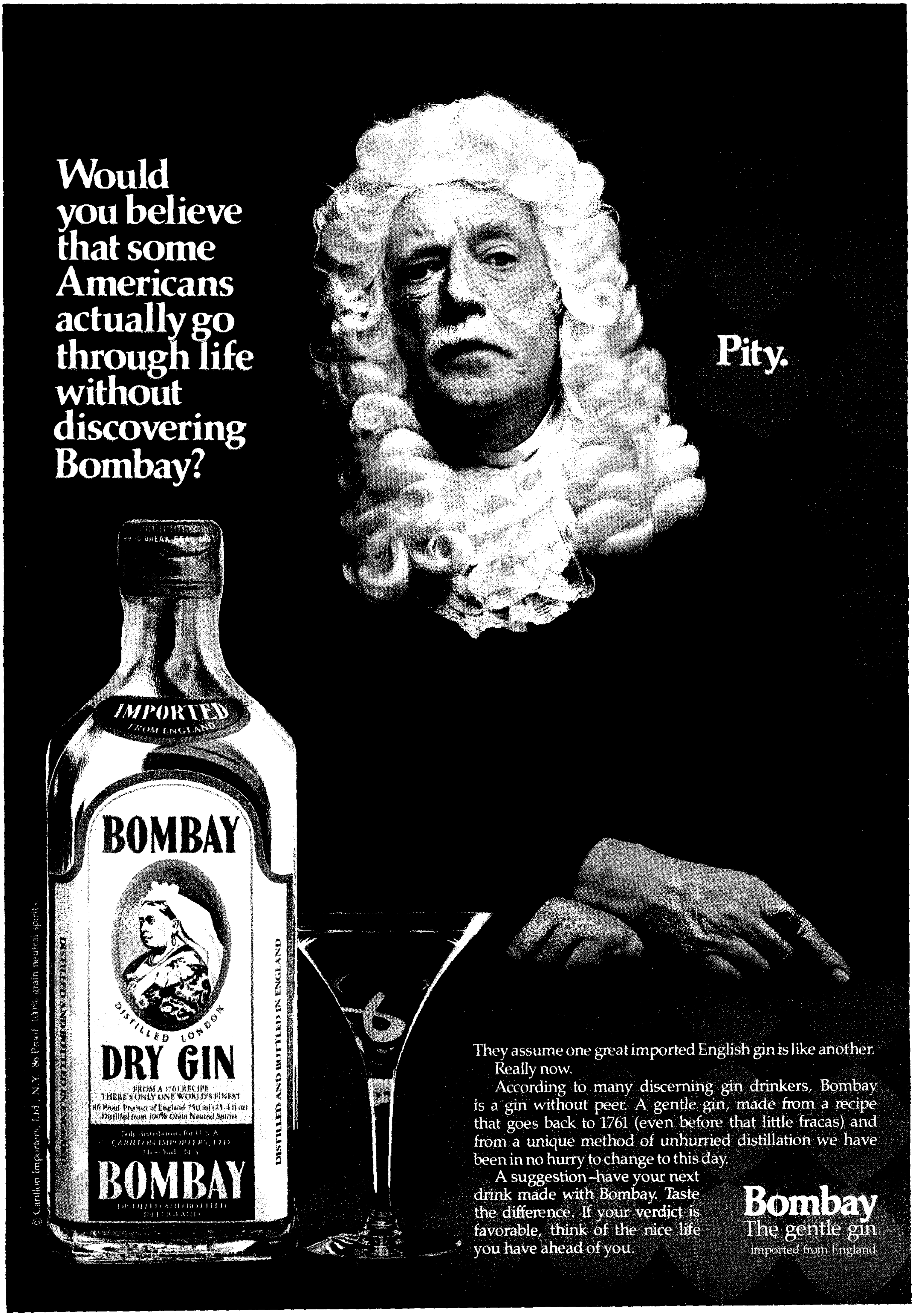
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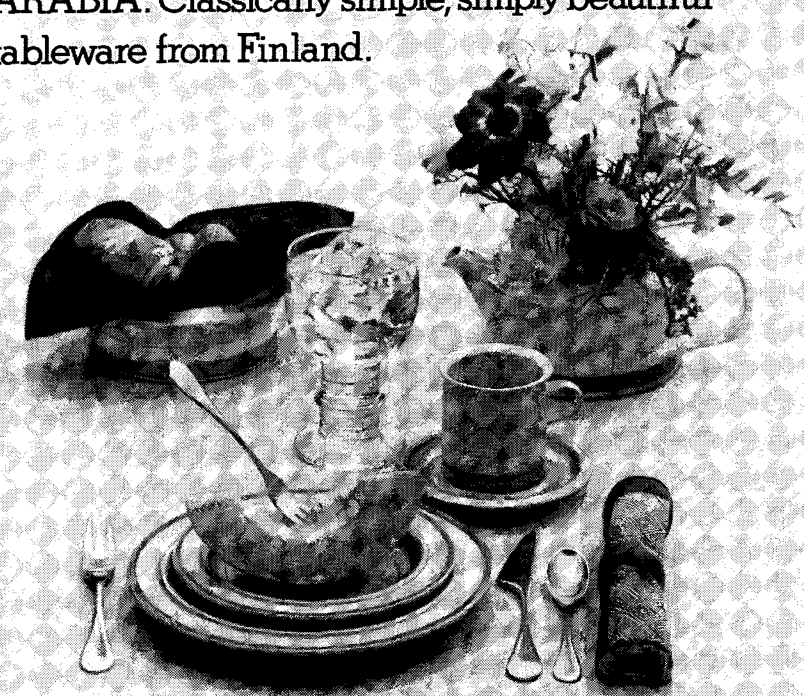
fin, drinks up local color like a straw. In Naples, "oranges and lemons on carts and in fruit crates gave way to crates of firm red peppers, cucumbers, and zucchini. Vegetable dealers in caps and aprons hauled crates of leeks, radishes, cabbage, fennel, pears, and apples past them, the air smelled of fish and meat, fruit, onions, and cheese." In Pompeii, "the Casa dei Vettii plunged into his eyes, pictures on walls in colors surfacing to the daylight from deep in the ocean. Colors from pollen and from the blood of slaughtered oxen, from air and leaves, colors that were tender as if they had grown as plants, as if they were thoughts made of some living matter." In the Basilica of St. Peter's (which he mistakenly terms a cathedral), "the walls and decorations were of black, green, yellow, and gray marble full of golden mosaics and stuccowork." On Piazza Navona, "children were yelling between the tea-colored, olive-green, and iodine-brown houses and the white fountains." In Venice, "palazzi rose out of the water, in colors that seemed to come from the ocean, yellow and orange, purple and salmon, with stone balconies and closed, heavy shutters. Ships came toward them or past them or rocked between blue-and-yellow and tobacco-brown and white pilings with golden balls over the tops." And: "In the harsh noon light, the colors of the houses turned pale like crab shells drying in the sun." And: "The sun was a reddish-gold disk setting rapidly behind the palazzi. The purple behind the houses oozed into the sea, pulling along a flow of stringy red clouds. There, where Nagl assumed the Campanile to be, the figure of a golden angel glowed in the setting sunlight, the angel was small and bright, while the heavens turned violet and tinged into green away from the houses." Well, this is fine stuff, if you enjoy getting postcards; and to an extent we all do. But the vividly seen colors of Nagl's excursion are flat as colored chalk on a blackboard, where they share space with detailed diagrams of his sexual congresses with the strikingly obliging Anna, and a sporadic tracing of the *Wanderjahre* of his itinerant-worker grandfather, and a running tabulation of the amounts of grappa he consumes to keep his alienation moist, and a number of smeary equations whose sum is zero ("I'm nobody. I've invented everything I see." "Everyone only knew about himself that he was nothing"). Through the polychrome of the prose stares the blackboard itself, a personal void that consumes ungratefully all the gifts the world can offer,



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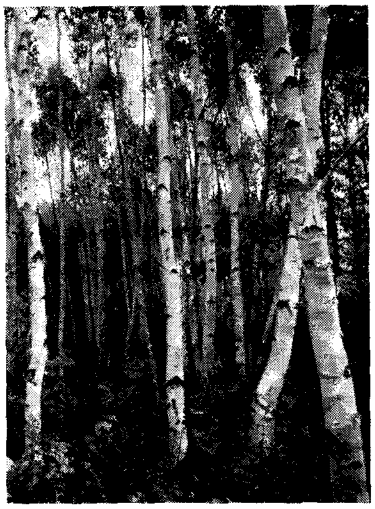

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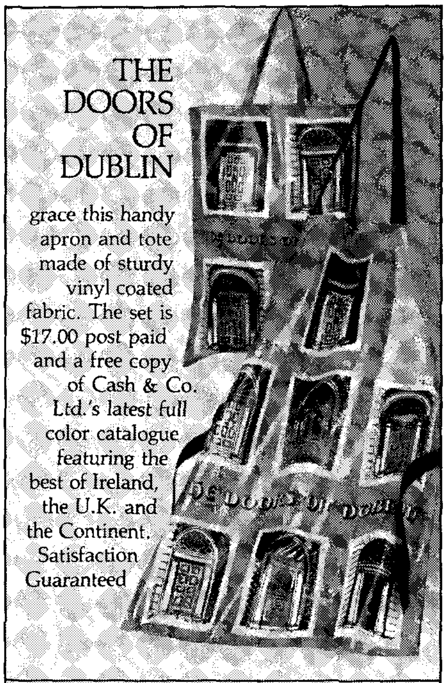
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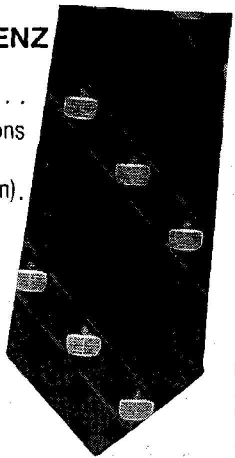
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from scenic beauty to sexual pleasure, and pronounces itself dissatisfied: “He lacked something. He always had the feeling that something was lacking. It left him dissatisfied and, since he couldn't talk to anyone about it, lonely.”

As when a child throws a sulk, we are meant to feel guilty. We of the world have failed. Mr. Roth is an educated member of a prosperous and efficient capitalist democracy; but then so was Ulrike Meinhof. So is Mr. Roth's fellow-Austrian and exact contemporary Peter Handke. Like much of Handke's work, “Winterreise” is short, intense, and repellent. Both writers work the vein of hysteria that complements rigid dutifulness within the German male character: both writers know that border area where coldness becomes frenzy and alienation becomes terrorism. Both persuade us that the man next to us (in the bus, in the neighborhood) is close to crazy. The surface mundane of “Winterreise” bristles with little details that seem to shriek: “At the jetty by the railroad station, a dead squid with golden eyes lay on a wooden stairway.” Throughout his journey, Nagl has noticed umbrellas. One drunken night, “the last thing he saw was Anna setting up the open umbrella to dry on the bureau. In the night, he awoke and spotted the umbrella, which looked like a gigantic open flower. He felt threatened by it, got up, and put it away.” Many of his visual impressions are threatening, like fissures of steam that declare an underlying volcano. These details give his book what poetry it has, and its truth. Its untruth stems from its air of solemn petulance and its proudly self-confirming disaffection. Anna's lovemaking, as brutally described, is rabid. Nagl's grandfather's life, as imagined, is as futile a wandering as his own. The children he teaches are conceived entirely in terms of pathos, never of hope or simple vitality. As in Handke, the shadow of Catholicism (which the Austrian monarchy successfully defended against Lutheranism) falls across a world so insubstantially gaudy, so glistening with terror. Nagl left the Church ten years ago, and “religion struck him as an artistic handiwork from the hands of death, and it seemed only to be announcing death.” Yet this same religion in other lights “struck him as a shield against madness.” In a crisis, he prays, and toward the end of his debilitating survey of Italian monuments, in Venice, “while calmly registering everything, Nagl was suddenly convinced that death would not snuff

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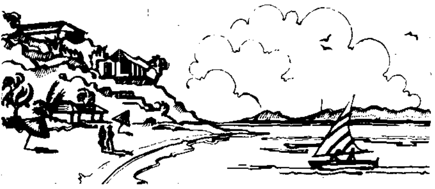
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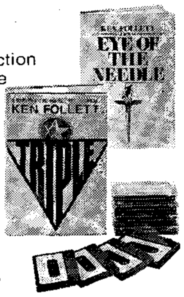

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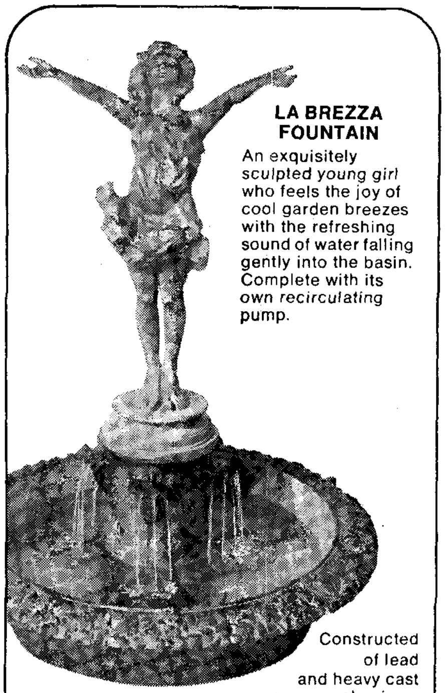
him out." This should be good news, but we feel no relief at the revelation—just the threat of a weary prolongation. What afterworld could please Nagl? When he has at last driven Anna away with his cruel apathy, he lies on his bed alone and the "eternal ice" of the Arctic enters his mind. In a sudden turn toward the territory ahead as surprising as Dick Diver's winding up in the Finger Lakes region, Nagl buys an airplane ticket for Fairbanks, Alaska. The Welcome Wagon and the Chamber of Commerce there should buck him up.

HANS JOACHIM SCHÄDLICH is disaffected in another way. Born in 1935, he was one of the seventeen million persons trapped as the Soviet zone of occupied Germany congealed into the German Democratic Republic. After studying at the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig, he became a translator, and wrote fiction that the authorities did not find acceptable for publication. When, in 1977, he arranged to have a book of his writings published in West Germany, to enthusiastic reviews ("A book that burns like ice"—*Die Zeit*), his income as a translator ceased and he was declared an enemy of the state. The authorities finally granted him a permit to emigrate in December of that year, and he moved to Hamburg, to enjoy the freedoms of the Federal Republic of Germany. His *Winterreise* from East to West Germany was presumably a good trip, and all honor is due yet another writer who struggled against the inane censorship of a Communist state. However, the American publication of his brave work, under the title "Approximation," in a translation from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95), may afford its American readers satisfactions more political than aesthetic; Mr. Schädlich's style is as bleak as his themes, and the ingenious strategies of expression under tyranny can seem rather spindly out in the open.

His twenty-five stories—some as short as two pages—were written from 1969 to 1977, and can be grouped into several distinct modes of writing. What hope or defiant despair of publication accompanied these various approaches can only be conjectured. One mode, illustrated by "Come, My Sweetheart, Let Us Go Into the Country and Spend the Night in the Villages," is narrated by a youthful rogue who cheats the system with sex, jazz, and booze, and brags about it; this form



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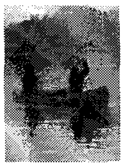

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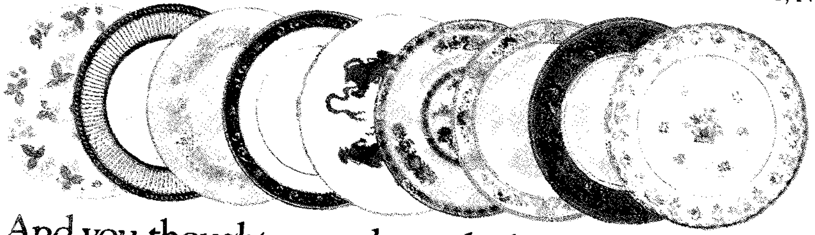

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*Elsewhere in the report, Road & Track states: "... we were pleased to note that our fuel economy continues to improve, finishing the test at 22.7 mpg for the entire period (48,000 miles) with the last 12,000 miles registering 23.5 mpg. We attribute the improvement to a variety of factors, including more long-distance travel, the engine loosening up, and drivers not using as heavy a throttle foot as was the pattern when the car was a novelty."

During the entire 48,000 mile period, various Road & Track editors drove the Audi 5000 in a variety of weather, speed and driving conditions and did not favor any one of them.

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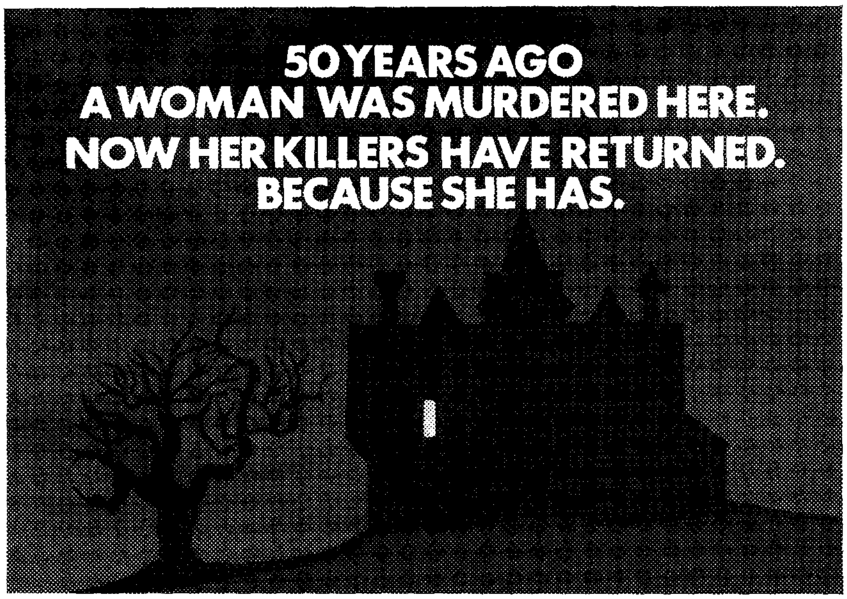
of the picaresque owes something, perhaps, to the stories of the Russian Vasily Aksyenov, which came like a breath of fresh air into Soviet fiction in the early sixties, and whose breezy presentation of anti-social behavior yet did not openly challenge Socialist orthodoxy—though sensitive establishment critics were quick to scent the whiff of a challenge in it. Mr. Schädlich's story "Apple in Silver Bowl" extends this mode into open criticism; its young tough-talking hero sees his girl seduced by a "fat card" who lives in a "dacha" so elegant it seems to belong "across the border where the other country wallows in luxury." The last sentence calls the fat card "the type I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole, but that kind will shinny right up to the top of the pole"—meaning the local pole, the Communist system. "Nowhere a Place" shows a defective child pummelled to death by a group of men that includes a hospital administrator; "Parts of the Countryside" tells how another misfit, a young woman who abandons her work, dies of exposure in the woods in the absence of the proper residency permits; and "Dobruska" is a sketch of a drunken construction worker as dialogue-dependent and sour as an early John O'Hara short short. All these stories in a naturalistic mode may have been aimed at sanctioned publication; there is little in them that specifically indicts the government—just the implication that for many in this society there is "nowhere a place."

Another group, however, explicitly portrays aspects of Socialist totalitarianism. "Under the Eighteen Towers of the Týn Church" follows with chilling precision the steps whereby the police identify the speakers who, with their backs to the camera, gave an indiscreet television interview in Prague. The title story, "Approximation," presents the thoughts of a nameless national leader as he stands trapped and almost motionless watching a three-hour parade pass by, wishing that he could have a beer, fantasizing that his own bodyguards may turn their guns on him. "Barely Legible Letter" consists of a worker's plea, since he was denied permission to visit his dying father in the "western part of the city," to be stricken "from the list of residents"—"I don't know about official documents. But I know this much: that I am not the country's property, don't have to stay where I was born." "Posthumous Works" shows a party hack, "familiar of poets," silkily bargaining with the mistress of a great, recently deceased poet for the poet's papers, to be placed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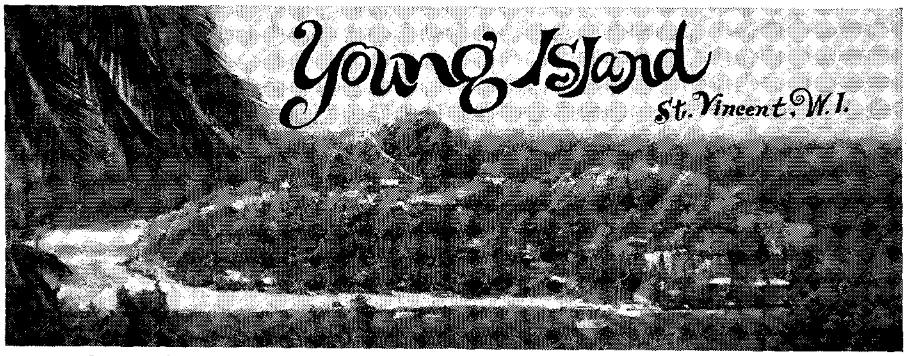

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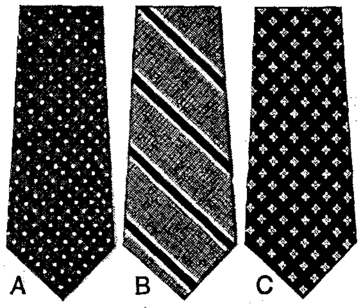

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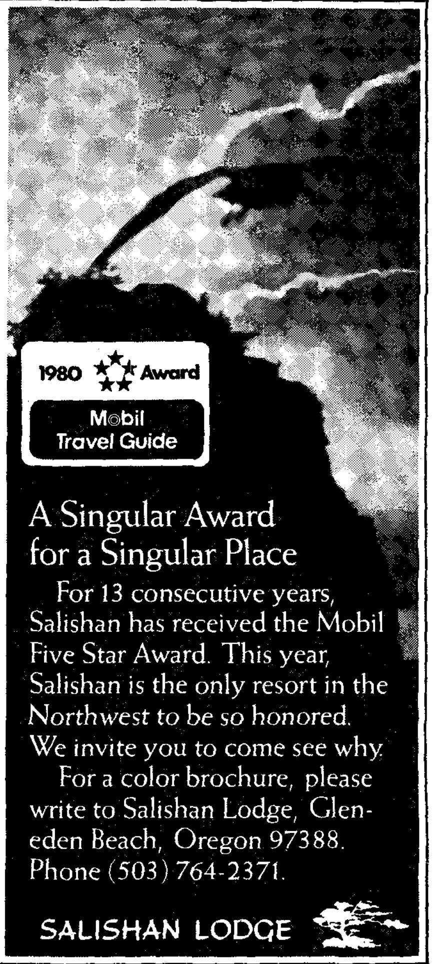
in "the prospective archives." "Little Lessons in Prosody" details the suave seduction of a young poet by benign and insistent official guardians of the ideal of beauty: "To confer strength for struggle, for the everyday struggle as well, is what beautiful poetry does and should do." It is worth noting how understated these stories are: the enforcers of social order are shown as patient, suave, plausible, even playful. In "Stand Up and Be Counted," the speeches at a workers' political meeting are given as straight as the conservative pep talks in "Babbitt."

The more rigid a situation is, the more delicate satire can be and still make itself felt. The subservient client-state relationship of East Germany to the Soviet Union is parodied in some curious stories ("The Emperor of Russia's Visit to the Emperor of Germany" and "Last Honors") that do little but unfurl the pompous and melodious vocabulary of nineteenth-century diplomacy from the balconies of the implied present situation. No topical allusions occur, unless they are buried in the roll of dignitaries' names. "Brief Account of the Death of Nikodemus Frischlin" gives us the imprisonment and death of a sixteenth-century professor *poeticus et historiarum* who has offended the nobility; like most of Mr. Schädlich's heroes, Frischlin is "a stranger in his own country." Other stories ("Search for a Sentence" and "October Sky") toy with the German literary past with an irony too muted to survive translation; entrapment in a precisely described environment is their common feature, as if the East German walls extended deep into the past as well as the future.

The last distinctive type of story owes something to the objectivism of Robbe-Grillet: streets and buildings and mechanical maneuvers are blueprinted with a merciless and ominous precision. The oldest story in this collection, "Greeting," flatly describes a postcard mailed to Leipzig from Berlin; only the pressure of the signature ("Buttke signs his name so hard that the signature makes a faint ridge on the other side") indicates emotion. In "One-Way Mirror," a large and complex waterfront building is described as it existed on a certain date (Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of June, 1974) in such a manner as to suggest that an escape has been made. In "Restless and Fleeing," the escape is made from a railway car: "The man who sat down beside the man I am sitting opposite, and who got up, opens the door opposite the door and falls into the dark-



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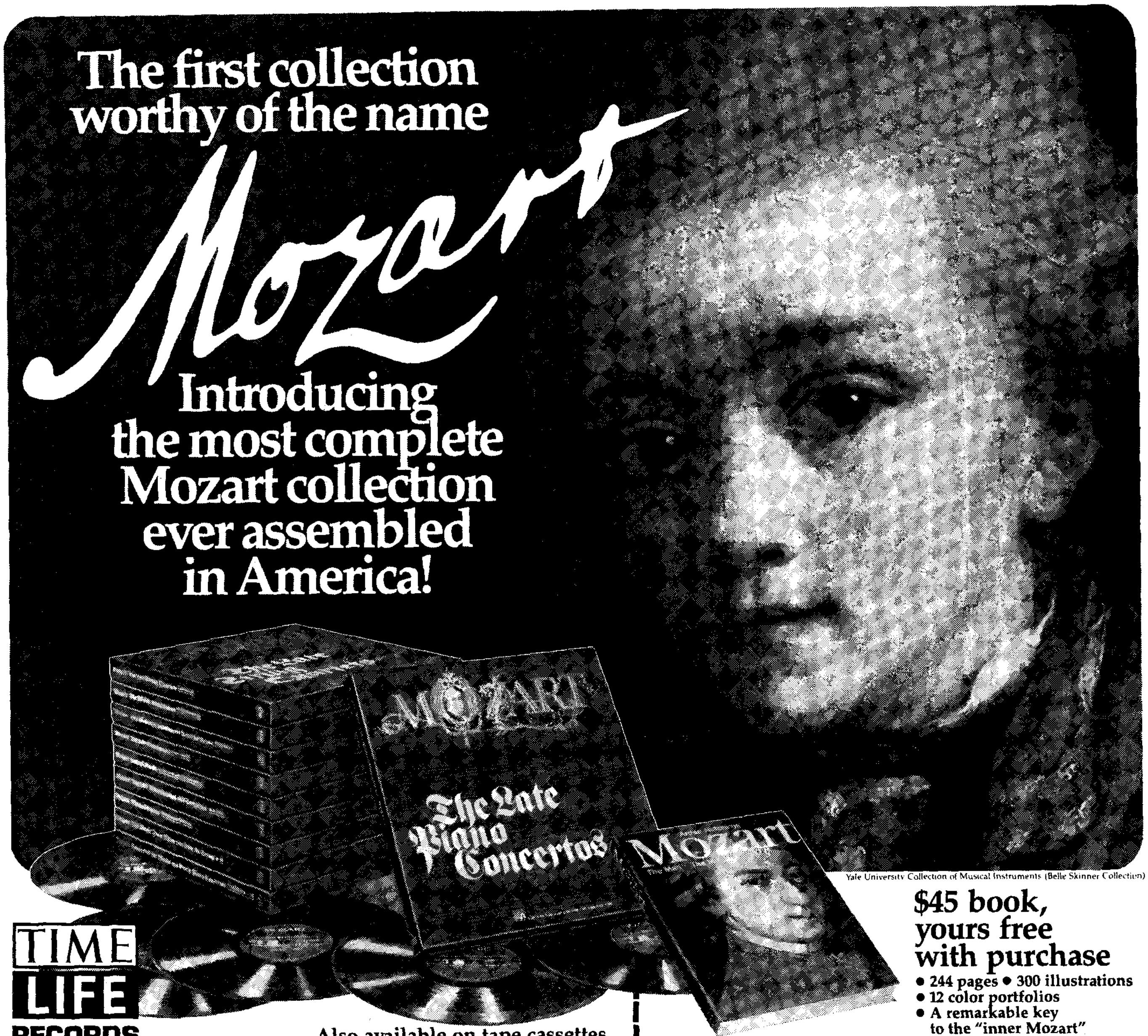
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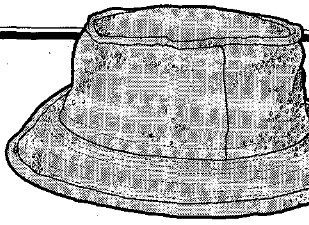

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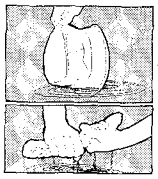

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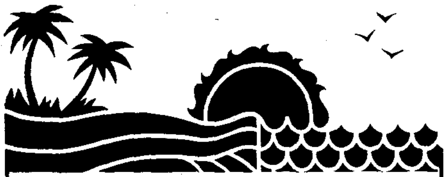

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ness." And in "Paper and Pencil" the hero, like a figure in a Steinberg drawing, seems to be trying to write himself into another space altogether. These stories, bleak and minimal as they are, and composed in a voice indebted to the avant-garde of Western Europe, yet feel pregnant with the writer's most intuitive, least politicized *sense of life—a life of things that all* function as barriers, an East Germany wherein people have been reduced to the stylized scribbles of architectural sketches, lacking not only names but even the numbers that are assigned to prisoners. These citizens send postcards, witness parades, and vanish.

Both "Approximation" and "Winterreise," indeed, leave humanity as we have liked to imagine it far behind. Have the copious sociologies and teeming populations of Mann and Musil, Grass and Böll come to this, this laconic testimony smuggled out of lands of ice? Your reviewer took these two slim volumes of fiction with him on a week in the Caribbean and must confess that, brief as both are, it took all the bracing countereffects of sun, sea, and shuffleboard to get him through them. Mr. Schädlich is the more cheerful, since he believes there is something better across the border; but, given the mind-set he so rigorously images forth, one wonders if he is less a stranger in Hamburg than Nagl in Alaska. A world where no one is at home seems deducible from these evidences of the human spirit's atrophy.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Delphinium Girl, by Mark Smith (Harper & Row; $10.95). A novel about the pursuit of happiness in a New Hampshire colony of well-heeled dropouts from urban high tensions. There is a lavish spread of characters with distinctive family names—Orlovsky, Kubilius, Cullenbine, Auden, Stargaard, Renzi—but the characters never become more than names affixed to lists of labels: conservationist, professor, anesthesiologist, gardener; do-gooder, lecher, dreamer, climber. One of the more attractive members of this set is "the delphinium girl" (so called by her husband because of her bright-blue eyes), who aspires to be a grande dame (without being quite sure of what that might entail), until she learns that she is soon to die of a mysterious disease. The disease, which makes her feel

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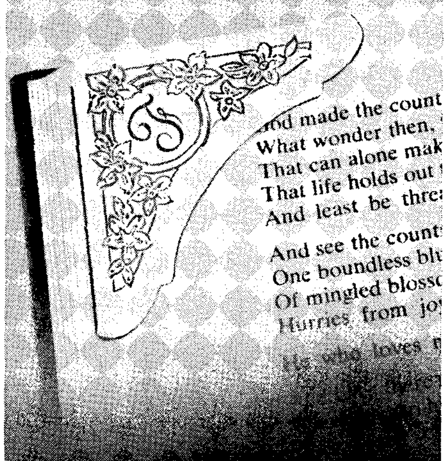

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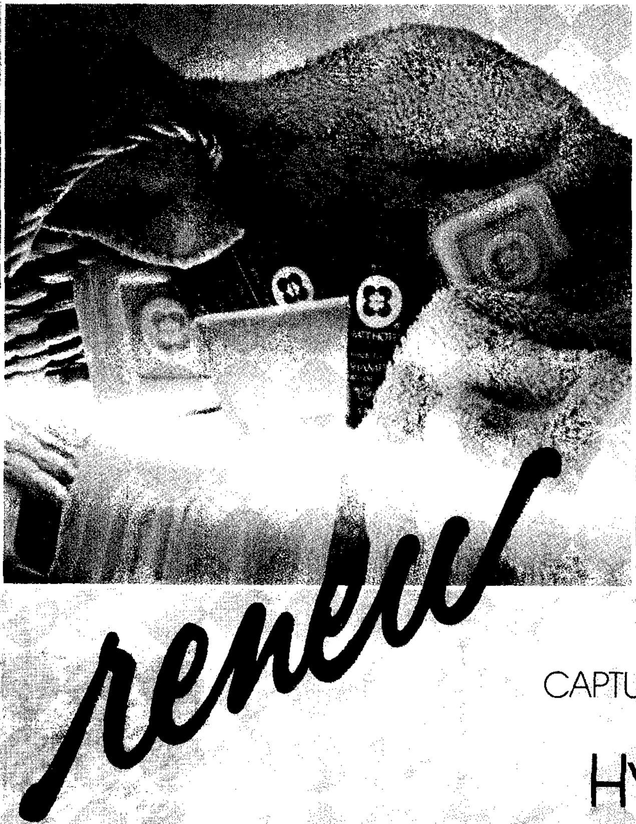

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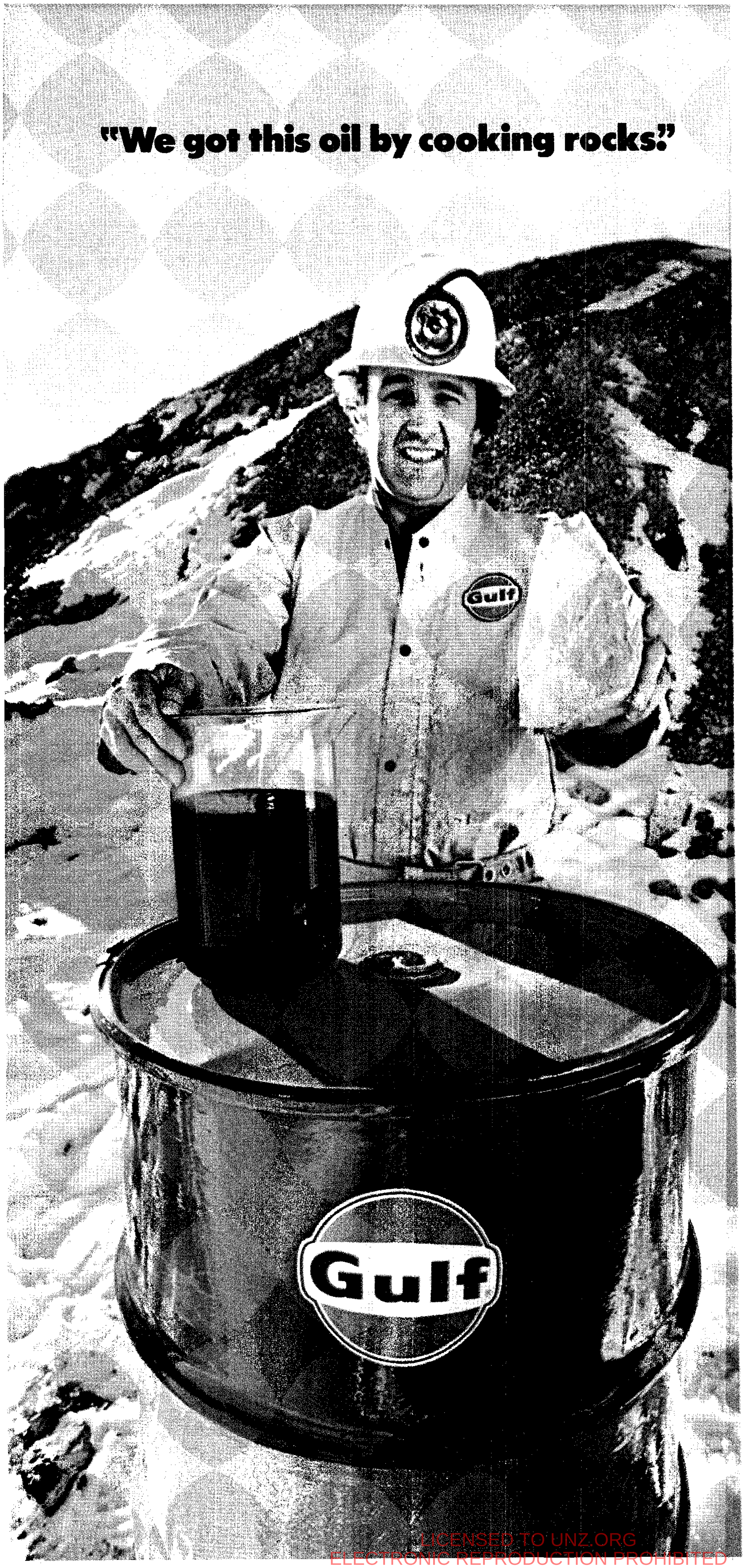
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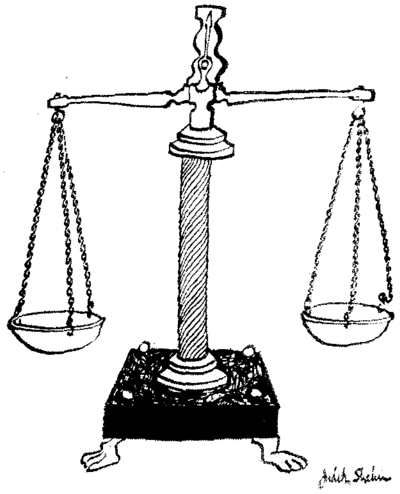
like a one-person endangered species, serves to point up the folly of her friends' pastimes and the futility of their flight from modern American troubles. Unfortunately, however, her perceptions seem to fade along with her health, and the reader, left alone to judge the others, may conclude that none of them seems real enough to criticize or commend.

CATLIN, by Don Higgins (St. Martin's; $9.95). The eleventh summer in the life of Chester St. Clair, Jr., begins when he and his mother (in financial straits after Chester, Sr., loses his mind and has to be locked up) accept an invitation to move to the ramshackle hamlet of Ruffins Inlet, South Carolina—an invitation extended by fat and peppery Miss Sissy (also a St. Clair), owner of a local restaurant that draws customers from all over the South and that employs most of Ruffins Inlet's population, most of whom are St. Clairs. Miss Sissy also acts as the guardian of a handful of assorted young folk, including Cooter, a black busboy with a blue glass eye; Sweetpea, Cooter's best friend, whom Miss Sissy is putting through Harvard; and Catlin, a loose-tongued twelve-year-old girl who befriends Chester and lets him in on a variety of local scandals—romantic and financial—as well as some fundamental facts of life. By the end of the summer, Chester has begun to learn that being unseen and pretending not to hear are the best ways of learning what one cannot afford not to know. Don Higgins takes a number of risks—cuteness and confusion, to name two—by making his narrator a child who tells his own story in Pogo-like dialect, but he pulls it off without a hitch.

NOTE: "Bullies," a collection of short stories by George W. S. Trow, all



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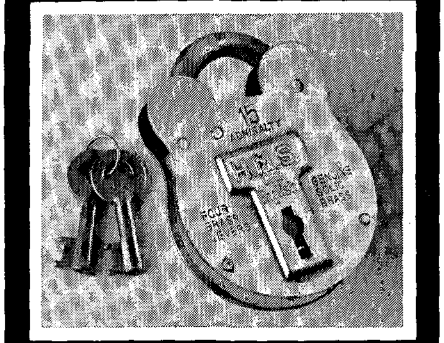

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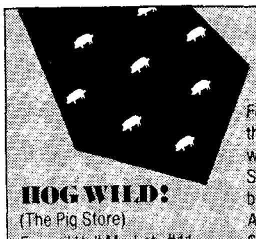

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of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Little, Brown ($8.95).

GENERAL

COLETTE, by Michèle Sarde, translated from the French by Richard Miller (Morrow; $12.95). Colette's life (her dates are 1873-1954) had few dull moments. First, there was her happy, sunlit childhood in a pretty village in Burgundy. Then she married Henri Gauthier-Villars (known generally as Willy), a literary entrepreneur and a fixture in the Parisian demimonde during the Belle Époque, who saw that his young wife's memories of her provincial school days could, with a little alteration, titillate a vast portion of the reading public. Next came her divorce from Willy, after the "Claudine" novels had made her name (despite the fact that Willy signed his name to them and shared with Colette none of the royalties); her bare-skinned stint on the music-hall stage; and her association with a variety of upper-crust lesbians. Finally, after two more marriages and numerous novels, she began a relatively gentle descent into middle and old age; photographs from these years show her famous features—her lyre-like lips, her heart-shaped face, her wide, kohl-rimmed eyes. Unfortunately, all these facts are bent and stretched to fit the feminist purposes of this biographer, who is a disciple of Simone de Beauvoir. Generous excerpts from Colette's letters and novels adorn the text (and are set apart from it only by a transition to italic type), but there are too many phrases of Miss Sarde's own making which appear more than a little inane, such as "The maternal instinct is a creation of the male brain" and "Seen through informed and detached eyes, the male comedy often appears fairly insular."

FAITH, REASON, AND THE PLAGUE IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TUSCANY, by Carlo M. Cipolla, translated from the Italian by Muriel Kittel (Cornell University Press; $9.95). The author of this curious little footnote to the first stirrings of the modern age is a professor of history both at the European University Institute, in Florence, and at the University of California at Berkeley. His subject is an incident that occurred toward the end of July, 1631, in the tiny walled hamlet of Monte Lupo. The plague had bro-

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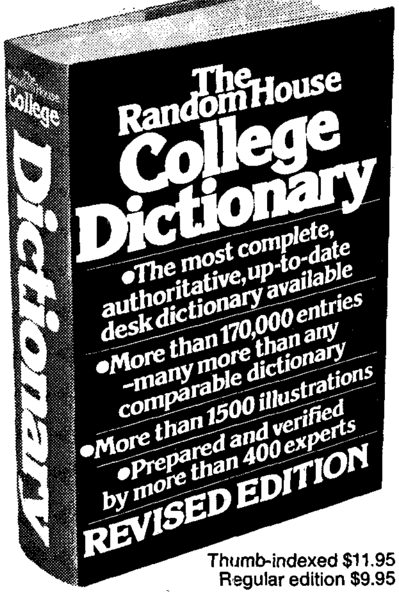
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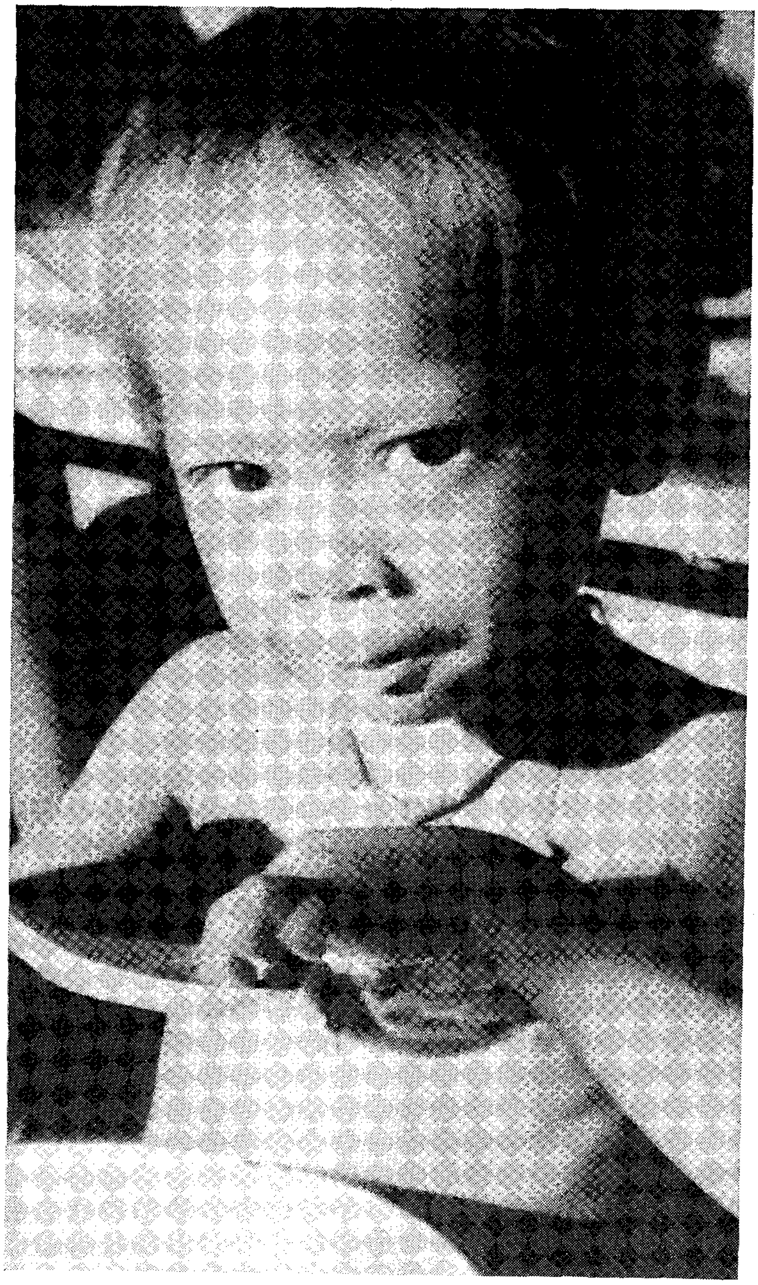

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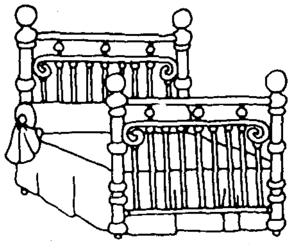

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ken out in Monte Lupo, and the civil authorities had quarantined the village and forbidden public gatherings. On Sunday, July 20th, the village priest, in defiance of the civil edict, organized a processional display of a miraculous crucifix in the hope of persuading God to terminate the epidemic. A near-riot ensued, in which the State confronted the Church, and "experience" (a growing belief in a rational explanation of disease) confronted faith. Professor Cipolla has given us a fascinating glimpse of human confusion, human struggle, and the beginning of the end of an ironclad millennium.

THE MIRAGE, by Zay N. Smith and Pamela Zekman, photographs by Gene Pesek and Jim Frost (Random House; $10). The Mirage was the name of a small tavern in a seedy North Chicago neighborhood that for seven months in 1977 was run by the two authors, both reporters for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, who posed as Norty the Bartender and Pam the Barmaid. The idea was to observe and document the shakedowns and other corrupt dodges of the municipal authorities. Before the Mirage had even opened for business, liquor-law inspectors, plumbing inspectors, health and fire inspectors, and every other kind of inspector filed in. Some of them just took money in envelopes in a routine way and promised to overlook the tavern's multiple, and serious, violations; some declared they would have to close the place, but settled in the end for shaking it down instead. Vending-machine distributors and accountants came in, too, and were generous with advice on how to skim off profits and cut corners on taxes. Nearly all were photographed, some in the act of taking money, by a camera hidden in a loft above the bar. Altogether, it is a shocking and funny story.

NOTE: Pauline Kael's "When the Lights Go Down," a collection of movie reviews together with a Profile of Cary Grant, has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston ($18.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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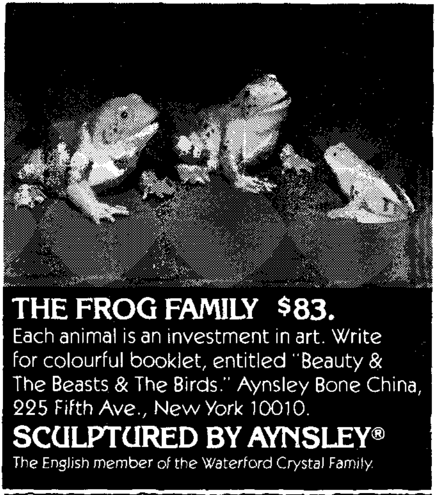

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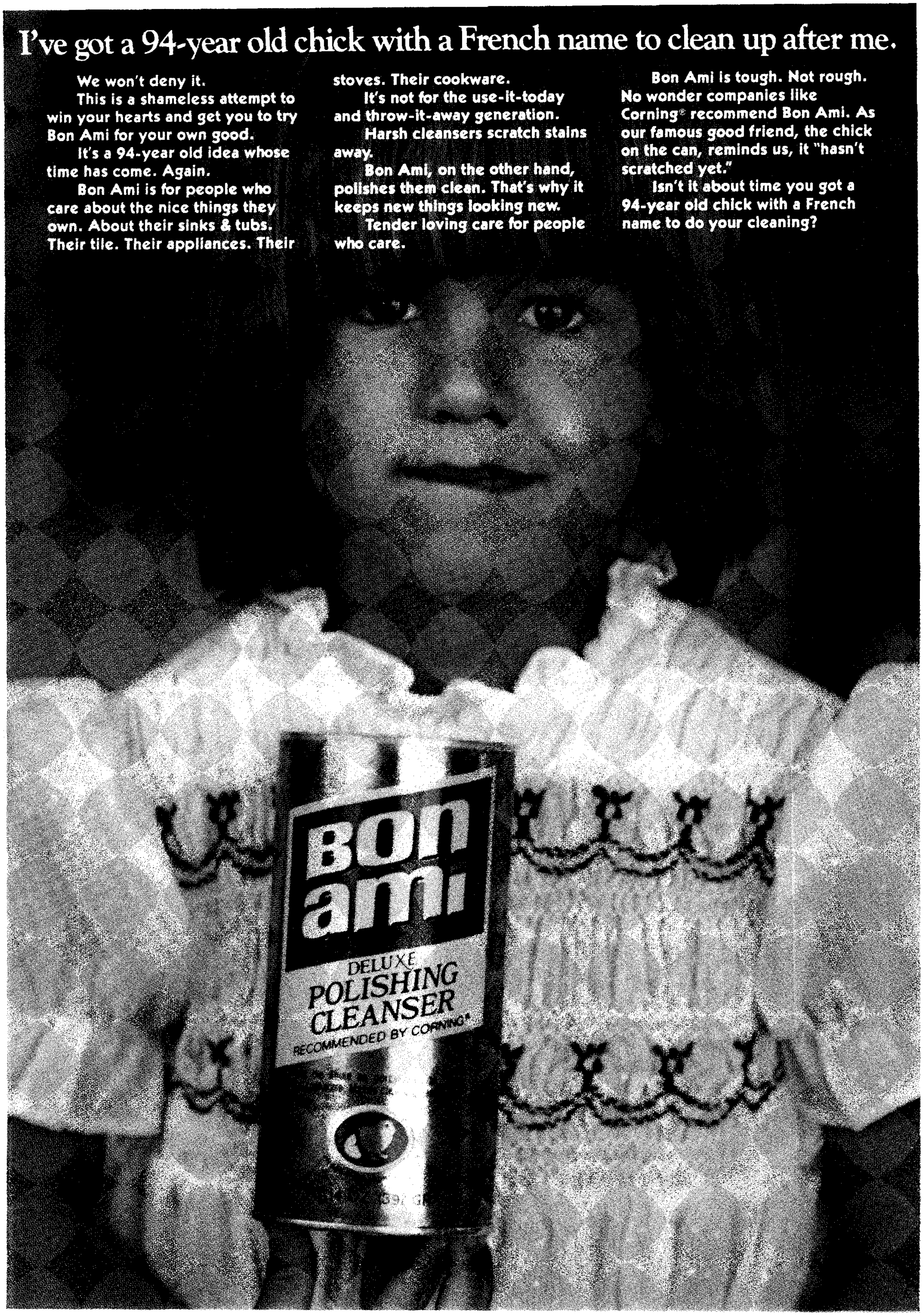

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